



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



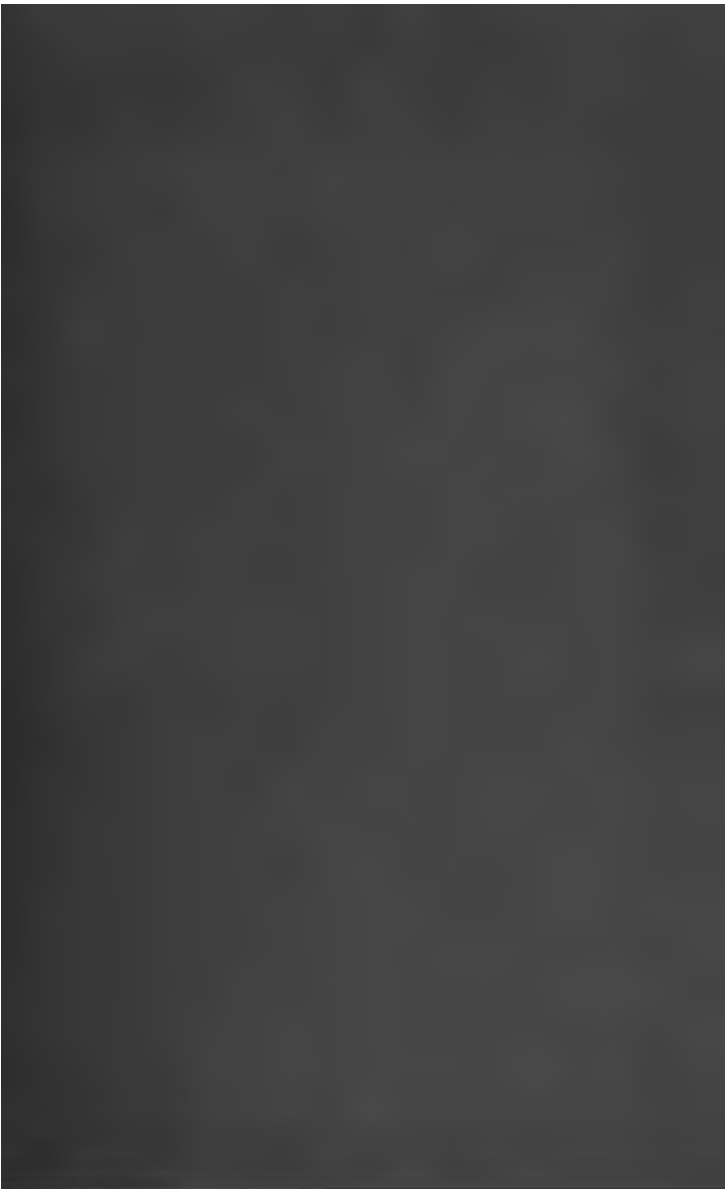


600076165V





600076165V



1

1

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,
AND CHURCH LANE.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
THE FIRST NEWSPAPER STAMP	1
TRIVIA	6
HORACE WALPOLE'S WORLD OF FASHION	35
HORACE WALPOLE'S WORLD OF LETTERS	67
FANNY BURNEY AT COURT	97
THE FARMER'S KITCHEN	111
WINDSOR, AS IT WAS	118
CRABBE'S MODERN ANTIQUES	138
THE LEADING PROFESSION	168
DEAR AND CHEAP	180
SUBURBAN MILESTONES	209
AN EPISODE OF VATHEK	220
THE ETON MONTEM	231
ITEMS OF THE OBSOLETE	240
THE FIRST STEP INTO THE WORLD	280
SAINT JOHN'S GATE	288
THE TAIL PIECE	310

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER STAMP.

It is the evening of Monday, the 28th of July, in the year of 1712. Two middle-aged men come out of Will's Coffee-House, and slowly walk through the close lanes that lead to the heart of the City. The one has a brisk and alert step, with an air of frank hilarity in his face, which is somewhat lighted up in the evening sun by the magnum of generous claret which he has been sharing with his friend. The other moves a little unsteadily, with a hesitating step, which is not improved by the wine he has taken; but a placid smile plays on his features, and, in connection with the dignified repose of his whole manner, gives assurance of the gentleman. As they pass along they encounter a bevy of news-venders, known as hawkers or Mercuries, who are bawling at the top of their lungs, "Here you have the last number of the *Observer*—the last number—no other number will ever be published, on account of the stamp." "Here you have the *Flying Post*, which will go on in spite of the stamp." "Here you have the *Spectator*, this day's *Spectator*, all writ by the greatest wits of the age." The more hilarious of

the two friends twitches his companion's arm and whispers, "That's at any rate a comfort, Addison." "True fame, Steele," is the reply. Their onward course is to a small printing-office in Little Britain. They climb the narrow staircase, and are in a close and dingy room, with two printing-presses and working spaces for four compositors. A grave man is reading at a desk, and he bows reverently to the gallants in lace and ruffles, who thus honour him by a visit to his dark den of letters.

"Why, Mr. Buckley," says Steele, "your narrow passages and close rooms remind me of the printer of Ben Jonson, who kept his press in a hollow tree. We are come to talk with you about this infernal Stamp: a red Stamp, they tell me 'tis to be, not black, like its father. Lillie is obstinate, and says our penny Spectator must be raised to twopence; and if so, where are our customers to come from?"

"I was for stopping," interposes Addison.

"Not so, sir; not so, I pray," ejaculates the frightened printer; "there isn't such a paper in Town, sir. Goes into the houses of the first of the quality; not a coffee-house without it. Not like your *Post-boys* and *Posts*, which are read by shopkeepers and handicrafts."

"I should like to be read by shopkeepers and handicrafts," says Steele.

"Oh dear, no, sir; quite impossible, sir. They must have coarse food; ghosts and murders. Delicate wit like Mr. Addison's, fine morality like Mr. Steele's, are for the Town, sir, not the populace."

"A nice distinction, truly," cries Addison ;
"Audience fit, though few."

"Few, sir ? why, we print three thousand ; and we shall print as many when the stamp doubles our price. Our customers will never stand upon a shilling a week. And, besides, those who support the government will rejoice in the opportunity of paying the tax. I shouldn't wonder if the stamp doubled our sale."

"Very sanguine, Mr. Buckley."

"Sanguine, sir ? Who wouldn't be sanguine, when rare wits like you condescend to write for the Town. There is Doctor Swift, too, I hear, has been writing penny paper after penny paper. A fine hand, gentlemen ! Are we to go back to our old ignorant days because of a red stamp ? We must go on improving. Look at my printing-office, and see if *we* are not improved. Why, Sir Roger L'Estrange, when he set up the *Intelligencer* fifty years ago, gave notice that he would publish his one book a week, 'to be published every Thursday, and finished upon the Tuesday night, leaving Wednesday entire for the printing it off.' And now I, gentlemen—Heaven forbid I should boast,—can print your *Spectator* off every day, and not even want the copy more than three days before the publication. Think of that, gentlemen, a half-sheet every day. A hundred years hence nobody will believe it."

"You are a wonderful man, Mr. Buckley, and we are all very grateful to you," says the laughing-

eyed Essayist. "But, talking of a hundred years hence, who can say that our moral and mechanical improvements are to stop here? I can imagine a time when every handicraft in the country shall read; when the footman behind the carriage shall read; when the Irish chairman shall read; and when your *Intelligencer* shall hear of a great battle on the Wednesday morning, and have a full account of it published on the Thursday."

"That, sir, with all submission, is actually impossible; and surely you are joking when you talk of the vulgar learning to read, and taking delight in reading. Reading will never go lower than our shopkeepers, I think."

"I wonder," interposes Addison, "what the people would read a hundred years hence, if they had the ability? They must have books especially suited to their capacities."

"They would read your 'Vision of Mirza,' and know something about your 'Sir Roger de Coverley.'"

"Come, come, Diccon, don't be sarcastic. I thought I was pitching my key low enough to suit our fops, and our courtiers, and our coffee-house loungers;—but to be relished by the rabble! A pinch of snuff, if you please."

"If I could see the day," replies Steele, "when we had a nation of readers, and books could circulate rapidly through the whole country, I would leave the Town to mend its follies as it best might, and set up for a teacher of the People. We would

make your press do ten times its present work then, Mr. Buckley."

"Ah, sir, great men like you always have their dreams. I once knew a very clever man who fancied the mail would some time or other go to York in three days. Poor man, he was very nearly mad."

Addison whispers to his friend that the printer would number him amongst the Bedlam candidates if he propounded any more of his speculations; and then, drawing himself up with greater dignity, rejoices the honest printer's heart by a memorable declaration :—"Come what may, we shall go on in spite of the Stamp. There, Mr. Buckley, is the copy for No. 445, Thursday, July 31, which announces our resolve. We will not be cashiered by Act of Parliament."

TRIVIA.

IN one of the many courts on the north side of Fleet Street, might be seen, somewhere about the year 1820, *the last of the ancient shoe-blacks*. One would think that he deemed himself dedicated to his profession by Nature, for he was a Negro. At the earliest dawn he crept forth from his neighbouring lodging, and planted his tripod on the quiet pavement, where he patiently stood till noon was past. He was a short, large-headed, son of Africa, subject, as it would appear, to considerable variations of spirits, alternating between depression and excitement, as the gains of the day presented to him the chance of having a few pence to recreate himself, beyond what he should carry home to his wife and children. For he had a wife and children, this last representative of a falling trade ; and two or three little woolly-headed *décrotteurs* nestled around him when he was idle, or assisted in taking off the roughest of the dirt when he had more than one client. He watched, with a melancholy eye, the gradual improvement of the streets ; for during some twenty or thirty years he had beheld all the world combining to ruin him. He saw the foot-pavements widening ; the large flag-stones carefully laid down ; the loose and broken piece, which dis-

charged a slushy shower on the unwary foot, instantly removed : he saw the kennels diligently cleansed, and the drains widened : he saw experiment upon experiment made in the repair of the carriage-way, and the holes which were to him as the "old familiar faces" which he loved, filled up with a haste that appeared quite unnecessary, if not insulting. One solitary country shopkeeper, who had come to London once a year during a long life, clung to our sable friend ; for he was the only one of the fraternity that he could find remaining, in his walk from Charing Cross to Cheapside. The summer's morning when that good man planted his foot on the three-legged stool, and desired him carefully to turn back his brown gaiters, and asked him how trade went with him, and shook his head when he learned that it was very bad, and they both agreed that new-fangled ways were the ruin of the country—that was a joyful occasion to him, for he felt that he was not quite deserted. He did not continue long to struggle with the capricious world.

" One morn we miss'd him on th' accustom'd *stand*."

He retired into the workhouse ; and his boys, having a keener eye than their father to the wants of the community, took up the trade which he most hated, and applied themselves to the diligent removal of the mud in an earlier stage of its accumulation—they swept crossings, instead of cleaning shoes.

The last of the ancient Shoe-blacks belongs to

history. He was one of the living monuments of *old* London; he was a link between three or four generations. The stand which he *purchased* in Bolt Court (in the wonderful resemblance of external appearance between all these Fleet Street courts, we cannot be sure that it was *Bolt* Court) had been handed down from one successor to another, with as absolute a line of customers as Child's Banking-house. He belonged to a trade which has its literary memorials. In 1754, the polite Chesterfield, and the witty Walpole, felt it no degradation to the work over which they presided that it should be jocose about his fraternity, and hold that his profession was more dignified than that of the author :

"Far be it from me, or any of my brother authors, to intend lowering the dignity of the gentlemen trading in black ball, by naming them with ourselves : we are extremely sensible of the great distance there is between us : and it is with envy that we look up to the occupation of shoe-cleaning, while we lament the severity of our fortune, in being sentenced to the drudgery of a less respectable employment. But while we are unhappily excluded from the stool and brush, it is surely a very hard case that the contempt of the world should pursue us, only because we are unfortunate." *

Gay makes "the black youth"—his mythological descent from the goddess of mud, and his import-

* The World, No. 57.

ance in a muddy city—the subject of the longest episode in his amusing Trivia. The shoe-boy's mother thus addresses him :

“ Go thrive : at some frequented corner stand ;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand ;
Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil ;
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe ;
The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound.
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud :
The youth straight chose his post ; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing Cross divide ;
His treble voice resounds along the Mews,
And Whitehall echoes—‘ Clean your Honour's shoes ! ’ ”

But the shoe-blacks have revived. What was an absolute necessity in the old times is now a luxury. On a fine day the traveller, who has walked through miry ways to his railroad-station, arrives in London, and sees the boots of those who are fresh from their suburban villas brighter by contrast. He no longer is propitiated by “ Clean your *honour's* shoes,” but he hears “ Clean your boots.” Practical benevolence has found out its ragged boys ; has clothed them in a decent scarlet livery ; and established them in public thoroughfares, with the foot-rest and the brush. And, indeed, the vast accumulation of public vehicles has made the shoe-black sometimes as necessary to the passenger who has hurried across the busy road, careless of mud so that he save his limbs, as the old neglect.

The great thoroughfares cannot now be adequately swept ; and even a sunny day has its dirt, through the indefatigable water-cart. "The black youth" again thrives.

He who would see London well must be a pedestrian. Gay who has left us the most exact as well as the most lively picture of the external London of a hundred and twenty years ago, is enthusiastic in his preference for walking :

" Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide,
Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet :
Still let me walk,"

But what a walk has he described ! He sets out, as what sensible man would not, with his feet protected with "firm, well-hammer'd soles ;" but if the shoe be too big,

" Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside."

This, we see, is a London without *trottoirs*. The middle of a paved street was generally occupied with the channel ; and the sides of the carriage-way were full of absolute holes, where the rickety coach was often stuck as in a quagmire. Some of the leading streets, even to the time of George II., were almost as impassable as the avenues of a new American town. The only road to the Houses of Parliament before 1750 was through King Street and Union Street, " which were in so miserable a state, that fagots were thrown into the ruts on

the days on which the King went to Parliament, to render the passage of the state-coach more easy."* The present Saint Margaret's *Street* was formed out of a thoroughfare known as Saint Margaret's *Lane*, which was so narrow that "pales were obliged to be placed, four feet high, between the foot-path and the coach-road, to preserve the passengers from injury, and from being covered with the mud which was splashed on all sides in abundance."† The pales here preserved the passengers more effectually than the posts of other thoroughfares. These posts, in the principal avenues, constituted the only distinction between the foot-way and carriage-way; for the space within the posts was as uneven as the space without. This inner space was sometimes so narrow, that only one person could pass at a time; and hence those contests for the wall that filled the streets with the vociferations of anger, and the din of assaulting sticks, and sometimes the clash of naked steel. Dr. Johnson describes how those quarrels were common when he first came to London; and how at length things were better ordered. But the change must in great part be imputed to the gradual improvement of the streets. In Gay's time there was no safety but within the posts.

"Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no ranged posts defend the rugged way;
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street."

* Smith's Westminster, p. 261.

† Id. p. 262.

In wet and gusty weather the unhappy walker heard the crazy signs swinging over his head, as Gulliver describes the Red Lion of Brentford. The spouts of every house were streaming at his feet, or drenching his laced hat and his powdered wig with unpitied torrents. At every step some bulk or shop-projection narrowed the narrow road, and drove him against the coach-wheels. The chairmen, if there was room to pass, occupied all the space between the wall and the posts. The "hooded maid" came sometimes gingerly along, with pattens and umbrella (then exclusively used by women), and of courtesy he must *yield* the wall. The small-coal man, and the sweep, and the barber, *took* the wall, in assertion of their clothes-soiling prerogative; and the bully thrust him, or was himself thrust, "to the muddy kennel's side." The great rule for the pedestrian was,—

"Ever be watchful to maintain the wall."

The dignity of the wall, and its inconveniences, were as old as the time of James and Charles. Donne, in his first Satire, describes the difficulties of one who took the wall:—

"Now we are in the street; he first of all,
Improvvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
And so, imprisoned and hemmed in by me,
Sells for a little state his liberty."

The streets, in the good old times, often presented obstructions to the pedestrian which appear to us like the wonders of some unknown region. In

the more recent unhappy days of public executions the wayfarer passed up Ludgate Hill with an eye averted from the Old Bailey ; for there, as Monday morning came, duly hung some three, and it may be six, unhappy victims of a merciless code, judicially murdered according to our better notions. Then was the rush to see the horrid sight, and the dense crowd pouring away from it ; and the pick-pocket active under the gallows ; and the business of life interrupted for a quarter of an hour, with little emotion even amongst the steady walkers who heeded not the spectacle : it was a thing of course. And so was the pillory in earlier times. Gay says nothing of the feelings of the passer-on ; he had only to take care of his clothes :

“ Where, elevated o’er the gaping crowd,
Clasp’d in the board the perjur’d head is bow’d,
Betimes retreat ; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch’d eggs, a mingled shower,
Among the rabble rain : some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o’erflow.”

People used to talk of these things as coolly as Garrard wrote to Lord Strafford of them : “ No mercy showed to Prynne ; he stood in the pillory, and lost his first ear in a pillory in the palace at Westminster in full term ; his other in Cheapside, where, while he stood, his volumes were burnt under his nose, which had almost suffocated him.”* The cruelty is not mitigated by the subsequent account of Garrard, that Mr. Prynne “ hath got his

* Strafford’s Letters, vol. i. p. 261.

ears sewed on, that they grow again, as before, to his head.”* If the mob round the pillory was safely passed, there was another mob often to be encountered. Rushing along Cheapside, or Covent Garden, or by the Maypole in the Strand, came the foot-ball players. It is scarcely conceivable, when London had settled into civilization, little more than a century ago—when we had our famed Augustan age of Addisons and Popes,—when laced coats, and flowing wigs, and silver buckles, ventured into the streets, and the beau prided himself on

“ The nice conduct of a clouded cane,—”

that the great thoroughfares through which men now move, “ intent on high designs,” should be a field for foot-ball :

“ The prentice quits his shop to join the crew ;
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.”†

This is no poetical fiction. It was the same immediately after the Restoration. D’Avenant’s Frenchman thus complains of the streets of London :

“ I would now make a safe retreat, but that methinks I am stopped by one of your heroic games, called foot-ball ; which I conceive (under your favour) not very conveniently civil in the streets ; especially in such irregular and narrow roads as Crooked-lane. Yet it argues your courage, much

* *Stafford’s Letters*, vol. i. p. 266. † *Trivia*.

like your military pastime of throwing at cocks. But your mettle would be more magnified (since you have long allowed those two valiant exercises in the streets) to draw your archers from Finsbury, and, during high market, let them shoot at butts in Cheapside.*

It was the same in the days of Elizabeth. To this game went the sturdy apprentices, with all the train of idlers in a motley population; and when their blood was up, as it generally was in this exercise, which Stubbes calls "a bloody and murdering practice, rather than a fellowly sport or pastime," they had little heed to the passengers in the streets, whether there was passing by

"a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blue-coats, twelve or fourteen strong;"†

or a gentle lady on her palfrey, wearing her "visor made of velvet."‡ The courtier, described in Hall, had an awful chance to save his "perewinke" in such an encounter; when, with his "bonnet vail'd," according to the "courtesies" of his time,

"Travelling along in London way,"

he has to recover his "auburn locks" from the "ditch" that crosses the thoroughfare.

The days we are noticing were not those of pedestrians. The "red-heel'd shoes" of the time of Anne were as little suited for walking, as the "pantofles" of Elizabeth, "whereof some be of

* Entertainment at Rutland House. † Donne. ‡ Stubbes.

white leather, some of black, and some of red ; some of black velvet, some of white, some of red, some of green, rayed, carved, cut, and stitched all over with silk, and laid on with gold, silver, and such like." So Stubbes describes the "corked shoes" of his day ; and he adds, what seems very apparent, "to go abroad in them as they are now used altogether, is rather a let or hindrance to a man than otherwise."* These fine shoes belonged to the transition state between the horse and the coach ; when men were becoming "effeminate" in the use of the new vehicles, which we have seen the Water-Poet denounced ; and the highways of London were not quite suited to the walker. Shoes such as those are ridiculed by Stubbes as "uneasy to go in ;" and he adds, "they exaggerate a mountain of mire, and gather a heap of clay and baggage together."

When the coach and the chair were fairly launched into the streets of London, they held joint possession for more than a century and a half. We have no doubt that the chair was a most flourishing invention. The state of the pavement till the middle of the last century must have rendered carriage conveyance anything rather than safe and pleasant. Dulaure tells us that before the time of Louis XIV. the streets of Paris were so narrow, particularly in the heart of the town, that carriages could not penetrate into them.† D'Avenant's picture of London, before the

* *Anatomy of Abuses.* † *Histoire de Paris*, tome ix., p. 482.

fire, is not much more satisfactory: "Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheel-barrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun; or are your shambles so empty that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs? Oh, the goodly landskip of Old Fish Street! which, had it not had the ill luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founder's perspective: and where the garrets (perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity), are so made, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home."

The chair had a better chance than the coach in such a state of affairs. In the pictures of coaches of the time of Elizabeth, the driver sits on a bar, or narrow chair, very low behind the horses. In those of Charles I. he sometimes drives in this way, and sometimes rides as a postillion. But the hackney-coachman after the Restoration is a personage with a short whip and spurs; he has been compelled to mount one of his horses, that he may more effectually manage his progress through the narrow streets. His coach, too, is a small affair. D'Avenant describes the coaches as "uneasily hung, and so *narrow*, that I took them for sedans on wheels." As the streets were widened, after the fire, the coachman was restored to the dignity of a seat on the carriage; for, in the times of William III. and

Anne, we invariably find him sitting on a box. This was a thing for use and not for finery. Here, or in a leather pouch appended to it, the careful man carried a hammer, pincers, nails, ropes, and other appliances in case of need ; and the *hammer-cloth* was devised to conceal these necessary but unsightly remedies for broken wheels and shivered panels. The skill of this worthy artist in the way of reparation would not rust for want of use. Gay has left us two vivid pictures of the common accidents of the days of Anne. The carman was the terror of coaches from the first hour of their use ; and whether he was the regular city carman, or bore the honour of the dustman, brewer's man, or coal-heaver, he was ever the same vociferous and reckless enemy of the more aristocratic coachman.

“ I 've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones chok'd kennels swell the shower,
In gilded chariot loll ; he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud filled high, the rumbling cart draws near ;—
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer :
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage ;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strew ;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.”

The dangers of opened vaults, and of mighty holes in the paving, fenced round with no protecting rail, and illuminated only by a glimmering rushlight in a dark street, seem to belong altoget-

ther to some barbaric region which never could have been London :—

“ Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
 O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows,
 Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
 Or the dark caves to common-shores descend ;
 Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
 Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies
 Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne ;
 In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
 Sinks with the snorting steeds ; the reins are broke,
 And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.”

But long after Gay's time the carmen and the pavement made havoc with coaches. If we open Hogarth, the great painter of manners shows us the vehicular dangers of his age. Bonfires in the streets on rejoicing nights, with the “Flying coach,” that went five miles an hour, overturned into the flames ;* the four lawyers getting out of a hackney-coach that has come in collision with a carman, while the brewer's man rides upon his shaft in somniferous majesty ;† the dustman's bell, the little boy's drum, the knife-grinder's wheel, all in the middle of the street, to the terror of horses ;‡ these representations exhibit the perils that assailed the man who ventured into a coach. The chair was no doubt safer, but it had its inconveniences. Swift describes the unhappy condition of a fop during a “City Shower :”—

* Night. † Second Stage of Cruelty. ‡ Enraged Musician.

“ Box’d in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o’er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds ;—he trembles from within !”

The chairmen were very absolute fellows. They crowded round the tavern-doors, waiting for shilling customers ; but they did not hesitate to set down their box when a convenient occasion offered for the recreation of a foaming mug.* They were for the most part sturdy Milesians, revelling, if they belonged to the aristocracy, in all the finery of emboidered coats and epaulettes, and cocked hats and feathers. If they were hackney-chairmen they asserted their power of the strong arm, and were often daring enough as a body to influence the fate of Westminster and Middlesex elections, in the terror which they produced with fist and bludgeon. They, and the whole race of bullying and fighting ministers of transit, belonged to what Fielding termed “ The Fourth Estate.” That dignity is now assigned to the Press. Civilization has been too strong for Barbarism.

An ingenious Frenchman thus describes the populace of England :—“ The people of the inferior classes are distinguished by a brutishness of which one can scarcely form an idea. Abandoned from their infancy to all the excesses of drunkenness, they display in their whole conduct a spirit of rudeness, of bluntness, and of quarrelsomeness,

* Hogarth’s Beer Street.

which engenders those pugilistic encounters of which we have heard so much. Almost all have acquired a deadly aptness in this bloody exercise : rarely does a holiday pass away without a fatal encounter. Noblemen themselves (for England, in its respect for the Golden Calf, has preserved its great barons, the source of all its riches), and even Peers of Parliament, take part sometimes in these street-fights and these porters' quarrels."

There is an English writer who is equally severe upon the "brutishness" of the "fourth estate." He is speaking most seriously when he complains that "the mob" attack well-dressed river passengers "with all kinds of scurrilous, abusive, and indecent terms;"—that they insult foot passengers by day, and knock them down by night ;—that no coach can pass along the streets without the utmost difficulty and danger, because the carmen draw their waggons across the road, while they laugh at the sufferers from the alehouse window ;—and finally, that they insult ladies of fashion, and drive them from the Park of a Sunday evening.

But these two descriptions of great masses of the people are not contemporaneous. The Frenchman writes in a work still in course of publication—' *Encyclopédie Catholique ; Répertoire Universel* '—which in 1848 had reached eighteen quarto volumes. The Englishman is Henry Fielding, who, if we may judge from concurrent testimony, takes no exaggerated view of the lower London Life of

the year 1752.* We trust the Frenchman is a little behind the present time.

Let us turn again to Hogarth's print of 'Night'—the scene, Charing Cross. It is a bonfire night. The fagot blazes in the centre of the narrow street; the dozen farthing candles illuminate the barber's window; the light gleams from the watchman's lanthorn, as he leads home the drunken freemason: but there is not a lamp to make "darkness visible" when the rioting is over. London was then utterly without a Police. The scene in the night-cellar of 'Industry and Idleness,' where a murdered man is cast into a vault without any attempt at secrecy, was the representation of a common occurrence in 1746; for in 'The Blood Bowl House,' near Water Lane, Fleet Street, of which this is a representation, "there seldom passed a month without the commission of a murder."† Fielding tells us that in 1753, in the month of August, he "was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street-robbers."

The establishment of the watch in cities by Henry III. was the first step towards a preventive police. But it is not easy to comprehend how, nearly five hundred years afterwards (in 1744), London should have been in such a state that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen went up with an address to the King,

* Covent Garden Journal, No. 49.

† Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth.

representing "that divers confederacies of great numbers of evil-disposed persons, armed with bludgeons, pistols, cutlasses, and other dangerous weapons, infest not only the private lanes and passages, but likewise the public streets and places of usual concourse, and commit most daring outrages upon the persons of your Majesty's good subjects, whose affairs oblige them to pass through the streets, by terrifying, robbing, and wounding them; and these facts are frequently perpetrated at such times as were heretofore deemed hours of security." If in the "hours of security" armed gangs thus destroyed the safety of ordinary life, what must they have been in the hours of darkness, when a feeble light was hung out here and there from six to eleven o'clock, and after that the city was surrendered to gloom and rapine? In the first fifty years of the eighteenth century we should assuredly have thought that society had settled into order and security. These atrocities could not have existed without a most lamentable weakness in the government. Every thing was left to the narrow-minded local authorities. There was no central power. The government (what a misnomer!) had nothing to do but to make war, and to hang. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen cried, "Hang, hang!" "Permit us, sir, to express our hopes that a speedy, rigorous, and exemplary execution of the laws upon the persons of offenders, as they shall fall into the hands of justice, may, under your Majesty's princely wisdom, conduce greatly to the suppressing these

enormities, by striking terror into the wicked, and preventing others from entering into such evil courses." And the King promised he would hang: "Nothing shall be wanting on my part to put the laws in execution, to support the magistrates rigorously to punish such heinous offenders." Some persons, whose good deeds, like those of many others, have fallen into oblivion, suggested a wiser course; and Maitland, the historian of the city, from whose works we collect these remarkable facts, tells us, "*this year* was enacted another act of Parliament for making more effectual provision for *enlightening* the streets of this city." A mental illumination had been required before this desirable event.

Dr. Johnson has given us a picture of the dangers of Night in London, about this period of partial illumination :

" Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,—
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet even these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street and terrors of the way,
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine :
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach."

This then was the age of flambeaux and link-boys. London had only still its lanthorns here and

there, and its few glass lamps. Westminster was perhaps worse provided. But the coach rolled from the theatre and the ball with its liveried torch-bearers; and even the present century has seen flambeaux in London. The intelligent antiquary—not he who discovers nothing of antiquity but what is buried in the earth or described in the classics—may behold a relic of the manners of a hundred years ago in some of our existing squares and streets, that have stood up against the caprices of fashion. On each side the door-way, and generally attached to the posts that carry an arching lamp-rail, are two instruments that look like the old tin horn of the crier of “great news.” They are the flambeaux extinguishers: and when the gilded coach was dragged heavily along at midnight to the mansion (people of fashion once went to bed at midnight), and the principal door was closed upon the lords and ladies of the great house, the footmen thrust their torches into these horn-like cavities, and, as the horses moved off by instinct to their stables, the same footmen crept down the area in utter darkness. There was perhaps a solitary link-boy at the corner of the square, especially if an open cess-pool, or a little lake of mud, promised a locality where gentlemen without his aid might break their necks or soil their stockings. But he generally hovered about the theatres and taverns. Gay describes “the officious link-boy’s smoky light;” but he has also given the fraternity a bad character:

“ Though thou art tempted by the linkman’s call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall ;
In the mid-way he’ll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o’erspreads thy ways.”

Oily rays, and crystal lamps ! The very existence of the “ link-men,” and “ the pilfering band ” tells us to what extent the illumination reached, and what were dignified by the name of “ public streets.”

But the age of lamps was really approaching. The city became vigorous in lighting, when it was found that severity did little against the thieves ; and the Westminster Paving and Lighting Act was passed in 1762. Then came the glories of the old lamp-lighters ;—the progress through each district to trim the wicks in a morning—and the terrible skurry, with ladders driven against your breast, and oil showered upon your head, as twilight approached. What a twinkling then was there through all the streets ! But we were proud of our lamps ; and Beckmann, in his ‘ History of Inventions,’ has described them as something like a wonder of the world. Beneath the faint lamp slept the watchman ; or, if he walked, he still walked with his lanthorn ; and the link-boy, yet a needful auxiliary to the lamp and the lanthorn, guided the reeling gentleman from his tavern to his lodging.

‘ The Silent Woman,’ one of the most popular of Ben Jonson’s comedies, presents to us a more

vivid picture than can elsewhere be found of the characteristic noises of the streets of London more than two centuries ago. It is easy to form to ourselves a general idea of the hum and buzz of the bees and drones of this mighty hive, under a state of manners essentially different from our own ; but it is not so easy to attain a lively conception of the particular sounds that once went to make up this great discord, and so to compare them in their resemblances and their differences with the roar which the great Babel *now* " sends through all her gates."

The principal character of Jonson's ' Silent Woman ' is founded upon a sketch by a Greek writer of the fourth century, Libanius. Jonson designates this character by the name of ' Morose ; ' and his peculiarity is that he can bear no kind of noise, even that of ordinary talk. The plot turns upon this affectation ; for, having been entrapped into a marriage with the Silent Woman, she and her friends assail him with tongues the most obstreperous, and clamours the most uproarious, until, to be relieved of this nuisance, he comes to terms with his nephew for a portion of his fortune, and is relieved of the silent woman, who is in reality a boy in disguise. We extract the dialogue which will form a text to our paper ; the speakers being Truewit, Clerimont, and a Page :—

" *True.* I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turban of night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears.

"*Cler.* O! that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

"*True.* So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

"*Cler.* No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger; he swoons if he hears one.

"*True.* Methinks a smith should be ominous.

"*Cler.* Or any hammer-man. A brasier is not suffered to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's 'prentice once upon a Shrove-Tuesday's riot, for being of that trade, when the rest were quit.

"*True.* A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hautboys.

"*Cler.* Out of his senses. The waits of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practised on him one night like the bellman, and never left till he had brought him down to the door with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

"*Page.* Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his

cage; his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward, one day, to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under Master Morone's window; till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer marching to his prize had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.

"*True.* A good wag! How does he for the bells?

"*Cler.* O! in the queen's time he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holyday even. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room with double walls and treble ceilings; the windows close shut and caulk'd; and there he lives by candlelight."

Was Hogarth familiar with the old noise-hater when he conceived his own 'Furaged Musician?' In this extraordinary gathering together of the producers of the most discordant sounds we have a representation which may fairly match the dramatist's description of street noises. Here we have the milk-maid's scream, the mackrel-seller's shout, the sweep upon the house-top,—to match the fish-wives and orange-women, the broom-men and costard-mongers. The smith, who was "ominous," had no longer his forge in the busy streets of Hogarth's time; the armourer was obsolete; but

Hogarth can rival their noises with the paviour's hammer, the sowgelder's horn, and the knife-grinder's wheel. The waits of the city had a pension not to come near Morose's ward; but it was out of the power of the 'Enraged Musician' to avert the terrible discord of the blind hautboy-player. The bellman, who frightened the sleepers at midnight, was extinct; but modern London had acquired the dustman's bell. The bear-ward no longer came down the street with the dogs of four parishes, nor did the fencer march with a drum to his prize; but there was the ballad-singer, with her squalling child, roaring worse than bear or dog; and the drum of the little boy playing at soldiers was a more abiding nuisance than the fencer. Morose and the 'Enraged Musician' had each the church-bells to fill up the measure of discord.

But London has lost most of its individual noises. In our own days there has been legislation for the benefit of tender ears; and there are now penalties, with police-constables to enforce them, against all persons blowing any horn or using any other noisy instrument, for the purpose of calling persons together, or of announcing any show or entertainment, or for the purpose of hawking, selling, distributing, or collecting any article, or of obtaining money or alms. These enactments are stringent enough to have banished from our streets all those uncommon noises which did something to relieve the monotony of the one endless roar of the tread *of feet* and the rush of wheels. The street noise

now is deafening when we are in the midst of it ; but in some secluded place, such as Lincoln's Inn Gardens, it is the ever-present sullen sound of angry waves dashing upon the shingles. The horn that proclaimed extraordinary news, running to and fro among peaceful squares and secluded courts, was sometimes a relief. The bell of the dustman was not altogether unpleasant. In the twilight hour, when the shutters were not yet closed, and the candles were not yet burning, the tinkle of the muffin-man had something in it very soothing. It is gone. But the legislators have still left us our street music. There was talk of its abolition ; but they have satisfied themselves with enacting that musicians, on being warned to depart from the neighbourhood of the house of any householder by the occupier or his servant, or by a police-constable, incur a penalty of forty shillings by refusal. De la Serre, who came to England with Mary de Medici, when she visited the Queen of Charles I., is enthusiastic in his praises of the street music of London : —“ In all public places, violins, hautboys, and other kinds of instruments are so common, for the gratification of individuals, that in every hour of the day our ears may be charmed with their sweet melody.” England was then a musical nation ; but from that time nearly to our own her street-music became a thing to be legislated against.

In the days of Elizabeth, and of James and Charles, the people were surrounded with music, and imbued with musical associations. The cittern

was heard in every barber's shop; and even up to the publication of the 'Tatler' it was the same: "Go into a barber's anywhere, no matter in what district, and it is ten to one you will hear the sounds either of a fiddle or guitar, or see the instruments hanging up somewhere." The barbers or their apprentices were the performers: "If idle, they pass their time in life-delighting music." Thus writes a pamphleteer of 1597. Doctor King, about the beginning of the last century, found the barbers degenerating in their accomplishments, and he assigns the cause: "Turning themselves to periwig-making, they have forgot their cittern and their music." The cittern twanged then in the barbers' shops in the fresh mornings especially; and then came forth the carman to bear his loads through the narrow thoroughfares. He also was musical. We all know how Falstaff describes Justice Shallow: "He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd housewives that he heard the carmen whistle." He had a large stock of tunes. In Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair,' one of the characters exclaims, "If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not loth to keep him off of him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep." Half a century later even, "barbers, cobblers, and plowmen," were enumerated as "the heirs of music." Who does not perceive that when Isaac Walton's milk maid sings,—

"Come live with me and be my love,"

she is doing nothing remarkable? These charming words were the common possession of all. The people were the heirs of poetry as well as of music. They had their own delicious madrigals to sing, in which music was "married to immortal verse,"—and they could sing them. Morley, writing in 1597, says, "Supper being ended, and music-books, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with *a part*, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I could not, every one began to wonder—yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up." In a condition of society like this, the street music must have been worth listening to. "A *noise* of musicians," as a little band was called, was to be found everywhere; and they attended upon the guests in taverns and ordinaries, and at "good men's feasts" in private houses. In 'The Silent Woman,' it is said, "the smell of the venison, going through the streets, will invite one noise of fiddlers or other;" and again, "They have intelligence of all feasts; there's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks." Feasts were then not mere occasions for gluttony and drunkenness, as they became in the next generation. As the drunkenness went on increasing, the taste for music went on diminishing. In the next century, the 'Tatler' writes, "In Italy nothing is more frequent than to hear a cobbler working to an opera tune; but, on the contrary, our honest

countrymen have so little an inclination to music, that they seldom begin to sing till they are drunk." Thus we went on till the beginning of the present century, and indeed later. The street music was an indication of the popular taste. Hogarth's blind hautboy-player, and his shrieking ballad-singer, are no caricatures. The execrable sounds which the lame and the blind produced were the mere arts of mendicancy. The principle of extorting money by hideous sounds was carried as far as it could go by a fellow of the name of Keeling, called Blind Jack, who performed on the flageolet with his nose. Every description of street exhibition was accompanied with these terrible noises. The vaulter, and the dancing lass, and the tumbler creeping through a hoop, and the puppet-showman, and the dancing dogs, and the bear and monkey, had each their own peculiar din, whether of drum, fiddle, horn, or bagpipes, compared with which the music of Morose's bear-ward and fencer would have been as the harmony of the spheres.

WALPOLE'S WORLD OF FASHION.

"WHEN I was very young, and in the height of the opposition to my father, my mother wanted a large parcel of bugles ; for what use I forget. As they were then out of fashion, she could get none. At last she was told of a quantity in a little shop in an obscure alley in the City. We drove thither ; found a great stock ; she bought it, and bade the proprietor send it home. He said, 'Whither?' 'To Sir Robert Walpole's.' He asked, coolly, '*Who is Sir Robert Walpole?*'"*

"*What was Strawberry Hill?*" might be a similar question with many persons, were we not living in a somewhat different age from that of Sir Robert Walpole. Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill is gone. Its place is being occupied with trim villas, inhabited by a class of whose existence Walpole would have been as ignorant as the city shop-keeper was of the great Sir Robert. The maker of Strawberry Hill—the builder-up of its galleries, and tribunes, and Holbein-chambers—the arranger of its "painted glass and gloom"—the collector of its pictures, and books, and bijouterie, says of himself, "I am writing, I am building—both works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes!

* Horace Walpole to the Miss Berrys, March 5, 1791.

Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead : if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed."* Horace Walpole himself prevented the realisation of his own prophecy. It was said of him, even during his lifetime, "that he had outlived three sets of his own battlements ;" but he nevertheless contrived, by tying up his toy-warehouse and its moveables with entails and jointures through several generations, to keep the thing tolerably entire for nearly half a century after he had left that state of being where "moth and dust do corrupt." And though the paper portion of his "works"—his 'Royal and Noble Authors,' his 'Anecdotes of Painting,' his 'Historic Doubts,' &c.—are formed of materials not much more durable than his battlements, he was during a long life scattering about the world an abundance of other paper fragments, that have not only lasted ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years after he was dead, but which oftentimes will not willingly let die. It was in Strawberry Hill that the every-day thoughts and experiences for the most part centred that have made the letters of Horace Walpole the best record of the manners of the upper ranks during half a century, when very great social changes were working all around. Strawberry Hill and Horace Walpole are inseparably associated in our minds. The

* Horace Walpole to Conway, August 5, 1761.

house in Arlington Street, from which he sometimes dates, is, like most other West-end houses, a thing distinguished only by its number ; and which has no more abiding associations than the chariot which rolled on from its first drawing-room through the necessary decay of cracked varnish and split panells, until its steps displayed the nakedness of their original iron, and the dirty rag that was once a carpet was finally succeeded by the luxury of clean straw once a-week. We cannot conceive Horace Walpole in a house with three windows upon a floor, in a formal row of ugly brick brethren. It is in Strawberry Hill, in the "little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper, and Jackson's Venetian prints"—or in the "charming closet hung with green paper, and water-colour pictures"—or in "the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes, adorned with festoons"—that we fancy him writing to Montagu, Mann, Chute, and Conway, in the days when "we pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity," and Lady Townshend exclaimed of the house, "It is just such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the foot of the bed." In a few years the owner had visions of galleries, and round towers, and cloisters, and chapels ; and then the house became filled with kingly armour, and rare pictures, and cabinets of miniatures by Oliver and Petitot, and Raffaello china. Then, when Strawberry Hill came to the height of its glory, the owner kept "an inn, the sign the Gothic Castle," and his whole time was

passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding himself while it was seen.* Lastly came the time when the *old* man was laid up for weeks with the gout, and the building and curiosity-buying was at an end ; and after the Duchess of York had come to see his house in 1793, when he put a carpet on the step of his gate, and matted his court, and presented chocolate upon a salver, he says, here “ will end my connexions with courts, beginning with George the First, great-great-great-grandfather to the Duchess of York ! It sounds as if there could not have been above three generations more before Adam.” There never was a place so associated with the memory of one man as Strawberry Hill is with Horace Walpole.

The letters of Horace Walpole cannot at all be regarded as a picture of society in general. He has no distinct notion whatever of the habits of the middle classes. Society with him is divided into two great sections—the aristocracy and the mob. He was made by his times ; and this is one of the remarkable features of his times. With all his sympathy for literature, he has a decided hatred for authors that are out of the pale of fashion. Fielding, Johnson, Sterne, Goldsmith, the greatest names of his day, are with him ridiculous and contemptible. He cannot be regarded therefore as a representative of the literary classes of his times. As the son of a great minister he was petted and flattered till his father fell from his power ; he says

* *Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1763.*

himself he had then enough of flattery. When he mixed among his equals in the political intrigues of the time, he displayed no talent for business or oratory. His feeble constitution compelled him to seek amusement instead of dissipation ; and his great amusement was to look upon the follies of his associates and to laugh at them. He was not at bottom an ill-natured man, or one without feeling. He affected that insensibility which is the exclusive privilege of high life—and long may it continue so. When Lord Mountford shot himself, and another Lord rejoiced that his friend's death would allow him to hire the best cook in England, the selfish indifference was probably more affected than real. Walpole himself takes off his own mask on one occasion. When he heard of Gray's death, in writing to Chute he apologises for the concern he feels, and adds, "I thought that what I had seen of the world had hardened my heart ; but I find that it had *formed my language*, not extinguished my tenderness." When he speaks of individuals we may occasionally think that the world had formed his language ; he is too often spiteful and malicious : but when he describes a class he is not likely much to exaggerate. The *esprit de corps* would render him somewhat charitable : if he did not "extenuate" he would not set down "in malice," when he was holding up a mirror of himself and of the very people with whom he was corresponding.

In the early part of the last century London saw less of the wealth and splendour of the aristocracy

than previous to the Revolution. The great political divisions of the kingdom kept many families away from the Court ; and the habits of the first Elector of Hanover who walked into the ownership of St. James's, and of his son and successor, were not very likely to attract the proud and the discontented from the scenes of their own proper greatness. Walpole, writing from Newmarket in 1743, says, "How dismal, how solitary, how scrub does this town look ; and yet it has actually a street of houses better than Parma or Modena ! Nay, the houses of the people of fashion, who come hither for the races, are palaces to what houses in London itself were fifteen years ago. People do begin to live again now ; and I suppose in a term we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, &c. But from that grandeur all the nobility had contracted themselves to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back room, with one eye in a corner, and a closet. Think what London would be if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity-plums in a vast pudding of country." It was some time before the large houses of the nobility once more made London the magnificent capital which it subsequently became. In the mean time the lordly tenants of the "coops" above described spent a vast deal of their time in places of *public* resort. Let us cast a rapid glance at the fashionable amusements of the second half of the last century.

The year 1741 presents to us a curious spectacle

of the aristocracy and the people at issue, and almost in mortal conflict, not upon a question of corn or taxes, but whether the Italian school of music should prevail, or the Anglo-German. "The opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses. The directors have already laid out great sums. They talk of a mob to silence the operas, as they did the French players; but it will be more difficult, for here half the young noblemen in town are engaged, and they will not be so easily persuaded to humour the taste of the mobility: in short, they have already retained several eminent lawyers from the Bear-Garden to plead their defence." * The fight had been going on for nearly twenty years. Everybody knows Swift's epigram,

"On the Feuds about Handel and Bononcini."

"Strange all this difference should be

'Twixt Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee."

Walpole naturally belonged to the party of his "order." Handel had produced his great work, the 'Messiah,' in 1741, at Covent Garden. Fashion was against him, though he was supported by the court, the mob, and the poet of common sense. He went to Ireland; and the triumph of the Italian faction was thus immortalised by Pope:—

"O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:

Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:

* Horace Walpole to Mann, Oct. 8, 1741.

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :
 One trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull Church. and lull the ranting Stage :
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry encore.
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense :
 Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ;
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
 Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.”*

Handel came back to London in 1742, and the tide then turned in his favour. Horace Walpole shows us how fashion tried to sneer him down ; he is himself the oracle of the divinity. “ Handel has set up an oratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces, and the singers of Roast Beef from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever a one ; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs ; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune.”† The Italian Opera House in the Haymarket itself went out of fashion in a few years, and the nobility had their favourite house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. What the Court then patronised the aristocracy rejected.

* Dunciad, Book IV.

† Horace Walpole to Mann, Feb. 24, 1743.

"The late royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other opera in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked if he had been at the other house? 'Yes,' said he, 'but there was nobody but the king and queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away.' " * However, amidst all these feuds the Italian Opera became firmly established in London; and through that interchange of taste which fortunately neither the prejudices of exclusiveness nor ignorance can long prevent, the people began gradually to appreciate the opera, and the nobility became enthusiastic admirers of the oratorio.

In the days of Walpole the Theatre was fashionable; and in their love of theatrical amusements the nobility did not affect to be exclusive. In not liking Garrick when he first came out, Walpole and his friend Gray indulged probably in the fastidiousness of individual taste, instead of representing the opinions of the fashionable or literary classes. Gray writes, "Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after? There are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields sometimes; and yet I am stiff in the opposition." Walpole, in May, 1742, six months after Garrick's first appearance, says, "All the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and

* Horace Walpole to Conway, Sept. 26, 1761.

may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it ; but it is heresy to say so : the Duke of Argyle says he is superior to *Betterton*.* From some cause or other, Walpole hated and vilified Garrick all his life. His pride was perhaps wounded when he was compelled to jostle against the actor in the best society. In the instance of Garrick, Pope's strong sense was again opposed to Walpole's super-refinement. The great poet of manners said to Lord Orrery on witnessing Garrick's *Richard III.*, "That young man never had his equal as an actor, and will never have a rival." As a manager Garrick did not scruple to resent an injustice, however offensive to the leaders of the ton. "There has been a new comedy, called '*The Foundling*,' far from good, but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil and with sticking plasters ; but it did not come to action. Garrick was *impertinent*, and the pretty men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right."† The Templars with their syringes and stinking oil, and Lord Hobart with his ready "damnation," give one a notion of the mob legislation of the theatres at that period, for boxes, pit, and gallery constituted one mob. There was a calm awhile, but in 1755 Walpole writes : "England

* Horace Walpole to Mann.

† Horace Walpole to Mann, March 11, 1748.

seems returning : for those who are not in Parliament there are nightly riots at Drury Lane, where there is an Anti-Gallican party against some French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till last night, when, being opera-night, the galleries were victorious." Walpole tells us a most amusing story of the manner in which these things were managed in his earlier days. "The town has been trying all this winter to beat pantomimes off the stage, very boisterously ; for *it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense a matter of riot and arms*. Fleetwood, the master of Drury Lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago he let into the pit great numbers of Bear Garden *bruisers* (that is the term), to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces and drove them out. I was sitting very quietly in the side-boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar ; and among the rest, who flew into a passion but your friend the philosopher ! In short, one of the actors, advancing to the front of the stage to make an apology for the manager, he had scarce begun to say, 'Mr. Fleetwood——' when your friend, with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, 'He is an impudent rascal !' The whole pit huzzacd, and repeated the words. Only think of my being a popular orator !

But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, 'Mr. Walpole, what would you please to have us do next?' It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse. The next night the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, 'Where is Mr. W.? where is Mr. W.?' In short the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler." * The participation of people of fashion in theatrical rows is a sufficient evidence of the interest which they took in the theatre. They carried the matter still farther in 1751, by hiring Drury Lane to act a play themselves. "The rage was so great to see this performance, that *the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose.*" †

Vauxhall and Ranelagh figure in the descriptions of the 'Spectator' and the 'Citizen of the World,' in the 'Connoisseur' and in 'Evelina.' ‡ But none of these passages give us an adequate notion of the *fashion* of Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Addison, and Goldsmith, and Miss Burney, looked upon the great crowd of all ranks as they would look upon life in

* Horace Walpole to Mann, November 26, 1744.

† Horace Walpole to Mann.

‡ London, vol. i. No. 23.

general. Walpole saw only his own set ; but how graphically has he described them ! The mere surface of the shows, the gilding and varnish of the gaiety, fills the imagination. At Vauxhall we see Prince Lobkowitz's footmen, in very rich new liveries, bearing torches, and the Prince himself in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button-holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat ; and Madame l'Ambassadrice de Vénise in a green sack, with a straw hat ; and we hear the violins and hautboys, the drums and trumpets, of the Prince of Wales's barges.* Imagine such a sight in our own days ! And then, one-and-twenty years later in life, Walpole is again going to Vauxhall to a *ridotto al fresco*, with a tide and torrent of coaches so prodigious, that he is an hour and a half on the road before he gets half way from Arlington Street. "There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow ; for the greater the folly and imposition, the greater is the crowd."† But for a little, quiet, domestic party at Vauxhall, composed of the highest in rank and fashion, Walpole is the most delightful, and, we have no doubt, the most veracious of chroniclers. Mrs. Tibbs and the pawnbroker's widow of Goldsmith are mere pretenders to coarseness by the side of Lady Caroline Peterham and Miss Ashe. Walpole receives a card from Lady Caroline in 1750 to go with her to the Gardens. When he calls, the ladies "had just

* Horace Walpole to Conway, June 27, 1748.

† Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 11, 1769.

finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them." All the town had been summoned; and in the Mall they picked up dukes and damsels, and two young ladies especially, who had been "trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of Lady Caroline." They marched to their barge with a boat of French horns attending. Upon debarking at Vauxhall they "picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from 'Jenny's Whim;' where, instead of going to old Strafford's catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fanny, and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at brag." 'Jenny's Whim' was a tavern at Chelsea Bridge. The party assemble in their booth and go to supper, after a process of cookery which would rather astonish a Lady Caroline of our own day: "We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction." Lady Caroline was not singular in her tastes. Before the accession of George III. it was by no means uncommon for ladies of quality *to sup at taverns*, and even to *invite* the gentle-

men to be of the company. Walpole says that in 1735 a Frenchman, who was ignorant of the custom, took some liberties with Lady Harrington, through which mistake her house was afterwards closed against him. This practice, which to us seems so startling, was a relic of the manners of a century earlier. The decorum of the court of George III. banished the custom from the upper ranks ; but it lingered amongst the middle classes ; and Dr. Johnson thought it not in the slightest degree indecorous to say to two young ladies who called upon him, "Come, you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre ;" to which the ladies, who wished to consult the philosopher upon the subject of Methodism, very readily assented. In the reign of the second George, and perhaps a little later, the great ladies, whether at taverns or in private houses, carried their vivacity somewhat farther than we should now think consistent with perfect propriety. Lady Coventry, at a great supper at Lord Hertford's, "said, in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more she should be *muckibus*." How the Americans of our own day must be shocked at the vulgarity of our aristocratic predecessors ; for *they* will not tolerate even the word *drunk*, and describe the condition which that word conveys by the pretty epithet *excited* ! We are adopting the term ; and it may be expected that the refinement in our nomenclature may lead to a revival of a little of the old liberty in our practice. Walpole explains that *muckibus* was "Irish for sentimental." He

did not foresee the change in our English. He calls things by their right names. He tells us that "Lord Cornwallis and Lord Allen came drunk to the Opera;" and, what is harder to believe, that the Chancellor, Lord Henley, being chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, "a smart gentleman who was sent with a staff carried it in the evening when the Chancellor happened to be drunk." These exhibitions were in 1763.

We might believe, from the well-known lines of Pope, that the amusement which was invented for the solace of a mad king was the exclusive inheritance of an *aged* aristocracy :

" See how the world its veterans rewards,
A youth of folly, an old age of cards."

Not so. The cards were a part of the folly of youth as well as of age. Walpole never appears to have had the passion of a gambler; but we learn from his fifty years' correspondence that he was always well content to dabble with cards and dice, and he records his winnings with a very evident satisfaction. The reign of *ombre*, whose chances and intrigues interested the great quite as much as the accidents and plots of the reign of Anne, was supplanted by the new dynasty of *whist*; and then *whist* yielded to the more gambling excitement of *loo*; to which *faro* succeeded; and the very cards themselves were at last almost kicked out by the ivory cubes, which disposed of fortunes by a more *summary* process. In 1742 whist was the mania,

though Walpole voted it dull: "Whist has spread a universal opium over the whole nation." Again: "The kingdom of the Dull is come upon earth. . . . The only token of this new kingdom is a woman riding on a beast, which is the mother of abominations, and the name in the forehead is Whist; and the four-and-twenty elders and the woman, and the whole town, do nothing but play with this beast."* Whist had a long reign. In 1749 Walpole writes: "As I passed over the green [Richmond], I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half-a-dozen more of the White's club, sauntering at the door of a house which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and *Sunday* to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whist in London on those days as well as on the other five? Indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town."† Ministers of state, and princes who had something to do, were ready to relieve the cares of business by gambling, as much as other people gamed to vary their idleness. Lord Sandwich "goes once or twice a-week to hunt with the Duke [Cumberland]; and as the latter has taken a turn of gaming, Sandwich, to make his court—and fortune—carries a box and dice in his pocket; and so they throw a main, whenever the hounds are at fault, 'upon every green hill, and

* Horace Walpole to Mann.

† Horace Walpole to Mann, June 4, 1749.

under every green tree.” Five years later, at a magnificent ball and supper at Bedford House, the Duke “was playing at hazard with a great heap of gold before him : somebody said he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf, both.”† Amongst the royal and noble gamblers, swindlers *par excellence* sometimes found their way. There was a Sir William Burdett, whose name had the honour of being inscribed in the betting-room at White’s as the subject of a wager that he would be the first baronet that would be hanged. He and a lady, “dressed foreign as a princess of the house of Brandenburg,” cheated Lord Castledurrow and Captain Rodney out of a handsome sum at faro. The noble victim met the Baronet at Ranelagh, and thus apostrophised him : “Sir William, here is the sum I think I lost last night ; since that, I have heard that you are a professed pickpocket, and therefore desire to have no farther acquaintance with you.” The Baronet took the money with a respectful bow, and then asked his Lordship the further favour to set him down at Buckingham Gate, and without waiting for an answer whipped into the chariot.‡ No doubt the Baronet prospered and was smiled upon. Walpole tells another story of a hanger-on upon the gaming-tables, which has a dash of the tragic in it : “General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuff-box,

* Horace Walpole to Mann, January 31, 1750.

† Horace Walpole to Bentley, 1755.

‡ Horace Walpole to Mann, 1748.

which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken it : he insisted on searching the company. He did : there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him. There the man told him that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. ' At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket ; I was afraid of being exposed : here it is ! Now, sir, you may search me.' Wade was so struck that he gave the man a hundred pounds."* The genius of gambling might be painted, like Garrick, between the tragic and the comic muse. We turn over the page, and comedy again presents herself, in an attitude that looks very like the hoyden step of her half-sister, Farce : "Jemmy Lumley last week had a party of whist at his own house : the combatants, Lucy Southwell, that curtsseys like a bear, Mrs. Prijean, and a Mrs. Mackenzy. They played from six in the evening till twelve next day ; Jemmy never winning one rubber, and rising a loser of two thousand pounds. How it happened I know not, nor why his suspicions arrived so late, but he fancied himself cheated, and refused to pay. However, *the bear* had no share in his evil surmises : on the contrary, a day or two afterwards, he promised a dinner at Hampstead to Lucy and her virtuous sister. As he went to the rendezvous

* Horace Walpole to Mann, January 10, 1750.

his chaise was stopped by somebody, who advised him not to proceed. Yet, no whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress, Mrs. Mackenzy, who accosted him in the most friendly manner. After a few compliments, she asked him if he did not intend to pay her. 'No, indeed, I shan't, I shan't; your servant, your servant.' 'Shan't you?' said the fair virago; and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the Empress-Queen would upon the King of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead."*

There was deep philosophy in a saying of George Selwyn's, when a waiter at Arthur's Club House was taken up for robbery: "what a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!" It may be doubted whether the gentlemen-highwaymen who peopled Newgate at that era had a much looser code of morals than some of the great folks they pillaged. The people of London got frightened about an earthquake in 1750, and again in 1756. There was a slight shock in the first of those years, which set the haunters of White's furiously betting whether it was an earthquake or the blowing-up of the powder-mills at Hounslow. Bishop Sherlock and Bishop Secker endeavoured to frighten the people into piety; but the visitors at Bedford House, who had supped and stayed late, went about the town knocking at doors, and

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 14, 1761.

bawling in the watchman's note, "Past four o'clock and a dreadful earthquake." Some of the fashionable set got frightened, however, and went out of town; and three days before the exact day on which the great earthquake was prophesied to happen, the crowd of coaches passing Hyde Park Corner with whole parties removing into the country was something like the procession already described to Vauxhall. "Several women have made earthquake gowns—that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose; she says all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?"* When the rulers of the nation on such an occasion, or any other occasion of public terror, took a fit of hypocrisy and ordered a general fast, the gambling-houses used to be filled with senators who had a day of leisure upon their hands. Indifference to public opinion, as well as a real insensibility, drew a line between the people of fashion and the middle classes. Walpole tells a story which is characteristic enough to be true, though he hints that it was invented:—"They

* Horace Walpole to Mann, April 2, 1750.

have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not; and when they were going to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet." * A great deal of this reckless spirit of gambling, which lasted through the century, and which probably has only clothed itself more decently in our own day, must be attributed to the great increase of the wealth of the aristocracy, through the natural effects of the great increase of the profitable industry of the middle classes. But it cannot be denied that much of the increase flowed back to the sources from which it was derived, in the form of bills, bonds, post-obits, and mortgages. The financial maxim of Charles Fox, that a man need never want money if he was willing to pay enough for it, tended to keep matters somewhat equal.

The idea from which we cannot escape, when we trace the history of fashion in the middle of the last century, is, that the prevailing tone indicated something like a general moral intoxication. A succession of stimulants appears necessary to the upholding of social existence. This must be always in some degree the case with the rich and idle, whose vocation is chiefly to what they call pleasure. But we have few glimpses in the letters and memoirs of that period of the disposition to those calm domestic enjoyments which are principally

* *Horace Walpole to Mann, September 1, 1750.*

derived from the cultivation of a taste for reading and the arts, and which, in our own day, equally characterises the middle and the upper classes. Of course, under the loosest state of manners, even in the profligate court of Charles II., there must have been many families of the upper ranks who despised the low vices and unintellectual excitements of their equals in birth ; and under the most decorous and rational system of life there must be a few who would gladly restore a general licence, and who occasionally signalise themselves by some outbreak. But neither of these constitute a class. In the youth and middle age of Walpole the men and women of fashion appear to have lived without restraint imposed by their own sense of decorum, without apprehension of the opinions of their associates, without the slightest consideration for the good or evil word of the classes below them. "In a regular monarchy the folly of the prince gives the tone ; in a downright tyranny folly dares give itself no airs ; it is in a wanton overgrown commonwealth that *whim* and debauchery intrigue together." * Every lady or gentleman of spirit was allowed to have a *whim*, whether it inclined to gambling, or intrigue, or drunkenness, or riots in public places. What Walpole said of the Duke of Newcastle, that he looked like a dead body hung in chains always wanting to be hung somewhere else, gives one a notion of the perpetual restlessness of the fashionable class. The untiring activity of

* Horace Walpole to Mann.

some leaders lasted a good deal longer ; and no doubt occasionally displays itself even now in a preternatural energy, which makes the cheek pale in the season of bloom and freshness. But there is now some repose, some intervals for reflexion ; the moral intoxication does not last through sixteen of the four-and-twenty hours. The love of *sights*, the great characteristic of the vulgar of our own day, was emphatically the passion of the great in the last century. The plague was reported to be in a house in the City ; and fashion went to look at the outside of the house in which the plague was enshrined. Lady Milton and Lady Temple, on a night in March, put on hats and cloaks, and, sallying out by themselves to see Lord Macclesfield lie in state, "literally waited on the steps of the house in the thick of the mob, while one posse was admitted and let out again for a second to enter." * The "mob" (by which Walpole usually means an assemblage of people of any station below the aristocracy) paid back this curiosity with interest. The two Miss Gunnings lighted upon the earth of London in 1751, and were declared the handsomest women alive. "They can't walk in the Park or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow that they are generally driven away." It is difficult to understand how a real plebeian mob should know anything about the Miss Gunnings, at a time when there were no paragraphs of personality in the meagre newspapers. The Gunning mob was pro-

* *Horace Walpole to Lord Hertford, March 27, 1764.*

bably a very courtly one. At any rate the curiosity was in common between the high and the low. One of these fair ladies became Duchess of Hamilton. "The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there." * Ten years later there was another great sight to which all resorted—the Cock-lane Ghost. How characteristic of the period is the following description of a visit to the den of the ghost!—"We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot: it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow-candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are mur-

* Horace Walpole to Mann, March 23, 1752.

dering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing. They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. *We stayed, however, till half an hour after one.*" * Imagine a prince of the blood, two noble ladies, a peer, and the son of a prime minister, packing in one hackney-coach from Northumberland House on a winter's night, and in a dirty lane near Smithfield watching till half-past one by the light of a tallow-candle, amidst fifty of the "unwashed," for the arrival of a ghost! In those days the great patron of executions was the fashionable George Selwyn; and this was the way he talked of such diversions:—"Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution [of Lord Lovat,] and asked him, 'how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off?' 'Nay,' says he, 'if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again.'"† When M'Lean, the highwayman, was under sentence of death in Newgate, he was a great attraction to the fashionable world. "Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day. * * * But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, February 2, 1762.

† Horace Walpole to Conway, April 16, 1747.

Petersham and Miss Ashe."* These were the heroines of the minced chickens at Vauxhall ; and we presume they did not visit the condemned cell to metamorphose the thief into a saint, as is the "whim" of our own times. The real robbers were as fashionable in 1750 as their trumpery histories were in 1840. "You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate ; and the prints that are published of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and deaths set forth with as much parade as—as—Marshal Turenne's—we have no generals worth making a parallel."† The visitors had abundant opportunities for the display of their sympathy :—"It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown ! *Seventeen were executed this morning.*"‡ Amidst such excitements, who can wonder that a man of talent and taste, as Walpole was, should often prefer pasting prints into a portfolio, or correcting proofs, at "poor little Strawberry."

The reckless and improvident spirit of the period when Horace Walpole was an active member of the world of fashion is strikingly shown in the rash, and we may say indecent, manner in which persons of rank rushed into marriage. The happiness of a life was the stake which the great too often trusted to something as uncertain as the cast of a die or the turn-up of a trump. It seems almost impossible

* Horace Walpole to Mann, August 2, 1750.

† Id. October 18, 1750.

‡ Id. March 23, 1752.

that in London, eighty or ninety years ago only, such a being as a Fleet parson could have existed, who performed the marriage ceremonial at any hour of the day or night, in a public-house or a low lodging, without public notice or public witnesses, requiring no consent of parents, and asking only the names of the parties who sought to be united. We might imagine, at any rate, that such irreverend proceedings were confined to the lowest of the people. The Fleet parsons had not a monopoly of their trade. In the fashionable locality of May Fair was a chapel in which one Keith presided, who advertised in the newspapers, and made, according to Walpole, "a very bishopric of revenue." This worthy was at last excommunicated for "contempt of the Holy and Mother Church;" but the impudent varlet retaliated, and excommunicated at his own chapel Bishop Gibson, the Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court, and two reverend doctors. Keith was sent to prison, where he remained many years; but his shop flourished under the management of his shopmen, called Curates; and the public were duly apprised of its situation and prices:—"To prevent mistakes, the little new chapel in May Fair, near Hyde Park Corner, is in the corner-house opposite to the City side of the great chapel, and within ten yards of it, and the minister and clerk live in the same corner-house where the little chapel is; and the license on a crown stamp, minister and clerk's fees, together *with the certificate*, amount to one guinea, as here-

tofore, at any hour till four in the afternoon. And that it may be the better known, there is a porch at the door like a country church porch.”* Keith issued from his prison a manifesto against the Act to prevent clandestine marriages, to which we shall presently advert, in which he gravely puts forth the following recommendation of his summary process with reference to the lower classes :—“ Another inconveniency which will arise from this Act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great that few of the lower class of people can afford ; for I have often heard a Fleet parson say that many have come to be married when they have had but half-a-crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their clothes.”†

But exclusive fashion did not care to be exclusive in these practices. Sometimes a petticoat without a hoop was to be led by a bag-wig and sword to the May Fair altar, after other solicitations had been tried in vain. The virtue of the community was wonderfully supported by these easy arrangements, as Walpole tells us, in his best style : “ You must know, then—but did you know a young fellow that was called Handsome Tracy ? He was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls ; one was very pretty : they followed them ; but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing

* Daily Post, July 20, 1744 ; quoted in Mr. Burn's valuable work on ‘ The Fleet Registers.’

† Id.

them, all but Tracy. He followed to Whitehall Gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them—he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Hay-market, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and, after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a-year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. 'Ay,' says she, 'but if I should, and should lose him by it.' However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing; she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should *be welcome*. Away they walked to Craven Street:

the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May Fair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king; but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did.*

But "the butterwoman's daughter" had no lack of high example to teach her how to make a short step into the matrimonial "ship of fools." The Fleet Registers, and those of May Fair, are rich in the names of Honourables and even of Peers. For example: "February 14, 1752, James Duke of Hamilton and Elizabeth Gunning." Walpole has a pleasant comment upon this entry. "The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. . . . About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at faro at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each; he soon lost a thousand. . . . Two nights afterwards, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without license or ring: the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop. At last they were married with

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1748.

a ring of the bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after twelve at night, at May Fair chapel.”*

The people of rank at last grew frightened at their own practices. The Act against Clandestine Marriages came into operation on the 26th of March, 1754. On the 25th there were two hundred and seventeen marriages at the Fleet entered in one register; and on the same day sixty-one ceremonies of the like agreeable nature took place at May Fair. After the Act was passed in 1753 there was to be an interval of some months before its enactments were to be law. Walpole says, “The Duchess of Argyle harangues against the Marriage Bill not taking place immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady Day.”†

* Horace Walpole to Mann, Feb. 27, 1752

† Horace Walpole to Montagu, July 17, 1753.

HORACE WALPOLE'S WORLD OF LETTERS.

LET us seat ourselves with Horace Walpole in his library at Strawberry Hill, and see the relation which the clever man of fashion bears to literature, and to the men of letters his contemporaries. There he sits, as he was painted by the poor artist Muntz, whom he patronised and despised, lounging in a luxurious arm-chair, soft and bright in its silk and embroidery, the window open, through which he occasionally looks on the green meadows and the shining river, in which he feels a half-poetical delight. He turns to his elegant room, where "the books are ranged within Gothic arches of pierced work, taken from a side door-case to the choir in Dugdale's St. Paul's." The books themselves are a valuable collection, some for use and some for show; and it is easy to perceive that for the most part they have not been brought together as the mere furniture of the bookcases, but have been selected pretty much with reference to their possessor's tastes and acquirements. He is a man, then, of fortune, chiefly derived from sinecures bestowed upon him by his father; of literary acquirements far beyond the fashionable people of his day; with abundance of wit and shrewd observation; early in his career heartily tired of political

intrigue, and giving up himself to a quiet life of learned leisure mixed with a little dissipation ; and yet that man, pursuing this life for half a century, appears to have come less in contact with the greatest minds of his day than hundreds of his contemporaries of far inferior genius and reputation. With the exception perhaps of General Conway, Walpole has no correspondence with any of the really eminent public men of his time ; and the most illustrious of his literary friends, after Gray is gone, are Cole, the dullest of antiquaries, and Hannah More. Warburton, in a letter to Hurd, terms Walpole "an insufferable coxcomb ;" and we have no doubt the bold churchman was right. Walpole was utterly destitute of sympathy, perhaps for the higher things of literature, certainly for the higher class of literary men. He had too much talent to be satisfied with the dullness and the vices of the people of fashion with whom he necessarily herded ; but he had not courage enough to meet the more intellectual class upon a footing of equality. For the immediate purpose of this paper, it is of very little consequence what Walpole himself individually thinks of literature and men of letters ; but it is of importance to show the relation in which the men of letters stood to the higher classes, and the lofty tone in which one whose passion was evidently the love of literary fame spoke of those to whom literature was a profession, and not an affair of smirking amateurship.

Pope had been dead two or three years when

Horace Walpole bought Strawberry Hill: they were not therefore neighbours. In 1773, Walpole, speaking depreciatingly of his contemporaries, says, "Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray;" but he writes not a word to any one of what he had seen of Pope, and the only notice we have (except a party account of the quarrel between Pope and Bolingbroke) is, in 1742, of Cibber's famous pamphlet against Pope, which subsequently raised its author to be the hero of the 'Dunciad.' Walpole is evidently rubbing his hands with exultation when he says, "It will notably vex him." Pope died in 1744. Of the small captains who scrambled for the crowns of the realms of poetry, after the death of *this* Alexander, there was one who founded a real empire — James Thomson. Walpole says, "I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than Leonidas or *The Seasons*; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside, who writes Odes: in one he has lately published he says, 'Light the tapers, urge the fire.' Had not you rather make gods jostle in the dark, than light the candles for fear they should break their heads?" * Gray, as every one knows, was Walpole's friend from boyhood. The young men quarrelled upon their travels, and after three years were reconciled. Walpole, no doubt, felt a sort of self-important

* Horace Walpole to Mann, March 29, 1745.

gratification in the fame of Gray as a poet; yet, while Gray was alive, Walpole thus described his conversation: "I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray; he is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences: his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable."* Yet Walpole was furious when Boswell's book came out, and Johnson is made to say of Gray, "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere: he was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great: he was a mechanical poet." In 1791 Walpole writes, "After the Doctor's death, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell sent an ambling circular letter to me, begging subscriptions for a monument for him—the two last, I think, impertinently, as they could not but know my opinion, and could not suppose I would contribute to a monument for one who had endeavoured, poor soul! to degrade my friend's superlative poetry. I would not deign to write an answer, but sent down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers with a brief, that I would not subscribe."† Walpole, we have little doubt, considered himself as the patron of Gray, and Johnson's opinion was an attack upon his *amour-propre*. His evident hatred

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 3, 1748.

† Horace Walpole to Miss Berry, May 26, 1791.

of Johnson probably belonged as much to the order as to the individual. The poor man of genius and learning, who, by his stern resolves and dogged industry, had made himself independent of patronage, was a dangerous example. The immortal letter to Chesterfield on the dedication of the Dictionary was an offence against a very numerous tribe.

It is easy to understand from Walpole's letters, how an author, however eminent, was looked upon in society, except he had some adventitious quality of wealth or birth to recommend him. In 1766 Walpole thus writes to Hume: "You know, in England, we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and, of course, leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France they spoil us, but that was no business of mine. I, who am an author, must own this conduct very sensible; for, in truth, we are a most useless tribe." It is difficult to understand whether this passage is meant for insolence to the person to whom it is addressed: for what was Hume but an author? "*We* read their works"—*we*, the aristocratic and the fashionable—to which class Hume might fancy he belonged, after he had proceeded from his tutorship to a mad lord into the rank of a *chargé d'affaires*. But then "in France they spoil *us*;" here the aristocrat is coquetting with the honours of authorship in the face of his brother author. Perhaps

the whole was meant for skilful flattery. Walpole's real estimate of the literary class is found in a letter to Cole, who was too obtuse to take any portion of the affront to himself:—"Mr. Gough wants to be introduced to me! He is so dull, that he would only be troublesome; and besides, you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all those things, and write only to laugh at them and divert myself. . . . Mr. Gough is very welcome to see Strawberry Hill, or I would help him to any scraps in my possession that would assist his publication; though he is one of those industrious who are only re-burying the dead: but I cannot be acquainted with him. It is contrary to my system and my humour. . . . I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson, down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray."†

Walpole was too acute not to admire Fielding; yet he evidently delights to lower the man, in the gusto with which he tells the following anecdote:—"Rigby and Peter Bathurst t'other night carried

* Horace Walpole to Cole, April 27, 1773.

a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding; who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttelton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper—that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting, with a blind man, a ——, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilised.”* Scott, in his life of Fielding, suggests that something of this anecdote may belong to the “aristocratic exaggeration” of Walpole; and that the blind man might have been Fielding's brother, who was blind. In the same way the three Irishmen might not necessarily have been denizens of St. Giles's; and the female, whom Walpole designates by the most opprobrious of names, might have been somewhat more respectable than his own Lady Caroline. We are not sure that, under the worst aspect, the supper at Fielding's was more discreditable than the banquet of minced chickens at Vauxhall. Fielding at this period, when his crime was a dirty tablecloth, thus writes of himself:—“By composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and

* Horace Walpole to Montagu, May 18, 1749.

beggars, and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred a-year, of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than three hundred ; a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk."

Walpole himself, in the outset of his literary career, appears, as was to be expected from his temperament and education, miserable under what was then, and is now, called criticism. After the publication of the 'Royal and Noble Authors,' he writes, "I am sick of the character of author ; I am sick of the consequences of it ; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers ; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me ; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered."* If he had lived in these times, he might have been less thin-skinned. Those were not the days of critical newspapers ; there was only an 'Evening Post,' and one or two other starveling journals. Those were the days when the old Duchess of Rutland, being told of some strange casualty, says, "Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down." "Lord, Madam," says Lady Lucy, "it can't be true." "Oh, no matter, child, it will do for news into the country, next post."† Horace Walpole might well have compounded for a little of the pert criticism of the reviews of his day, to be exempt from the flood of opinion which now floats

* Horace Walpole to the Rev. Henry Zouch, May 14, 1759.

† Horace Walpole to Mann, Dec. 23, 1742.

the straws and rushes over the things which are stable. Fortunate was it for him and for us that he lived before the days of newspapers, or half he has told us would have been told in a perishable form. A Strawberry Hill man could not have existed in the glare of journalising. He would have been a slave in the Republic of Letters, although he affected to despise court slavery. He must, in the very nature of things, have been president and member of council of some half-dozen of the thousand and one societies with which London now abounds; and he would have had the satisfaction of walking in the *conversazione* horse-mill of hot rooms and cold coffee three times a week during the season, amidst the same round of masks, all smiling, envious, jobbing, puffing, and bepudded.* He was only familiar with one Society, the Antiquarian; and he thus speaks of it:—"I dropped my attendance there four or five years ago, from being sick of their ignorance and stupidity, and have not been three times amongst them since." The Antiquarian Society then consisted of a few harmless and crotchety people, who wrote dull books which nobody read but themselves. But the dull men in time came to understand the full value of gregariousness; the name of Society at length became Legion; and literary and scientific London resolved itself into one mighty

* This was written twelve years ago. *Special Societies*, where men of real knowledge work harmoniously, have redeemed the name of Society from being synonymous with *clique*.

coteriership, in which the ninety-nine dwarfs are put upon stilts, and the one of reasonable stature consents to move amongst them, and sometimes to prescribe laws, in the belief that he himself looms larger in the provincial distance. This clever organisation came after Walpole's time. Possibly he might have liked the individual men of letters better, if the pretenders to literature, appending all sorts of cabalistic characters to their names, had set him up as their idol. As it was, there was a frank genial intercourse between the best men of his time, which was equally independent of puffing and patronage. The club life of the Burkes and Johnsons was precisely the opposite of the society life of our own days. We of course see nothing of the club life in Walpole's writings; but it is a thing which has left enduring traces. Walpole was not robust enough to live in such an element

In the days when periodical criticism was in its nonage, men of letters naturally wrote to each other about the merits of new works. There is probably less of this in Walpole than in any other letter-writer equally voluminous; yet he sometimes gives us an opinion of a book, which is worth comparing with that more impartial estimate which is formed by an after-generation, when novelty and fashion have lost their influence, and prejudice, whether kind or hostile, ceases to operate. We may learn from the mistakes of clever men as to the merits of their contemporaries, to be a little humble in forming our own opinions. Let us hear

what Walpole has to say of Sterne :—" At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance : it is a kind of novel, called 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy ;' the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards. I can conceive a man saying that it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion in his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed." * Gray, who by nature had a keen relish for humour, formed a juster opinion of Sterne, though he scarcely did him justice :—" There is much good fun in 'Tristram,' and humour sometimes hit, and sometimes missed." Goldsmith, who was probably jealous of the Yorkshire wit's sudden reputation, called him " a very dull fellow," which Johnson denied ; but Johnson himself disparaged Sterne almost as much as Walpole. Were any of these eminent men quite right in the matter ? There were many reasons why Sterne should offend Johnson—reasons which have condemned him in our own day to neglect. But for real creative comic power he was never exceeded, but by *one* Englishman of our own day : his humour, as well as his pathos, has its roots in a rich poetical soil. Walpole, however, did not always set up *nil*

* Horace Walpole to Sir David Dalrymple, April 4, 1760.

admirari as his motto. Thirty years after, Darwin arose ; and he at once mounted like a balloon into the empyrean of popularity, and there collapsed. Walpole thus raves about the 'Botanic Garden : '— "I send you the most delicious poem upon earth. If you don't know what it is all about, or why, at at least you will find glorious similes about everything in the world, and I defy you to discover three bad verses in the whole stack. Dryden was but the prototype of the 'Botanic Garden' in his charming 'Flower and Leaf ;' and if he had less meaning, it is true he had more plan ; and I must own, that his white velvets and green velvets, and rubies and emeralds, were much 'more virtuous gentlefolks than most of the flowers of the creation, who seem to have no fear of Doctors' Commons before their eyes. This is only the Second Part ; for, like my king's eldest daughter in the 'Hieroglyphic Tales,' the First Part is not born yet :—no matter. I can read this over and over again for ever ; for, though it is so excellent, it is impossible to remember anything so disjointed, except you consider it as a collection of short enchanting poems—as the Circe at her tremendous devilries in a church ; the intrigue of the dear nightingale and rose ; and the description of Medea ; the episode of Mr. Howard, which ends with the most sublime of lines—in short, all, all, all is the most lovely poetry." * Darwin has utterly perished, and can never be resuscitated : his whole system of

* Horace Walpole to the Miss Berrys, April 28, 1789.

art was false. Walpole admired him because he was bred up in a school of criticism which regarded *style* as the one thing needful, and considered that the most poetical language which was the farthest removed from the language of common life: hence in some respects his idolatry of Gray, and his contempt of Thomson. Cowper, the only one poet of his later years who will live, is never once mentioned by him. The mode in which he addresses himself to Jephson, the author of 'Braganza,' and several other mouthing tragedies, appears to us now inexpressibly ridiculous: "You seem to me to have imitated Beaumont and Fletcher, *though your play is superior to all theirs*. You are so great a poet, Sir, that you have no occasion to labour anything but your plots." * This is the natural result of Walpole being brought up in the French school of criticism. His correspondence with Voltaire shows the process by which he was led to think that such a word-spinner as Robert Jephson, captain of foot, and a nominee of Lord Townshend in the Irish Parliament, imitated Beaumont and Fletcher, and produced a play superior to all theirs. In the preface to the second edition of 'The Castle of Otranto,' Walpole thus expressed himself in defence of his introduction into a serious romance of domestics speaking in common language: 'That great master of nature, Shakspeare, was the model I copied. Let me ask if his tragedies of 'Hamlet' and 'Julius Cæsar' would not lose

* Horace Walpole to Robert Jephson, Esq., October 17, 1777.

a considerable share of their spirit and wonderful beauties if the humour of the grave-diggers, the fooleries of Polonius, and the clumsy jests of the Roman citizens were omitted, or vested in heroics? Is not the eloquence of Antony, the nobler and affectedly-unaffecting oration of Brutus, artificially exalted by the rude bursts of nature from the mouths of their auditors? These touches remind one of the Grecian sculptor, who, to convey the idea of a Colossus within the dimensions of a seal, inserted a little boy measuring his thumb. No, says Voltaire, in his edition of Corneille, this mixture of buffoonery and solemnity is intolerable. Voltaire is a genius—but not of Shakspeare's magnitude." Three or four years after this Voltaire wrote a civil letter to Walpole on the subject of his 'Historic Doubts,' and Walpole, in reply, took occasion to apologise for the remarks he had made on Voltaire in the "preface to a trifling romance." Voltaire replied, defending his criticism; and the vindicator of Shakspeare is then prostrate at the feet of the Frenchman: "One can never, Sir, be sorry to have been in the wrong, when one's errors are pointed out to one in so obliging and masterly a manner. Whatever opinion I may have of Shakspeare, I should think him to blame if he could have seen the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down. When he lived, there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the stage, and to show on what good sense those laws

were founded. Your art, sir, goes still further ; for you have supported your arguments without having recourse to the best authority, your own works. It was my interest, perhaps, to defend barbarism and irregularity. A great genius is in the right, on the contrary, to show that when correctness, nay, when perfection is demanded, he can still shine, and be himself, whatever fetters are imposed on him. But I will say no more on this head : for I am neither so unpolished as to tell you to your face how much I admire you ; nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakspeare against your criticism, am I vain enough to think myself an adversary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you, than of contesting them. It was bold in me to dispute with you, even before I had the honour of your acquaintance : it would be ungrateful now, when you have not only taken notice of me, but forgiven me. The admirable letter you have been so good as to send me is a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men who know at once how to conquer and to pardon." * It is evident from this letter that it was the merest egotism which originally led Walpole to set up for the defender of Shakspeare. Voltaire, in common with all the then French school, held that the language of princes and heroes must be sublime and dignified ; or, in other words, they must utter a language not formed naturally and fitly either for the development of exalted passions or ordinary

* Horace Walpole to Voltaire, July 27, 1756.

sentiments. Introduce the simple language of common life amongst this conventional dialogue, and an essential discord is necessarily produced. Voltaire, as all the other French dramatists have done, entirely banished the natural language, and fitted the waiting-maid with the same form of raving for the white handkerchief as they bestowed upon the princess. This was consistent. They fancied Shakspeare was inconsistent and barbarous when the comic came in contact with the serious, and the elevated was blended with the familiar. They did not see the essential difference between *their* heroic and *his* heroic. He never takes the sublime and the terrible out of the natural ; and in the most agonizing situation we encounter the most common images. Neither did Walpole see this essential distinction ; and thus he has his ready echo of "barbarism and irregularity." Had he understood Shakspeare, he would not have yielded his position.

In his first letter to Voltaire, Walpole says, "Without knowing it, you have been my master ; and perhaps the sole merit that may be found in my writings is owing to my having studied yours." The adroit Frenchman must have laughed a little at this compliment. Walpole was thinking of his letters, of which the world had then no knowledge. If Voltaire had turned to the works of the Strawberry Hill press, he would have seen little imitation either of his philosophy or of his style. Voltaire, the most subtle of scoffers,

was upon occasions an enthusiast. He had a heart. Walpole, even to his most intimate friends, was a scoffer and a scandal-monger; never moved to anything like warmth, except when talking about the constitution (by which he meant the protection of certain privileged persons in the exclusive enjoyment of public wealth and honour); and only growing earnest in his old age when he was frightened into hysterics about the French Revolution, having in his greener years called the death-warrant of Charles I. 'Charta Major.' He hates authors, as we have seen, because "they are always in earnest, and think their profession serious." If this be a true description of the authors of Walpole's time, the world has lost something by a change; for in our own day a writer who is in earnest is apt to be laughed at by those who conceive that the end of all literature is to amuse, and that its highest reward is to have, as Sterne had, "engagements for three months" to dine somewhere, always provided that there is a lord's card to glitter in the exact spot of the library or drawing-room where the stranger eye can best read and admire. This is fame, and this is happiness. But the silent consolation of high and cheerful thoughts,—the right of entering at pleasure into a world filled with beauty and variety,—the ability to converse with the loftiest and purest spirits, who will neither ridicule, nor envy, nor betray their humble disciple,—the power of going out of the circle of distracting cares into a region where there is

always calm and content,—these great blessings of the student's life, whether they end or not in adding to the stock of the world's knowledge, are not the ends which are most proposed according to the fashion of our day to a writer's ambition. The "earnest author" is too often set down for a fool—not seldom for a madman.

To the class of writers that Walpole shunned Rousseau belonged, with all his faults. Walpole's adventures with this remarkable man are characteristic enough of the individual and of the times. His first notice of Rousseau is in a letter from Paris to Lady Harvey, in 1766:—"Mr. Hume carries this letter and Rousseau to England. I wish the former may not repent having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels with all mankind in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below such a genius. If I had talents like his, I should despise any suffrage below my own standard, and should blush to owe any part of my fame to singularities and affectations." Walpole committed a mistake in not seeing that the singularities and affectations were an essential part of the man, and in not treating them therefore with charity and forbearance. After Rousseau had left Paris, Walpole, the hater of impostures, the denouncer of Chatterton as a forger and liar, wrote a letter, purporting to be from the King of Prussia to Rousseau, which had prodigious success in the French circles, and *of course* got into all the journals of Europe.

This was at a time when the "genius" was proscribed and distressed. Walpole was very proud to his confidential friends of the success of this hoax :—"I enclose a trifle that I wrote lately, which got about and has made enormous noise in a city where they run and cackle after an event, like a parcel of hens after an accidental husk of a grape."* Walpole had no objection to Rousseau's principles; he insulted him because he was a vain man who affected singularity, or, what was more probable, could not avoid being singular. There was honesty at least in Johnson's denunciation of him :—"I think him one of the worst of men ; a rascal, who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him, and it is a shame that he is protected in this country. Rousseau, Sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." Johnson would have banished Rousseau to the plantations in talk, but assuredly would have given him a dinner in Bolt Court, and, if his poverty had become extreme, would have admitted him amongst his odd pensioners. Walpole's success in the pretended letter was complete. He writes to Conway : "As you know, I willingly laugh at mountebanks, political or literary, let their talents be ever so great The copies have spread like wildfire ; *et me voici à la mode !*" Rousseau, in deep affliction, wrote a letter to the editor of

* Horace Walpole to Chute, January, 1788.

the 'London Chronicle,' in which the fabrication had been printed, denouncing it as "a dark transaction." The vanity of Walpole, in regard to this letter, which consists of twenty lines in decent French, in which there is very little humour and no wit, is almost as insane as the vanity of Rousseau. He writes to Chute, to Conway, to Cole, to Gray, to all mankind, to tell of his wonderful performance. To Cole he says, "You will very probably see a letter to Rousseau, in the name of the King of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe *quite ruined the author* with many philosophers. When I tell you I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger."* When Rousseau had quarrelled with Hume, six months after, it was one of the unhappy man's suspicions that Hume was concerned in the letter from the King of Prussia; and then Walpole thus writes to Hume: "I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the King of Prussia's letter; but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you stayed there, out of delicacy to you, but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him."†

* Horace Walpole to Cole, January 18, 1766.

† Horace Walpole to Hume, July 26, 1766.

We have a suspicion that Walpole's delicacy was sometimes measured by his cowardice. Warburton, writing to Hurd, took a just view of the whole transaction: "As to Rousseau, I entirely agree with you that his long letter to his brother philosopher, Hume, shows him to be a frank lunatic. His passion of tears, his suspicion of his friends in the midst of their services, and his incapacity of being set right, all consign him to Monro. Walpole's pleasantry upon him had baseness in its very conception. It was written when the poor man had determined to seek an asylum in England, and is, therefore, justly and generously condemned by D'Alembert. This considered, Hume failed both in honour and friendship not to show his dislike; which neglect seems to have kindled the first spark of combustion in this madman's brain. However, the contestation is very amusing, and I shall be sorry if it stops, now it is in so good a train. I should be well pleased, particularly, to see so seraphic a madman attack so insufferable a coxcomb as Walpole; and I think they are only fit for one another."

There can be no doubt that Walpole's coxcombity must have been "insufferable" in his own day, except amongst a favoured few. It is perfectly clear, from his letters, that he had no reverence for anything—but himself. His affectation was as excessive as that of Rousseau; but it went in another direction. He fancied that he could afford to speak contemptuously of all political men; although,

whilst himself a politician, he was the merest tool of party, and never made a single honest attempt to earn one penny of the thousands which the nation bestowed upon him. As a man of fashion, he was eternally holding up his friends to ridicule ; though he went quite as far in their follies as a feeble frame would carry him. As a man of letters, he affected to despise nearly all other men of letters : what is there but affectation in thus writing to Hume—"My letter hinted, too, my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men."* What is the secret of all this affectation ? He wanted a heart, and he thought it very clever to let the world know it ; for he was deeply imbued with the low philosophy of his age, which thought it wisdom to appear to love nothing, to fear nothing, to reverence nothing.

The world in Walpole's own day took up an opinion which it will not easily part with—that he behaved heartlessly to the unfortunate Chatterton. In March, 1769, when Chatterton was little more than sixteen years old, he addressed a letter from Bristol to Horace Walpole, offering to supply him with accounts of a succession of painters who had flourished at Bristol, which accounts, he said, had been discovered with some ancient poems in that

* Horace Walpole to Hume, November 6, 1766.

city, specimens of which he enclosed. It was about six months before this that Chatterton had communicated to Felix Farley's 'Bristol Journal' his celebrated 'Description of the Friars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an ancient manuscript;' and very soon after the publication of that remarkable imitation of an ancient document, he produced, from time to time, various poems, which he attributed to Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, and which became the subject of the most remarkable literary controversy of modern times. Walpole replied to Chatterton's first communication with ready politeness; but when Chatterton solicited his assistance in quitting a profession which he disliked, his application was neglected, and the poor boy threw himself upon the world of London without a friend. He then demanded his manuscripts, in a letter which was too manly and independent to receive from Walpole any other name than "impertinent." The manuscripts were returned in a blank cover. This was the extent of Walpole's offence; and, looking at the man's character, it is impossible to think he could have acted otherwise. He probably doubted the ability of the friendless boy to furnish the information he required; he suspected that the papers sent to him were fabricated. When Chatterton wrote to him as one man of letters has a right to address another, he could not brook the assumed equality; and he revenged himself by the pettiness of aristocratic insolence. Had he sought out the boy who had

given this evidence of his spirit as well as of his talent, he would not have been Horace Walpole. The unhappy boy "perished in his pride" in August, 1770. Walpole was assailed for many years for his conduct towards Chatterton, and he seems at times to have felt the charge very keenly. He thus addresses himself to the editor of Chatterton's *Miscellanies*: "Chatterton was neither indigent nor distressed at the time of his correspondence with me; he was maintained by his mother, and lived with a lawyer. His only pleas to my assistance were, disgust to his profession, inclination to poetry, and; communication of some suspicious MSS. His distress was the consequence of quitting his master, and coming to London, and of his other extravagances. He had depended on the impulse of the talents he felt for making impression, and lifting him to wealth, honours, and fame. I have already said that I should have been blameable to his mother and society if I had seduced an apprentice from his master to marry him to the nine Muses; and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the present age." In 1777, when the 'Monthly Review' had been attacking him on the subject of Chatterton, he thus wrote to Cole: "I believe M'Pherson's success with 'Ossian' was more the ruin of Chatterton than I. Two years passed between my doubting the authenticity of Rowley's poems and his death. I never knew he had been in London till some time after he had

•

undone and poisoned himself there. The poems he sent me were transcripts in his own hand, and even in that circumstance he told a lie : he said he had them from the very person at Bristol to whom he had given them." In this letter he adds, "I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius." Walpole does not appear to have seen that he was in this dilemma ; either the poems which he had received from Chatterton were authentic, and, if so, the greatest curiosities in our language ; or they were fabricated by an "astonishing genius." Walpole, we believe, did not see the extraordinary merit of the poems. His taste was not of the highest quality. When the world agreed that a great spirit had been amongst them, and had perished untimely, Walpole, in self-defence, dwelt upon his "forgery" and his "impositions." He probably forgot that a work had been published in 1765, under the following title, 'The Castle of Otranto, a Story translated by William Marshal, Gent, from the original Italian of Ouphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto : ' and that the preface to this translation from the Italian thus commences—"The following work was found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529." Who can say that, if Chatterton had lived, he would not have avowed the Rowley poems to be his own, as Walpole afterwards acknowledged the 'Castle of Otranto?' And where, then, would have been the

forgery any more than in the fabrication of the "Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas?"

Ten years after Chatterton's death Walpole quieted his conscience by continuing to call the marvellous charity-boy "young villain" and "young rascal;" but an occasion rose in which genius might be patronised without incurring the risk of an impertinent letter. Miss Hannah More had found a milk-woman at Bristol who wrote verses; and they were just such verses as Hannah More and Horace Walpole would think very wonderful; so a subscription is to be raised for the milk-woman, Mistress Ann Yearsley. "Her ear," according to a letter of Walpole to Miss More in 1784, "is perfect," her "taste" is unexceptionable. Walpole prescribes her studies: "Give her Dryden's 'Cock and Fox,' the standard of good sense, poetry, nature, and ease. . . . Prior's 'Solomon' (for I doubt his 'Alma,' though far superior, is too learned for her limited reading) would be very proper. . . . Read and explain to her a charming poetic familiarity called the 'Blue-stocking Club.'" Imagine that poor Chatterton had been more unfortunate than he really was—*had* been patronised by Horace Walpole, permitted a garret to sleep in, advanced to the honours of the butler's table, and taught by the profound critic, that Spenser was wretched stuff, and Shakspeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' "forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera-books."* The milk-woman became restive under

* Horace Walpole to Bentley, February 23, 1755.

the control of Hannah More, and she quarrelled with her patroness, upon which afflicting occurrence Walpole thus condoles with his friend: "You are not only benevolence itself, but, with fifty times the genius of a Yearsley, you are void of vanity. How strange that vanity should expel gratitude! Does not the wretched woman owe her fame to you, as well as her affluence? I can testify your labours for both. Dame Yearsley reminds me of the Troubadours, those vagrants whom I used to admire till I knew their history; and who used to pour out trumpery verses, and flatter or abuse accordingly as they were housed and clothed, or dismissed to the next parish. Yet you did not set this person in the stocks, after procuring an annuity for her!"* It is impossible to have a clearer notion of what Walpole and such as Walpole meant by patronage. The Baron of Otranto would have thought it the perfection of benevolence to have housed and clothed a troubadour; but the stocks and the whipping-post would have been ready for any treasonable assertion of independence. The days of chivalry are gone, and, heaven be praised, those of patronage are gone after them!

Walpole, like many other very clever men, could not perfectly appreciate the highest excellence, and yet could see the ridiculous side of the pretenders to wit and poetry. He laughs, as Gifford laughed, at 'Della Crusca;' and he has told the follies of Batheaston with his characteristic liveliness:—

* Horace Walpole to Hannah More, October 14, 1787.

“ You must know that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle-tree, a weeping-willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been new-christened Helicon. Ten years ago there lived a Madam Riggs, an old rough humourist who passed for a wit; her daughter, who passed for nothing, married to a Captain Miller, full of good-natured officiousness. These good folks were friends of Miss Rich, who carried me to dine with them at Batheaston, now Pindus. They caught a little of what was then called taste, built and planted, and begot children, till the whole caravan were forced to go abroad to retrieve. Alas! Mrs. Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth Muse, as romantic as Mademoiselle Scuderi, and as sophisticated as Mrs. Vesey. The captain’s fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with *virtù*, and, that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts-rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope Miller, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle—with—I don’t know what. You may think this is

fiction or exaggeration. Be dumb unbelievers ! The collection is printed, published. Yes, on my faith, there are *bouts-rimés* on a buttered muffin, made by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland ; receipts to make them, by Corydon the venerable, alias George Pitt ; others, very pretty, by Lord Palmerston ; some by Lord Carlisle ; many by 'Mrs. Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre ; and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short since folly which never ripens to madness but in this hot climate, ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull—for you cannot read so long as I have been telling." * When poetry was essentially an affair of "hearts" and "darts," it was no wonder that a mob of silly fashionable people set up for poets. The whole age was wanting in taste : it was not poetical because it was superficial.

The intercourse between Hannah More and Horace Walpole began in 1781. It was an odd intimacy ; but compliments freely received and bestowed made it agreeable, no doubt, to both parties. Here is a pretty note from Horace Walpole, written with a crowquill pen upon the sweetest-scented paper : "Mr. Walpole thanks Miss More a thousand times, not only for so obligingly complying with his requests, but for letting him have the satisfaction of possessing and reading again and again her charming and very genteel

* Horace Walpole to Conway, Jan. 15, 1775.

poem, the 'Bas Bleu.' He ought not, in modesty, to commend so much a piece in which he himself is flattered ; but truth is more durable than blushing, and he must be just, though he may be vain."* Walpole could bear flattery better than Dr. Johnson : "Mrs. Thrale then told a story of Hannah More, which, I think, exceeds in its severity all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson's saying. When she was introduced to him, not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise has given him : she then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, 'Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having.'"+ As Miss More grew older, she, no doubt, grew wiser ; and Walpole himself, with a very prevailing inclination to ridicule what he called her saintliness, came to respect her for her virtues, instead of continuing to burn incense to her genius. The last indication of their friendship appears in his giving her a Bible, which she wished he would read himself.

* Horace Walpole to Hannah More, May 6, 1784.

† Madame d'Arblay's Diary, vol i. p. 103.

FANNY BURNEY AT COURT.

It is 1779. There is an amusing scene in Mr. Thrale's villa at Streatham. The house, as usual, is full of company. Mr. Boswell, who has recently arrived in London, comes for a morning visit ; and what was then called a "collation" is ordered. The sprightly hostess takes her seat, with Dr. Johnson on her right. Next him is a vacant chair, which Boswell is about to occupy, according to his wont as the *umbra* of his illustrious friend. Mr. Seward interferes with—"Mr. Boswell, that seat is Miss Burney's." Into the chair slides "the little Burney;" and the good Doctor rolls about, and glares upon Fanny with his large one eye, and caresses her as he would a petted child. Boswell is mad with jealousy. He will not eat ; he takes no place at the table ; but seizes a chair, and plants himself behind the sage and his *protégée*. There is a laugh and a whisper about "Bozzy," when another wig is thrust between the Doctor's wig and the lady's powdered *toupet*. Terrible is the reproof: "What do you do here, sir? Go to the table, sir. One would take you for a Brangton."—"A Brangton, sir? What is a Brangton, sir?"—"What company have you kept not to know that, sir?" Poor Boswell is soon informed. Brangton is the name of a.

vulgar family in 'Evelina;' and the little lady who has dispossessed him of the place of honour is the authoress of that novel.

Four years pass on, and Boswell knows his cue better. He calls at Johnson's house, and finds him at tea with "the celebrated Miss Burney." He is evidently in the way. Johnson, in answer to something about parliamentary speakers, says, "Why do you speak here? Either to instruct or entertain, which is a benevolent motive; or for distinction, which is a selfish motive." The canny Scot disarms him—he mentions 'Cecilia;' and then Johnson, with an air of animated satisfaction, as the biographer records—"Sir, if you talk of 'Cecilia,' talk on."

The gentleness to Fanny, and the roughness to Bozzy, are all over. Johnson has pressed her hand for the last time, and said, "*Ah, priez Dieu pour moi.*"

It is the 16th of December, 1785, and "the celebrated Miss Burney" is on a visit to Mrs. Delany, at Windsor. This is the widow of Dr. Delany, the friend and panegyrist of Swift; so that she formed a link between the times of George the Third and the times of Anne. The King had given Mrs. Delany the occupation of a small house close by the Royal Lodge at Windsor; and he would occasionally walk in for a gossip with the ancient lady. The Queen, too, would sometimes come. Fanny Burney had been in a flutter for many days about these visits, ready to fly off if any one knocked at

the street-door. On this wintry afternoon she is in the drawing-room, with Mrs. Delany's niece, and a little girl, playing at puss-in-the-corner. Without any announcement, the door opens, and a large man, in deep mourning, enters, shutting the door himself. The niece exclaims, "Aunt, the King, the King;" and the kittens rush to the sides of the room, as if they had been mice, and a real grimalkin had appeared amongst them. Fanny is planted against the wall, and she says, that she hoped to glide out of the room; but Majesty asks, "Is that Miss Burney?" And then, Miss Burney—standing against the wall, as everybody else stood, with the exception of the venerable lady—had, after sundry royal monologues about James's powder, and whooping-cough, and rheumatism, the happiness (for who can doubt that it was happiness) to hear the King begin to talk about 'Evelina;' and how she never told her father about the book. Then the King, coming up close, said, "But what? what? how was it?"—"Sir!"—"How came you? how happened it? what? what?"—"I—I—only wrote, sir, for my own amusement, only in some odd idle hours."—"But your publishing, your printing, how was that?"—"That was, sir, only because ——" "What?"—"I thought, sir, it would look very well in print."—"Ha! ha! very fair, indeed! that's being very fair and honest!"

Now comes the Queen—and then the King repeats all that he had said, and all that Miss Burney had said—and coming up to the bewildered maiden

again, asks, "Are you musical?"—"Not a performer, sir." The King crosses to the Queen, and communicates the fact. But the royal curiosity is not quite satisfied. "Are you sure you never play? never touch the keys at all?"—"Never to acknowledge it, sir."—"Oh that's it;" and he imparts to the Queen, "She does play, but not to acknowledge it." There is then a great deal of talk in the middle of the room—while those against the wall answer if spoken to—when the Queen, in a low voice, says, "Miss Burney;"—and upon Miss Burney coming up to her, whispers—"But shall we have no more—nothing more?" and Fanny cannot but understand her, and shakes her head.

We see the shadow of "little Burney," as she writes twenty pages of her diary on that eventful evening, smiling with ineffable happiness, and, we almost fear, forgetting that she had lived with those whose commendation was worth—shall we say it?—almost as much as "the excessive condescension" to the authoress standing against the wall in Mrs. Delany's drawing-room.

In July 1786, Miss Burney has attained, in the view of the world, a high promotion. She is of the Queen's household. She has a drawing-room and a bed-room in the Lodge at Windsor; a footman, and two hundred a year. Is the authoress of 'Evelina' a confidential amanuensis,—or English reader—or instructress of a Princess? We see her shadow in the unvarying course of her daily life.

Fanny rises at six o'clock. She dresses in a morning-gown and cap, and waits her first summons. What summons her? A bell. "The celebrated Miss Burney," for a considerable time, can never hear that bell without a start, and a blush of conscious shame at her own strange degradation. These are her own words. Poor little Burney! Your father, we would fain believe, forced you to wear these chains of servitude; or perhaps you thought that to wait upon a "sweet Queen" as a lady's maid—yes, Fanny, a lady's maid, nothing more nor less—was to be a bright fairy dressing a born princess all in silk and diamonds for a ball, where the fairy herself might sometimes dance. It is really very prosaic work. Miss Burney has a helper—one Mrs. Thielky; but there is also a lady above her in office, one Mrs. Schwellenberg. Between seven and eight o'clock there is the Queen's morning dressing. Mrs. Thielky hands "the things," and Fanny puts them on. At a quarter before one begins the dressing for the day. Fanny ought to be dressed herself before she enters the royal presence; but, we grieve to say, she is often unpunctual and half-unpowdered. Perhaps she has been musing over the remembrance of the wisdom of Burke, or the kindness of Reynolds, rapt in a dream of the old familiar faces. The bell rings, and she must go. Mrs. Schwellenberg is there, and Mrs. Thielky; and they help the Queen off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hair-dresser is admitted; the Queen read-

ing the newspaper during the operation. At three o'clock the ceremony is finished; and "the celebrated authoress" has actually two hours of freedom. Is she jotting down notes for 'Camilla,' or does she get a breezy walk in the Little Park, shaded from that July sun by those o'er-arching elms, solemn as a cathedral aisle—as solemn, but how much more sweet! Poor Fanny! she also has had to put on her powdering things—the hair-dresser has been with her also a little after noon, and she has had no leisure to read the newspaper. She must sit still, lest the curls should be deranged, till she goes to dine with cross Mrs. Schwollenberg, punctually at five. No wonder that she gives way to dejection of spirits, and mopes over her diary. For three hours Fanny is *tête-à-tête* with the superior lady of the dressing-room mysteries, who propitiates the novice after this fashion: "I tell you once, I shall do for you what I can; you are to have a gown. The Queen will give you a gown! The Queen says you are not rich." Fanny pouts: "I have two new gowns, and therefore do not require another."—"Miss Bernar, I tell you once, when the Queen will give you a gown, you must be humble, thankful." Poor little Burney! At eight o'clock the Equerry-in-waiting comes to tea in Mrs. Schwollenberg's room, and with him any gentlemen that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening. Fanny, for an hour, is in good society, as the world terms it; but it is not quite the society to which she has been accustomed.

There is General Budé, with a sneer in his smile that looks sarcastic ; but Major Price is kind and good-humoured ; and Colonel Goldsworthy, although a man of but little cultivation or literature, delights in a species of dry humour. An occasion arrives for the "celebrated authoress" to form a "grand design." Her superior is left in London, and the presidency of the tea-table devolves upon Miss Burney. She determines to cut the Equerries, and goes out ; she had no official commands to make tea for them. The man of little literature is angry, and Miss Burney gets through the affair very awkwardly. Fanny ! you are tethered, you had better not tug at the chain. The "sweet Queen" is very condescending ; but she rarely lets Miss Burney forget that she is there as the servant, and not as the novel-writer. The Queen has gone out early with the King, and Miss Burney thinks she may have a long walk : she is too late for the noon-tide dressing ; but she rushes into the room where Majesty is already under the hands of the hair-dresser, with no Burney to have, disrobed her. "Where have you been, Miss Burney ?" It was small compliment to the authoress of 'Evelina,' when the thunder-cloud had passed, to be told to look at Lady Frances Howard's gown, and see if it was not very pretty. But the poor thing receives it as kindness, and dries her tears. It was kindness. The Queen is really kind to her ; but, within that circle, there is an end of free will. The condition of existence in those dreary walls is unmitigated

slavery. The very highest are the slaves of their own forms ; their attendants, from the Lady of the Bedchamber to Miss Burney, "the dresser,"—from the Lord Chamberlain to Colonel Goldsworthy, the Equerry—are equally slaves. The man of dry humour thus describes the life which would have killed Major Price, if he had not resigned : " Riding, and walking, and standing, and bowing,—what a life it is. Well ; it's honour ! that's one comfort ; one has the honour to stand till one has not a foot left ; and to ride till one's stiff, and to walk till one's ready to drop ; and then one makes one's lowest bow, d'ye see, and blesses one's-self with joy for the honour." Fanny is never invited to hear the evening concert ; but Colonel Goldsworthy tells her how those who do hear it have to stand in an outer room for two hours. To be able to stand for hours without dropping, to walk out of a room backwards, and never to cough or sneeze—these were the qualifications for a court life, in the absence of which no talent and no virtue would be equivalents.

We see the shadow of Fanny Burney, as, on two occasions, separated by an interval of less than three months, she walks on Windsor terrace.

On the 21st of May, 1786—five months after the introduction to royalty at Mrs. Delany's—Doctor Burney, who is desirous to be appointed Master of the King's Band when the decease should ensue of the then master, is thus advised : "Take your daughter in your hand, and walk upon the terrace ; the King will understand." The King was well

experienced in such bints. Was the Bishop of A—— “in declining health,”—unquestionably the Very Reverend the Dean of B—— would be on Windsor Terrace with his daughter. Was “Gold Stick” confined to his bed—“Silver Stick” would soon be shining on Windsor Terrace. We have seen the process in our boyhood, some twenty-five years later than the Sunday evening on which Miss Burney stood to attract notice in this “Vanity Fair.” It was a curious scene. About five o’clock, carriage after carriage began to roll up the Castle hill. That hill was then a sort of street, with house after house, close up to the ugly barrack, called the Lodge, which Sir William Chambers had erected opposite the great southern gate of the Castle. That lodge was the seat of Fanny Burney’s griefs. It was separated from the road to the terrace by an enclosed lawn. The eastern terrace was the great point of attraction. Here the aspirants for royal smiles clustered on benches placed under the Castle windows, whilst the commonalty were happy to get a seat on the low wall that looked down upon what was then a smooth turf, but now a garden. There is a sudden hush; a door is opened, and Majesty is seen descending the steps. The bands burst out with “God save the King!” the multitude are uncovered. Fanny has not arrived quite in good time; but she is brought with Lady Louisa Clayton, and a place is obtained. Up and down walk the King and Queen, and the Princesses, and the Equerries; the crowd squeeze themselves into

the narrowest space as they come, and close in after they have passed. Fanny is shy, and draws her hat over her face; she thinks her real errand will be suspected; but her *chaperon* puts her forward. The King has his how d'ye do—and when did you come—and how long shall you stay—and when do you come again—and—happy little Burney—“Pray, how goes on the Muse?”—“Not at all, sir.”—“No! But why? why not?”—“I—I—I am afraid, sir.”—“And why? of what?”—and the King pokes his head under her hat—“Oh! she's afraid.” Doctor Burney had no word—and he didn't get the place.

It is the 7th of August of the same year—the birthday of the little Princess Amelia. All the royal family are “new dressed;” people of distinction come to the terrace as to a drawing-room. Miss Burney, too—who is now one of the Queen's attendants—is new dressed; and why should she not go to the terrace? She does go with Mrs. Delany. The King stops to speak to the good old lady—and he once or twice addresses her companion. The Queen—when her attendant catches her eye—expresses, by one look of surprise, that she ought not to have been there. Fanny, in a flutter, kisses the little Princess of three years' old—and before the people of distinction, too! In truth, Miss Burney, you are much too impulsive; three months have made a great difference in your position, which you rather fail to comprehend. A mischievous Quarterly Reviewer—who found out

that you were five-and-twenty, and not seventeen, when you wrote 'Evelina'—says, with the courtliest of airs, that your chief if not sole recommendations to the royal favour were your "literary merits," and your "personal manners!" No doubt, you presumed upon those qualities, sometimes—and it was long before you were aware that they were not wanted in your position.

"Literary merits" have not very often public recognition, and when a demonstration comes it is generally embarrassing. There was a time when Miss Burney, with the Montagues and Thrales about her, would have sat calmly in a box at the theatre, and received, without much blushing, a tribute to her reputation. She is now in the Equerries' box—the balcony box—at one of the great theatres, in the front row; the Royal Family and their suite immediately opposite. The second Lady of the Robes has been kindly permitted a few hours of relaxation. Miss Farren comes on to speak the epilogue to a new play. Fanny leans forward with her opera-glass, intent upon the graceful actress. There is a compliment to female writers, and she listens with breathless attention. What? Is it herself—who has been doomed to hear, from rude Mrs. Schwellenberg, that she "hates all novels"—to whom these two lines apply?

"Let sweet Cecilia gain your just applause,
Whose every passion yields to Nature's laws."

The King raises his opera-glass to look at her,

and laughs immoderately; the Queen looks up too; the Princesses look; the maids of honour look. Fanny puts up her fan, and sits back for the rest of the night. Popular applause—and that midnight “bell” when she returns to the palace!

We have read the ‘Diary and Letters of Madame D’Arblay,’ with a real feeling of pity for her in those Miss Burney days at Windsor, and Kew, and Buckingham Palace. Never was a flattered and petted lady—the most successful writer of fiction in an age when authoresses were few—subjected to such bitter mortifications, as in those two or three years of her imprisonment in that waiting-maid life. We see her restless shadow as she enters, with the royal *cortège*, an unbidden guest, into the halls of Nuneham; no servant to show her to her room—no welcome—no offered refreshment. Plain Mrs. Schwellenberg gives her a premonition when, with her own pretensions as Miss Burney, she tells the German lady that she had been introduced to Lord Harcourt at Sir Joshua Reynolds’s: —“O! it is the same—that is nothing—when you go with the Queen, it is enough; they might be civil to you for that sake. You might go quite without no, what you call, fuss; you might take no gown but what you go in; that is enough—you might have no servant—for what? You might keep on your riding-dress. There is no need you might be seen. I shall do everything I can to assist you to appear

for nobody." Literary merits, and personal manners!—put them up in lavender, Miss Burney; they will not wear well here with the new gown that the Queen gives you.

It is the 1st of January, 1787, and Fanny Burney is entering a wise resolve in her diary: "I opened the new year with what composure I could acquire. I considered it as the first year of my being settled in a permanent situation, and made anew the best resolutions I was equal to forming, that I would do what I could to curb all spirit of repining, and to content myself calmly, unresistingly at least, with my destiny." She has mistaken the real nature of the "permanent situation." It is no fault of hers that she is unfitted for it; it is no fault of her royal benefactors—for they wished to be so—that her promotion is degradation. Her destiny is an unnatural one, and she *must* repine. The *habitués* of a court have their own exclusive associations of rank and ambition, of fashion and parade, to console them for the inconveniences of the "honour" in which they live. But the literary lady's-maid—what sympathy has she? The Queen is condescending, but reserved; the King has his what? what? as he has with every one; the Princesses are affable; the Equerries are polite; celebrities, though of a somewhat heavy character, come sometimes to the tea-room—Mr. De Luc the geologist, Mr. Bryant the mythologist, and Dr. Herschel the astronomer. But she meets Thomas Warton, the poet, in a hasty

walk, and she must turn a deaf ear to his raptures, for she dare not ask him to her room. No man must come there ; no lady, not in the permitted list. Her correspondence with Madame de Genlis is forbidden. She is allowed to attend one day at the trial of Warren Hastings. Edmund Burke—a name that then stank in the court nostrils—espies her, and places himself by her side. Oh, Fanny, there are eyes upon you. You stammer as your old friend—the greatest man of his time—looks in your unaccustomed face with a familiar look of sincere affection. The tie is broken. He is the same ; but you must wear a mask.

We see the shadow of Fanny Burney as illness gradually steals upon her. It must come. If she does not send that letter of resignation so often proposed, there will be a tear or two in the Lodge at Windsor, for the little woman that was so clever and so pleasant, and yet so fidgetty and unhappy. What could have ailed her ? She had “two new gowns and everything handsome” about her. The letter *was* sent ; and Fanny soon grew well at Norbury park, and wrote ‘Camilla,’ and married a pleasant *emigré*, and had a cottage of her own in the lovely valley of the Mole, and died at near ninety. We hope she was more at home in a foreign land than in that ugly Lodge at Windsor, of which, most happily, not a brick is left.

THE FARMER'S KITCHEN.

DOES any one now read 'The Farmer's Boy,' by Robert Bloomfield? I have before me the edition of 1803, at which time it is recorded that twenty-six thousand copies had been sold since the first publication of the poem in 1800. Byron has left a contemptuous notice of Bloomfield in the 'English Bards.' But 'The Farmer's Boy,' for all that, will not be wholly forgotten. It is a truthful poem, founded upon accurate observation of common things, and describing the most familiar incidents and feelings with a rare fidelity—rare, amidst the conventional generalities of the verse-making of that day. At a very early age I had means of testing the truth of its descriptions. Let me give from my own recollections, a picture of a farmer's household, not long after the time when Bloomfield's poem was first published.

On one of the roads from Windsor to Binfield, in the parish of Warfield, stands, or stood, a small farm-house, with gabled roof and latticed windows. A rude woodbine-covered porch led into a broad passage, which would have been dark had not the great oaken door generally stood open. To the right of the passage was a large kitchen, beyond which loomed a sacred room—the parlour—unopened except on rare occasions of festivity. To this

grange I travelled in a jolting cart, on a spring afternoon, seated by the side of the good wife, who had carried her butter and eggs and fowls to market, and was now returning home, proud of her gains, from whose accumulations she boasted that she well nigh paid the rent of the little farm. I was in feeble health ; and a summer's run was decreed for me, out of the way of school and books. My life for six months was very like playing at Farmer's Boy.

That small bed-room where I slept, with its worm-eaten floor and undraperied lattices, was, I suspect, not very perfect in its arrangements for ventilation ; but then neither door nor window shut close, and the free air, redolent of heath and furze, found its way in, and did its purifying offices after an imperfect fashion. The first morning began my new country life—and a very novel life it was. It was Sunday. The house was quiet ; and when I crept down into the kitchen, I found my friend the farmer's wife preparing breakfast. On one side of that family room was a large oaken table covered with huge basins, and a mighty loaf ; over a turf fire hung an enormous skillet, full to the brim with simmering milk. One by one three or four young men dropped in, jauntily dressed in the cleanest smock-frocks—the son of the house had a smart Sunday coat, with an expansive nosegay of daffodils and wallflowers. They sat quietly down at the oak table, and their portions of milk were distributed to each. Now entered the

farmer—of whom I still think with deep respect—a yeoman of simple habits but of large intelligence. He had been in the household of the Governor of Pennsylvania before the War of Independence; and could tell me of a wonderful man named Franklin, whom he had known; and of the Torpedo, on which he had seen Governor Walsh make experiments; and of lightning drawn from the clouds. The farmer, his wife, and the little boy who had come to dwell with them, sat down at a round table nearer the fire. Sunday was a great day in that household. There was the cheerful walk to church; the anticipations of the coming dinner, not loud but earnest; the promise of the afternoon cricket. Returned from church, the kitchen had been somewhat changed in appearance since the morning; the oak table was moved into the centre, and covered with a coarse cloth as white as the May-blossom; the turf fire gave out a fierce heat, almost unbearable by the urchin who sat on a low stool, turning, with no mechanical aid, the spit which rested upon two andirons, or dogs, and supported in his labour by the grateful fragrance of the steaming beef. To that Sunday dinner—the one dinner of fresh meat for the week—all sat down; and a happy meal it was, with no lack even of dainties: for there was a flowing bowl of cream to make palatable the hard suet pudding, and a large vinegar-bottle with notches in the cork to besprinkle the cabbage, and a Dutch cheese—and if I dream not, a taste from a flask that immersed

mysteriously from a corner cupboard. Then came the cricket and trap-ball of Southern England, yawns in the twilight, a glimmering candle, the chapter in the Family Bible, and an early bed.

The morning of Monday was a busier scene. I was roused at six ; but the common breakfast was over. The skillet had been boiled at five ; the farmer was off to sell a calf ; the ploughmen had taken their teams a-field. The kitchen was solitary. I should have thought myself alone in that world, but for a noisy companionship of chickens and ducklings, that came freely in to pick the crumbs off the floor. I wandered into the farm-yard, ankle-deep in muck. In a shed I found my hostess, not disdaining to milk her petted cows. Her hand and her eye were everywhere—from the cow-stall to the dairy, from the hen's nest to the fatting coop. Are there any such wives left amongst us ? Bloomfield has described the milking-time, pretty much as I saw it in those primitive days :—

“ Forth comes the Maid, and like the morning smiles ;
The Mistress, too, and follow'd close by Giles.
A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
With pails bright scour'd and delicately sweet.
Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray—
Begins their work, begins the simple lay ;
The full-charge'd udder yields its willing streams ;
While *Mary* sings some lover's amorous dreams ;
And crouching *Giles* beneath a neighbouring tree
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee ;
Whose hat with tatter'd brim, of nap so bare,
From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair,
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,
An unambitious, peaceable cockade.

As unambitious too that cheerful aid
The Mistress yields beside her rosy Maid ;
With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,
And bears a brimmer to the dairy door ;
Her cows dismiss'd, the luscious mead to roam,
Till eve again recall them loaded home."

After the milking-time was the breakfast for the good wife and for "Mary." Twice a-week there was churning to be done ; and as the butter came more quickly in the warmth of the kitchen the churn was removed there in that chilly spring-time. There was no formal dinner on week-days in that house. The loaf stood upon the table, with a vast piece of bacon, an abundant supply of which rested upon a strong rack below the ceiling. Some of the men had taken their dinner to the distant field ; another or so came carelessly in, and cutting a huge slice of the brown bread and the home-cured, pulled out what was called a pocket-knife, and despatched the meal with intense enjoyment. At three, the ploughmen returned home. That was an hour of delight to me, for I was privileged to ride a horse to water in a neighbouring pond. The afternoon, as far as I remember, was one of idleness. In the gloaming (why should we not Anglicise the word ?) the young men slid into the kitchen. The farmer sat reading, the wife knitting. There was a corner in the enormous chimney, where I dwelt apart, watching the turf smoke as it curled up the vast chasm. There was no assumption of dignity in the master when a song was called for. How well do I remember that song of Dibdin :—

"I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep."

That song told of a war-time, and of naval dangers and glories ; and the chorus was roared out as if "the inconstant wind" was a very jolly thing, and "the carpenter" who tempted the ploughman "for to go and leave his love behind," not at all a bad fellow.

I read 'The Farmer's Boy' after I was familiar with the farmer's kitchen. It is worth reading now, if it were only for its pictures of a past age. Even at that time the Harvest Home was becoming ungentleel :—

"Here once a year Distinction lowers its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all ; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,
With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
To serve at once the master and the friend ;
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.
Such were the days—of days long past I sing,
When Pride gave place to Mirth without a sting ;
Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
To violate the feelings of the poor ;
To leave them distanc'd in the madd'ning race,
Where'er Refinement shows its hated face :
Nor causeless hated ;—'tis the peasant's curse,
That hourly makes his wretched station worse ;
Destroys life's intercourse ; the social plan
That rank to rank cements, as man to man :
Wealth flows around him, Fashion lordly reigns ;
Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.

* * * * *

Our annual feast, when Earth her plenty yields,
When crown'd with boughs the last load quits the fields,
The aspect still of ancient joys puts on ;
The aspect only, with the substance gone :
The self-same Horn is still at our command,
But serves none now but the plebeian hand ;
For home-brew'd Ale, neglected and debased,
Is quite discarded from the realms of taste.
Where unaffected Freedom charm'd the soul,
The separate table and the costly bowl,
Cool as the blast that checks the budding Spring,
A mockery of gladness round them fling."

Were I to see that homestead once more, I have no doubt I should find, like the grandsire of Crabbe's poem, that "all is changed." The scenes which live in my recollection can never come back ; nor is it fitting that they should. With the primitive simplicity there was also a good deal of primitive waste and carelessness. Except in the dairy, dirt and litter were the accompaniments of the rude house-keeping. The fields were imperfectly cultivated ; the headlands were full of weeds ; there was one meadow close to the house, called the Pitle (still a Norfolk word), in which I assiduously, but vainly, worked with a little hoe at defying thistles. I have no doubt that "all is changed," or the farm would be no longer a farm. The neglect belonged to the times of the dear loaf. The "refinement" of Bloomfield really means the progress of improvement.

WINDSOR, AS IT WAS.

MY earliest recollections of Windsor are exceedingly delightful. I was born within a stone's throw of the Castle gates; and my whole boyhood was passed in the most unrestrained enjoyment of the venerable and beautiful objects by which I was surrounded, as if they had been my own peculiar and proper inheritance. The king and his family lived in a plain barrack-looking lodge at his castle foot, which, in its external appearance and its interior arrangements, exactly corresponded with the humble taste and the quiet domestic habits of George III. The whole range of the castle, its terrace, and its park, were places dedicated to the especial pleasures of a school-boy. Neither warder, nor sentinel, nor gamekeeper interfered with our boisterous sports. The deserted courts of the upper quadrangle often re-echoed, on the moonlight winter evenings, with our *whoo-whoop*; and delightful hiding-places indeed there were amongst the deep buttresses and sharp angles of those old towers. The rooks and a few antique dowagers, who had each their domicile in some lone turret of that spacious square, were the only personages who were disturbed by our revelry;—and they, kind creatures, never complained to the authorities.

But if the inner courts of Windsor Castle rang with our sports, how much more noisy was the joy in the magnificent play-ground of the terrace! Away we went, fearless as the chamois, along the narrow wall ; and even the awful height of the north side, where we looked down upon the tops of the highest trees, could not abate the rash courage of *follow my leader*. In the pauses of the sport, how often has my eye reposed upon that magnificent landscape which lay at my feet, drinking in its deep beauty, without a critical thought of the picturesque! Then, indeed, I knew nothing about

“ The stately brow
Of Windsor’s heights,”—

nor could I bid the stranger

“ Th’ expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey.”

My thoughts, then, were all fresh and vivid, and I could enjoy the scenes amongst which I lived, without those artificial and hackneyed associations which make up the being of the man. Great, too, was my joy, when laying my eye to the edge of the eastern wall, and looking along a channel cut in the surface, I saw the dome of St. Paul’s looming through the smoke at twenty miles distance. Then, God be praised, my ear had not been shattered, nor my heart hardened, by dwelling under the shadow of that dome ;—and I thought of London, as a place for the wise and the good to be great

and happy in :—and not as an especial den in which

“ All creeping creatures, venomous and low,”

might crawl over and under each other.

The Park ! what a glory was that for cricket and kite-flying. No one molested us. The beautiful plain immediately under the eastern terrace was called the Bowling Green ;—and, truly, it was as level as the smoothest of those appendages to suburban inns. We took excellent care that the grass should not grow too fast beneath our feet. No one molested us. The king, indeed, would sometimes stand alone for half an hour to see the boys at cricket ;—and heartily ' would he laugh when the wicket of some confident urchin went down at the first ball. But we did not heed his majesty. He was a quiet good-humoured gentleman, in a long blue coat, whose face was as familiar to us as that of our writing master ; and many a time had that gracious gentleman bidden us good morning, when we were hunting for mushrooms in the early dew, and had crossed his path as he was returning from his dairy to his eight o'clock breakfast. Every one knew that most respectable and amiable of country squires, called His Majesty ; and truly there was no inequality in the matter, for his majesty knew every one.

This circumstance was a natural result of the familiar and simple habits of the court. There was as little parade as can well be imagined in all the

movements of George III. and his family ; and there was infinitely more state at such places as Stowe and Alnwick, than in the royal lodge at Windsor. The good man and his amiable family, perhaps, as a matter of policy, carried this freedom of manners to a little excess ;—and it was from this cause that the constant attacks of Peter Pindar, in which the satire is levelled not only against the most amiable of weaknesses, but against positive virtues, were so popular during the French revolutionary war. But, at any rate, the unrestrained intercourse of the king with those by whom he was surrounded, is something which is now very pleasant to look back upon. I have now no recollection of having, when a child, seen the king with any of the appendages of royalty, except when he went to town, once a week, to hold a levee ; and then ten dragoons rode before and ten after his carriage, and the tradesmen in the streets through which he passed duly stood at their doors, to make the most profound reverences, as in duty bound, when their monarch looked “every inch a king.” But the bows were less profound, and the wonderment none at all, when twice a-week, as was his wont during the summer months, his majesty with all his family, and a considerable bevy of ancient maids of honour and half-pay generals, walked through the town, or rode at a slow pace in an open carriage, to the Windsor theatre, which was then in the High Street. Reader, it is impossible that you can form an idea of the smallness of that theatre, unless you

have by chance lived in a country town, when the assembly-room of the head inn has been fitted up with the aid of brown paper and ochre, for the exhibition of some heroes of the sock and buskin, vulgarly called strollers. At the old Windsor theatre, her majesty's apothecary in the lower boxes might have almost felt her pulse across the pit. My knowledge of the drama commenced at the early age of seven years, amidst this royal fellowship in fun ;—and most loyally did I laugh when his majesty, leaning back in his capacious arm-chair in the stage-box, shook the house with his genuine peals of hearty merriment. Well do I remember the whole course of these royal play-goings. The theatre was of an inconvenient form, with very sharp angles at the junctions of the centre with the sides. The stage-box and the whole of the left or O. P. side of the lower tier were appropriated to royalty. The house would fill at about half-past six. At seven precisely, Mr. Thornton, the manager, made his entrance backwards, through a little door, into the stage-box, with a plated candlestick in each hand, bowing with all the grace that his gout would permit. The six fiddles struck up 'God save the King ;' the audience rose ; the king nodded round and took his seat next the stage ; the queen curtsied, and took her arm-chair also. The satin bills of their majesties and the princesses were then duly displayed, and the dingy green curtain drew up. The performances were invariably either a comedy and farce, or more frequently three farces,

with a plentiful interlarding of comic songs. Quick, Suett, and Mrs. Mattocks were the reigning favourites; and, about 1800, Elliston and Fawcett became occasional stars. But Quick and Suett were the king's especial delight. When Lovegold, in 'The Miser,' drawled out "a pin a day 's a groat a year," the laugh of the royal circle was somewhat loud; but when Dicky Gossip exhibited in his vocation, and accompanied the burden of his song "Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man," with the blasts of his powder-puff, the cachinnation was loud and long, and the gods prolonged the chorus of laughter till the echo died away in the royal box. At the end of the third act, coffee was handed round to the court circle; and precisely at eleven the performances finished,—and the flambeaux gleamed through the dimly-lighted streets of Windsor, as the happy family returned to their tranquil home.

There was occasionally a good deal of merriment going forward at Windsor in these old days. I have a dim recollection of having danced in the little garden which was once the moat of the Round Tower, and which Washington Irving has been pleased to imagine existed in the time of James I. of Scotland. I have a perfect remembrance of a fête at Frogmore, about the beginning of the present century, where there was a Dutch fair,—and haymaking very agreeably performed in white kid gloves by the belles of the town,—and the buck-basket scene of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,'

represented by Fawcett and Mrs. Mattocks, and I think Mrs. Gibbs, under the colonnade of the house in the open day—and variegated lamps—and transparencies—and tea served out in tents, with a magnificent scramble for the bread and butter. There was great good humour and freedom on all these occasions ;—and if the grass was damp and the young ladies caught cold, and the sandwiches were scarce and the gentlemen went home hungry—I am sure these little drawbacks were not to be imputed to the royal entertainers, who delighted to see their neighbours and dependants happy and joyous.

A few years passed over my head, and the scene was somewhat changed. The king and his family migrated from their little lodge into the old and spacious castle. This was about 1804. The lath and plaster of Sir William Chambers was abandoned to the equerries and chance visitors of the court ; and the low rooms and dark passages that had scarcely been tenanted since the days of Anne, were made tolerably habitable by the aid of diligent upholstery. Upon the whole, the change was not one which conduced to comfort : and I have heard that the princesses wept when they quitted their snug boudoirs in the Queen's Lodge. Windsor Castle, as it was, was a sad patchwork affair. Elizabeth took great pains to make it a royal residence, according to the notions of her time ; but there were many difficulties in converting the old fortress into a fit scene for the gallantries of Lei-

cester and Essex. I have seen, in the State Paper Office, a Report of the Surveyors of the Castle to Lord Burleigh, upon the subject of certain necessary reparations and additions, wherein, amongst divers curious matters illustrative of the manners of that age, it was mentioned that the partition separating the common passage from the sleeping-room of the queen's maids of honour needed to be raised, inasmuch as the pages looked over the said partition before the honourable damsels had arisen, to the great scandal of her majesty's most spotless court, &c. Charles II. caused Verrio to paint his crimson and azure gods and goddesses upon the ceilings in the state-rooms of Windsor; and he converted the old Gothic windows into hideous ones of the fashion of Versailles. Anne lived a good deal at the castle, but comfort was little understood even in her day; and from her time, till that of George IV., Windsor was neglected. The castle, as it was previous to the recent complete remodelling, was frightfully incommodious. The passages were dark, the rooms were small and cold, the ceilings were low, and as one high window gave light to two floors, the conversation of the lower rooms was distinctly heard in the upper. George III. took a fancy to occupy the castle himself, from finding James Wyatt the solitary inhabitant of some magnificent apartments on the north side. The architect gave up his spacious studio; the work of reparation began; and the king, in his declining years, took possession of a

palace full of splendid associations with the ancient records of his country, but in itself a sufficiently dreary and uncomfortable abode. He passed very few years of happiness here ; and it subsequently became to him a prison under the most painful circumstances which can ever attend the loss of liberty.

The late king and his family had lived at Windsor nearly thirty years, before it occurred to him to inhabit his own castle. The period at which he took possession was one of extraordinary excitement. It was the period of the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon, when, as was the case with France upon the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, "the land bristled." The personal character of the king did a great deal towards giving the turn to public opinion. His unconquerable perseverance, which some properly enough called obstinacy—his simple habits, so flattering to the John Bullism of the day—his straight-forward and earnest piety—and the ease with which he appeared to put off the farmer, and put on the soldier,—each and all of these qualities were exceedingly in accordance with the temper of the times. The doings at Windsor were certainly more than commonly interesting at that period ; and I was just of an age to understand something of their meaning, and partake the excitement. Sunday was especially a glorious day ; and the description of one Sunday will furnish an adequate picture of those of two or three years.

At nine o'clock the sound of martial music was heard in the streets. The Blues and the Stafford Militia then did duty at Windsor; and though the one had seen no service since Minden, and most undeservedly bore the stigma of a past generation, and the other was composed of men who had never faced any danger but the ignition of a coal-pit, they were each a remarkably fine body of soldiers, and the king did well to countenance them. Of the former regiment George III. had a troop of his own, and he delighted to wear the regimentals of a captain of the Blues; and well did his burly form become the cocked hat and heavy jack-boots which were the fashion of that fine corps in 1805. At nine o'clock, as I have said, of a Sunday morning, the noise of trumpet and of drum was heard in the streets of Windsor; for the regiments paraded in the castle quadrangle. The troops occupied the whole square. At about ten the king appeared with his family. He passed round the lines while the salute was performed; and many a rapid word of inquiry had he to offer to the colonels who accompanied him. Not always did he wait for an answer—but that was after the fashion of royalty in general. He passed onwards towards St. George's Chapel. But the military pomp did not end in what is called the upper quadrangle. In the lower ward, at a very humble distance from the regular troops, were drawn up a splendid body of men, ycleped the Windsor Volunteers; and most gracious were the nods of royalty

to the well-known drapers, and hatters, and book-sellers, who had the honour to hold commissions in that distinguished regiment. The salutations, however, were short, and onwards went the cortège, for the chapel bell was tolling in, and the king was always punctual.

I account it one of the greatest blessings of my life, and a circumstance which gave a tone to my imagination which I would not resign for many earthly gifts, that I lived in a place where the cathedral service was duly and beautifully performed. Many a frosty winter evening have I sat in the cold choir of St. George's Chapel, with no congregation but two or three gaping strangers, and an ancient female or so in the stalls, lifted up to heaven by the peals of the sweetest of organs, or entranced by the divine melody of the *Nunc Dimittis*, or of some solemn anthem of Handel or Boyce, breathed most exquisitely from the lips of Vaughan. If the object of devotion be to make us feel, and to carry away the soul from all low and earthly thoughts, assuredly the grand chants of our cathedral service are not without their use. I admire—none can admire more—the abstract idea of an assembly of reasoning beings, offering up to the Author of all good their thanksgivings and their petitions in a pure and intelligible form of words; but the question will always intrude, does the heart go along with this lip-service?—and is the mind sufficiently excited by this reasonable worship to forget its accustomed association with

the business, and vanities, and passions of the world? The cathedral service *does* affect the imagination, and through that channel reaches the heart; and thus I can forgive the solemnities of Catholicism, (of which our cathedral service is a relic,) which act upon the mind precisely in the same way. The truth is, we Church of England people have made religion a cold thing by entirely appealing to the understanding; and then Calvinism comes in to supply the place of high mass, by offering an excitement of an entirely different character.—But where am I wandering?

St. George's Chapel is assuredly the most beautiful gem of the later Gothic architecture. It does not impress the mind by its vastness, or grandeur of proportions, as York—or by its remote antiquity, as parts of Ely; but by its perfect and symmetrical beauty. The exquisite form of the roof—elegant yet perfectly simple, as every rib of each column which supports it spreads out upon the ceiling into the most gorgeous fan—the painted windows—the rich carving of the stalls of the choir—the waving banners—and, in accordance with the whole character of the place, its complete preservation and scrupulous neatness—all these, and many more characteristics which I cannot describe, render it a gem of the architecture of the fifteenth century.

As a boy I thought the Order of the Garter was a glorious thing: and believed,—as what boy has not believed?—that

The goodly golden chain of chivalry,

as Spenser has it, was let down from heaven to earth. I did not then know that even Edward the Black Prince was a ferocious and cruel spoiler of other men's lands, and that all his boasted meekness and magnanimity was a portion of the make-believe of those ages when *the people* were equally trampled upon by the victor and the vanquished. When, too, in the daily service of St. George's Chapel I heard the words, "God bless our gracious sovereign, and all the knights companions of the most honourable and noble Order of the Garter,"—though I thought it was a little impious to parade the mere titles of miserable humanity before the footstool of the Most High, I still considered that the honourable and noble persons, so especially prayed for, were the choicest portion of humanity—the very "salt of the earth,"—and that heaven would forgive this pride of its creatures. I saw the Installation of 1805; and I hated these words ever after. The old King marched erect; and the Prince of Wales bore himself proudly (he did not look so magnificent as Kemble in *Coriolanus*); but my Lord of Salisbury, and my Lord of Chesterfield, and my Lord of Winchelsea, and half-a-dozen other lords—what a frightful spectacle of fat, limping, leaden supporters of chivalry did they exhibit to my astonished eyes! The vision of "throngs of knights and barons bold" fled for ever; and I never heard the words again without a shudder.

But I am forgetting my old Sunday at Windsor. Great was the crowd to see the king and his family return from chapel ; for by this time London had poured forth its chaises and one, and the astonished inmates of Cheapside and St. Mary Axe were elbowing each other to see how a monarch smiled. They saw him well, and often have I heard the disappointed exclamation, “ *Is that the King?* ” They saw a portly man, in a plain suit of regimentals, and no crown upon his head. What a fearful falling-off from the king of the story-books !

The terrace, however, was the great Sunday attraction ;—and though Bishop Porteus remonstrated with his Majesty for suffering people to crowd together, and bands to play on these occasions, I cannot think that the good-tempered monarch committed any mortal sin in walking amongst his people in their holiday attire. This terrace was a motley scene. The barber from Eton and his seven daughters elbowed the judge, who rented his back parlour when he was in the sixth form. The dowager who presented her niece at the last Drawing-room struggled for the front rank with the rosy landlady of the Red Lion at Brentford. The prime minister waited quietly amidst the crush till the royal party should descend from their dining-room,—smiling at, if not unheeding, the anxious inquiries of the stockbroker from Change Alley, who wondered if Mr. Pitt would carry a gold stick before the king. The only time I saw that minister was under these circum-

stances. It was the year before he died. He stood firmly and proudly amongst the crowd for some half-hour till the king should arrive. The monarch, of course, immediately recognised him : the contrast in the demeanour of the two personages made a remarkable impression upon me—and that of the minister first showed me an example of the perfect self-possession of men of great abilities.

After a year or two of this sort of excitement the king became blind ;—and painful was the exhibition of the led-horse of the good old man, as he took his accustomed ride. In a few more years a still heavier calamity fell upon him—and from that time Windsor Castle became, comparatively, a mournful place. The terrace was shut up ;—the ancient pathway through the park, and under the castle walls, was diverted ;—and a somewhat Asiatic state and stillness seemed to usurp the reign of the old free and familiar intercourse of the sovereign with the people.

I was proud of Windsor ; and my great delight was to show the lions to strangers. There were always two staple commodities of this nature—the Round Tower and the State Apartments of the castle, which were not affected by any of the changes of the times. The Round Tower has an historical interest of a certain kind about it, from having been the prison of the captive Kings of France and Scotland in the reign of Edward III. *As we grow older* this sort of charm becomes very

worthless;—for, after all, there is just as much philosophical interest in the wars of the Fantees and the Ashantees, as in those of the French and the English for the disputed succession to a crown, the owner or pretender to which never dreamt that the possession or the winning imposed the least obligation to provide for the good of the people from whom they claimed allegiance. However, I used to feel this sort of interest in the place;—and when they showed me the armour of John of France and David of Scotland (as genuine, I dare say, as any of those which Dr. Meyrick has consigned to plebeian shoulders, and much later eras), I felt very proud of my country for having so gloriously carried fire and sword to the dwellings of peaceful and inoffensive lieges. The Round Tower was a miserably furnished, dreary sort of place, and only repaid a visit by the splendid view from its top. But it once had a charm which, like many other charms of our boyhood, has perished for ever. There was a young lady, a dweller within “the proud Keep,” to whom was intrusted the daily task of expounding to inquiring visitants the few wonders of the place. Amongst the choicest of them was some dingy tapestry, which for aught I know still adorns the walls, on which were delineated various passages of the piteous story of Hero and Leander. The fair guide thus discoursed thereon, with the volubility of an Abbé Barthélemy, though with a somewhat different measure of knowledge:—“Here, ladies and gentlemen,

is the whole lamentable history of Hero and Leander. Hero was a nun. She lived in that old ancient nunnery which you see. There you see the lady abbess chiding Hero for her love for Leander. And now, ladies and gentlemen, look at Leander swimming across St. George's Channel, while Hero, from the nunnery window, holds out a large flambeau. There you see the affectionate meeting of the two lovers—and then the cruel parting. Ladies and gentlemen, Leander perished as he was swimming back. His body was picked up by Captain Vanslom, of his Majesty's ship *Britannia*, and carried into Gibraltar, where it was decently buried. And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the true history of Hero and Leander, which you see on that tapestry."—Alas ! for the march of intellect ; such guides are every day getting more and more scarce ; and we shall have nothing for our pains in the propagation of knowledge, but to yawn over sober sense for the rest of our lives.

The pictures in the State Rooms at Windsor were always worth seeing ; but the number exhibited had diminished from year to year. I remember the Cartoons there ; and also remember that I did not know what to make of them. The large men in the little boat, in the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, were somewhat startling ; but then again, the Paul preaching at Athens, and the Ananias, filled me full of awe and wonder. I have a remembrance of a Murillo (a Boy and Puppies), which used to hang at the end of Queen Elizabeth's Gallery ; and I was

amazingly taken with those two ancient pictures, the Battle of Spurs (I think) and the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which afterwards went to the Society of Antiquaries, and are now gone to Hampton Court. I never could thoroughly admire King Charles's Beauties.—I dare say they were excellent likenesses ; for amongst them all, from Lady Denham to the Duchess of Cleveland, there was a bold meretricious air—anything but the retiring loveliness which always finds a place in the dreams of youth. The Misers is a favourite picture with everybody, for its truth of delineation and force of character ; and yet there is no great skill of the artist in this celebrated work of the Blacksmith of Antwerp. It certainly looks very like what it is represented to be—the work of a self-taught genius, labouring with irrepressible enthusiasm for a great object. I wonder if he painted as well after he married the maiden, whose hand he is said to have won by this proof of his dedication to love as well as to art.

St. George's Hall, about which so much has been talked, was sadly out of character with its chivalrous associations. Verrio, with the wretched taste of his age, had painted a Roman triumph on the walls, in which the principal personages were Edward the Black Prince and his royal prisoner of France ; and with the same spirit of absurdity, and with a more hateful spirit of gross flattery, he had scrawled the ceilings of the whole palace with gods and goddesses, welcoming Charles II. to their ban-

quets. In one respect he was right ; for this most mean and heartless profligate was a fit companion for the scoundrels of the Mythology—for the tyrant and the sensualist, the betrayer and the pander, whether called by the names of Jupiter or Bacchus, of Mercury or Mars. And yet this Verrio (insolent puppy !) had written up in this banqueting-room, set apart for high and solemn festivals—

“ Antonius Verrio, Neapolitanus,
Non ignobili stirpe natus,
Molem hanc Felicissima Manu decoravit.”*

The double conceit of the Italian,—his pride of birth, and his pride of skill in his art—was altogether too ludicrous.

Next to St. George's Hall there was a Guard Chamber, with matchlocks and bandoleers, and such like curiosities, and a rapid sketch of the Battle of Nordlingen, painted for a triumphal arch by Rubens, worth all the works of Verrio, plastered as they are with real ultramarine. They say it was painted in four-and-twenty hours. Certainly genius can do great things. The last time I saw this Guard Chamber was on a solemn occasion ; but I shall never forget the scene which it presented. In costume, in arrangement, in every particular, it carried the imagination back three centuries. That occasion was when George III. closed his long years of suffering, and lay in state previous to interment. This chamber was tenanted by the yeomen of the

* “ Antonio Verrio, a Neapolitan, born of a not ignoble race, adorned this building with a most happy hand.”

- . guard. The room was darkened—there was no light but that of the flickering wood fire which burnt on an ancient hearth, with dogs, as they are called, on each side the room ; on the ground lay the beds on which the yeomen had slept during the night : they stood in their ancient dresses of state, with broad scarves of crape across their breasts, and crape on their halberds ; and as the red light of the burning brands gleamed on their rough faces, and glanced ever and anon amongst the lances, and coats of mail, and tattered banners that hung around the room, all the reality connected with their presence in that place vanished from my view, and I felt as if about to be ushered into the stern presence of the last Harry—and my head was uneasy. In a few moments I was in the chamber of death, and all the rest was black velvet and wax lights.
-
- 4

CRABBE'S MODERN ANTIQUES.

IT is seventy years ago since George Crabbe published his poem of 'The Village.' His age was twenty-nine. He was then in orders, and was domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. But what a life the young man had passed through, before he had attained that social position!—Born in what was then a wretched fishing hamlet, Aldborough—roughly brought up—imperfectly educated—apprenticed to a surgeon, without means to complete his professional studies—lingering hopelessly about his native place,—he at last resolved to cast himself upon the wide ocean of London, and tempt the fearful dangers that belonged to the career of a literary adventurer. Here he struggled and starved for a year. During the first three months of his London life he sent manuscript poems to the booksellers, Dodsley and Becket, which they civilly declined. He addressed verses to Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who informed him that his avocations did not leave him leisure to read verses. He sold his clothes and his books, and pawned his watch and his surgical instruments. His one coat was torn, and he mended it himself. He was reduced at last to eightpence, but the brave man never despaired. He had a strong sense of

religion, and he was deeply attached to one who became his wife after thirteen years of untiring constancy. His faith and his love held him up, and kept him out of degradation. At last he wrote a letter to Edmund Burke. It contained this passage: "In April last I came to London, with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessities of life till my abilities should procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion." Burke saved Crabbe from the fate of many a one who perished in those days, when patronage was dying out; and the various resources for the literary labourer that belong to the extension of reading had scarcely begun to exist. Burke persuaded Dodsley to publish 'The Library;' and the Bishop of Norwich to ordain its author, without a degree. His lot in life was fixed. Thurlow invited him to dinner, and telling him he was "as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen," gave him two small livings. He published 'The Village' in 1783, and 'The Newspaper' in 1785. From that time to 1807, the world had forgotten that a real poet, of very original talents, had appeared, for a short season, and was no more heard of. When Crabbe was fifty-three years of age, he again published a poem. This was 'The Parish Register.' 'The Borough' speedily followed. His 'Tales' were in the same vein. Their success was triumphant. The author whose worldly means were reduced to eightpence

in 1780, sold the copyright of his poems, in 1817, to Mr. Murray, for three thousand pounds.

During these twenty-five years, when Crabbe was living in the seclusion of unpretending duty, he was gathering materials for works which are among the most valuable pictures of English life, as it existed in a generation that is recently past. It is the object of this paper to trace some of those representations of *Classes* that may now be termed obsolete. Old Aubrey says of Shakspeare—"His comedies will remain wit as long as the English language is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum*." It is the same with Crabbe. He rarely deals with those individual peculiarities which the early writers used to term "humours." His satire and his pathos are essentially generic. He paints individual characters, and their costume is peculiar; but it is not the mere caprice of the sitter that has settled the costume. It tells of past manners and modes of thought. It is historical. Sir Roger de Coverley is an individualised portrait;—so Parson Adams;—so my Uncle Toby;—but they are each great general representatives of human nature in their particular age and position. Thus, Crabbe did not wear a cassock, or choose a footman for his travelling companion; but in his simplicity and knowledge, Thurlow saw his resemblance to Parson Adams. Inferior masters paint coxcombities that have no relation to universal modes of thought or action. Shepherds say, that out of a thousand

sheep no one face is alike another ; but then, no one face is so peculiar that it is unlike the face of a sheep. Nature, in her individualisation, cleaves to the general. So does all high art.

'The Village' of Crabbe is really his native 'Borough' of Aldborough, in Suffolk. It was such a 'Borough' as England tolerated within the last quarter of a century. Its population, seventy years ago, has been described in lines which forcibly contrast with the Arcadian pictures in Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.'

"Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
With rural games play'd down the setting sun ;
Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,
Or made the ponderous quoit obliquely fall ;
While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
Engag'd some artful stripling of the throng,
And fell beneath him, foil'd, while far around
Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks return'd the sound ?
Where now are these ?—Beneath yon cliff they stand,
To show the freighted pinnace where to land ;
To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
Or, when detected, in their straggling course,
To foil their foes by cunning or by force ;
Or, yielding part (which equal knaves demand)
To gain a lawless passport through the land."

Amongst such scenes lived the young Poet ;—
amongst

"a bold, artful, surly, savage race ;
Who, only skill'd to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,"

watched the tost vessel from the shore, rejoicing in

the prospect of a wreck. Smuggler, wrecker, venal elector—all are gone from Aldborough. The 'Borough' is disfranchised; wise revenue laws have put an end to the smuggler's vocation. With the smuggler vanished the pedlar who carried about contraband goods:

"Dawkins, a dealer once, on burthen'd back
Bore his whole substance in a pedlar's pack;
To dames discreet, the duties yet unpaid,
His stores of lace and hyson he convey'd."

They are gone. Will the time never arrive when wise laws shall consign the poacher to the same oblivion?

Crabbe has described the sorrows of the poor, in verses which may have done something to lead us to mitigate the labourer's lot, by benefits more enduring than what is miscalled Charity. He has described, too, the Poor-house, such as it existed in those days:

"Theirs is yon House that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day,—
There, children dwell who know no parents' care."

That wretched parish work-house is gone. No walls of mud—no broken door—no naked rafters—no patched panes—no pestilent vapours in badly ventilated rooms. The parentless children are taught far better than many who *do* know the parents' care. Society is doing its duty to stop the

growth of pauperism, and to succour real destitution. There are two obsolete portraits connected with the Poor, which we may happily contrast with the same official persons in our own times.

And first, the Parish Apothecary, who struts into the wretched bed-room of the old Work-house, where

“ The drooping wretch reclines his languid head.”

The Apothecary comes :

“ But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls ;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit ;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye :
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer ;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes ;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door ;
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain ;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man ; and silent sinks into the grave.”

Jeffrey, writing in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1807, says “The consequential apothecary, who gives an impatient attendance in these homes of

misery, is admirably described." If Jeffrey had reviewed Crabbe thirty years later, he must have said that such a character was a creature of pure imagination. Let any person who knows of the labours of the medical officer of a Poor Law Union say if there be one now in the charge of an English parish,

" Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;"

who is protected by " a drowsy Bench ;"

" And whose most tender mercy is neglect."

In these our days, happier in many respects, the medical officer, overworked as too many official and non-official people are, can rarely be accused of want of zeal. He rides from cottage to cottage ; he is ready at all hours by day or by night ; a thousand eyes are upon him. People of all ranks know that neglect of the poor is visited upon the rich. But his discharge of his duty is the result of what has become an *esprit de corps*. He has deep responsibilities which "bustle and conceit" will not shuffle off. He must know, and he must act. His ministry is one of benevolence ; and he must work it out, even in the face of his own danger and suffering. If fever strike down the poor man, "the doctor," as the poor man calls him, must be at his side. There is no "drowsy Bench" to tell him to stay away ; for more vigilant administrators know that if the sick man die there are orphans to be provided for. The whole tone of society has changed in its estimate of the Poor and the duties which we

owe to them. No wonder that Crabbe's Parish Apothecary is as obsolete as the Physician's muff of a century ago.

I approach, with equal confidence, the obsolete portrait of the Parish Priest—he who is summoned to the pauper's bed to impart the last consolations:

“ But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
 Some simple fears, which ‘bold bad men’ despise;
 Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
 His title certain to the joys above:
 For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
 The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
 And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
 He, ‘passing rich with forty pounds a year?’
 Ah! no: a shepherd of a different stock,
 And far unlike him, feeds this little flock:
 A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday’s task
 As much as God or man can fairly ask;
 The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
 To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;
 None better skill’d the noisy pack to guide,
 To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide;
 A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
 And, skill’d at whist, devotes the night to play:
 Then while such honours bloom around his head,
 Shall he sit sadly by the sick man’s bed,
 To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
 To combat fears that e’en the pious feel?”

That Priest has followed the Parish Apothecary to oblivion. But I have seen the man, even in my time. I have seen an honourable and reverend gentleman pacing down the main street of a country town, with gun in hand, and mob at heel, to a pigeon match. Are there such ministers left? I believe not. They are with the Parson Trullibers

of a century ago. Simple indifference, to say nothing of more unseemly attributes of the clerical character, has passed away. The clergyman's office, by a happy appropriation of a true English word, is called his "duty." The modern clergyman knows that "to do duty" is to do something more than preach once a week—that he is called to be the friend and the civiliser wherever he is placed. The meaning of the word "duty" was very much forgotten, by more classes than the clerical, when a sentence went forth that, Heaven be praised, need not be sculptured upon pedestals of brass—"England expects every man to do his duty." These memorable words have sunk into the national heart.

But there is another official character, whose business is with Parishes and Poor ; and he is also fast becoming obsolete. Crabbe has well described him :

" There is a doubtful Pauper, and we think
'Tis not with us to give him meat and drink :
There is a Child ; and 'tis not mighty clear
Whether his mother lived with us a year :
A road's indicted, and our seniors doubt
If in our proper boundary or without :
But what says our Attorney ? He, our friend,
Tells us 'tis just and manly to contend.
'What ! to a neighbouring parish yield your cause,
While you have money, and the nation laws ?
What ! lose without a trial, that which, tried,
May—nay it must—be given on our side ?
All men of spirit would contend ; such men
Than lose a pound would rather hazard ten.
What ! be imposed on ? No ! a British soul
Despises imposition, hates control.' "

How truly has the Poet recorded the wordy debates, and high resolves, that followed in the wake of the "doubtful pauper." How Churchwarden, Overseer, Justice, Constable, and Attorney, revelled in the prospect of a Settlement Appeal. What post-chaises of witnesses they carried to the Sessions! How they stopped at the Half Way House, for a preliminary dinner, to prepare them for the coming fatigues! How they spent the evening before the trial-day in going over all the points with the Attorney's Clerk. How the most learned of the Overseers quoted Burn's Justice, whilst the impatient Clerk, held by the button, assented and sneered. How they lingered about in the county town, nothing loth, for three days of enthusiasm and feasting! How the awful moment at last came on! How the witnesses were catechised in the entrance of the County Hall! How they blundered and broke down; or swore bravely that the ten-pound-a-year tenement was a fictitious rental, or that the apprentice ran away in the last week of his servitude. It was a glorious scene, whoever conquered. One of the set of combatants went home with blue ribbons in their hats; and the rival attorneys took a secret bottle together, before they parted, to settle how the costs should be managed. And these good old times are gone too; and the Parish Attorney is for the most part as obsolete as the law which branded the pauper in the shoulder with R. or V.

Where is the ancient Mayor gone—he of the close Corporation of the little Borough?

“Him in our Body-Corporate we chose,
And once among us, he above us rose;
Stepping from post to post, he reach’d the Chair,
And there he now reposes—that’s the Mayor.”

Where shall I find the Olympian Jupiter of my own young days? He is gone for ever. The only possible relic of the race is a London Alderman—who is also travelling to the limbo of all ignorance and corruption. Let me solace my memory with the shadow of *my* Corporator. He was a retired shop-keeper, who, finding the struggle to ascend into the atmosphere of gentility perfectly hopeless, sat himself quietly down to lord it over his former equals for the rest of his life. As he took his morning walk to the Coffee-room—(that was our only Literary and Scientific Institution), I could recognise him at a street’s length by the dignity of his gait. His greeting of an old brother of the scales was suited to the publicity of the place in which they met; but with the Rector or the Captain he was ever familiar. Yet he did not spend his time in greetings in the market-places. He was a busy man. He was on his legs at every Vestry; it was essential that every one should know *his* opinion. He supported the powers that be, from the Lord Chancellor to the watchman. He never moved without a precedent. Any one who doubted him was a Radical—(that was the word of opprobrium in

those days). When he saw a chance of serious discussion he rose to "Order." If the malcontents persisted in thinking the public business involved some necessity for discussion, he appealed to the meeting to support the Chair—and thus the Ayes had it. Nevertheless he was an Orator. I have heard him at a public dinner, when the Corporation was toasted, rise and say :

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, for myself and my worthy colleagues I beg leave to thank you for the honour you have done us in drinking our healths, and beg leave, in return, to drink all your good healths." It produced a wonderful impression.

At an Election his genius luxuriated. He was seen arm-in-arm with the ministerial Candidate on his canvass, and sate on his right hand at dinner. On the day of Election he always seconded the nomination of "The Honourable Richard Overdo, commonly called Lord Overdo." Though an orator and a literary man—for he delighted to call upon the printer of the provincial newspaper to tell him that he had put an *e* for a *c*, or a *q* for a *p*—he hated the spread of intelligence. He hated National Schools—but he patronised the old Free Schools, which distributed the arts of reading and writing like prizes in the lottery. I knew him not in the secret counsels of the Body Corporate ; but I knew that in or out of office he was the great wheel of the machine. He and any two were a majority. His sole policy was to keep that illustrious Body, and the inhabitants of his Borough, perfectly dis-

tinct. He delighted that the Body should have the start of the Town in an address to Royalty. He held that the Body was bound to give no account of its proceedings. To do him justice, he tolerated no private misappropriation of the Corporate funds. They were for the solace and dignity of the Body. It was an uncorrupt Corporation ; but it never did anything for the *Public* good.

And he, too, is gone—in the Provinces.

Of the same family as the ancient Corporator was the obsolete Justice of the Peace :

“ In contest mighty, and of conquest proud,
Was Justice Bolt, impetuous, warm, and loud ;
His fame, his prowess, all the country knew,
And disputants, with one so fierce, were few.”

The Justice was greatest in his Monthly Club. The Head Inn where the Club was held is described by Crabbe ; its ample yards, its ready chaise, and smart driver. Who of my times does not recollect the lordly host, who looked after the travelling arrangements with his “first turn, out,” and his pompous bow as you drove from the door ? Who can forget the lady-hostess, who welcomed the Justice to the Club with “your honour,” and left Mr. Smith, who walked in with a carpet-bag, to find his own way to a chair and a fire ? The landlord is gone, and eke the landlady. Railroads have ruined the Head Inn. If you enter it now you find it dilapidated. There is half a fowl and a ham-bone in the larder. You shudder when you order dinner, and are told you can have “*any-*

thing." You wait an hour for a chop, in a room fifty feet long, with a large cracked chimney-glass and a dingy chandelier. The carpet is faded ; the curtains are musty ; the tables are rickety. You ask for Port, and you cannot drink it. You ask for your bill, and you are puzzled by its items and its total. In its old days the Justice was proud of the Head Inn,—

" Where rector, doctor, and attorney pause,
First on each parish, then each public cause ;
Indicted roads, and rates that still increase,
The murmuring poor, who will not fast in peace ;
Election zeal, and friendship since declined,—
A tax commuted, or a tithe in kind."

The Justice never missed the Club. He was perpetual Chairman of the Club. How he would talk at the Club !

" In private business his commands prevail ;
On public themes his reasoning turns the scale ;
Assenting Silence soothes his happy ear,
And, in or out, *his* party triumphs here."

His great party, in or out, was the anti-educational party. A younger man would sometimes argue with him ; but he was soon discomfited. Such dialogue is stereotyped, as it were, in my memory ; for the time is not very distant when its echo was common enough in the land :—

The wise man talked of that arch-deist, Joseph Lancaster, who set up his schools in the days of George III. He asked where our servants were to come from, if all learnt to read ? He held that all

the reading in the world would not beat out the gin-shop. These opinions were not peculiar to the Justice forty years ago. But the schools went on ; and when the people could read they wanted books ; and a few Mechanics' Institutes were established. Then waxed our friend more and more wrath at the Club. " I think there is a general improvement of manners produced by education," says a timid rebel : " you scarcely ever hear an ill word from a mechanic in the streets." " No," says Justice Bolt, " they are too cunning for that ; they have learnt to be sly ; they don't give you a good round volley of oaths, like their honest fathers ; they can blaspheme enough when they get by themselves in their pot-houses, with their cards, and their dice, and their flash songs. I know all about that. Do you think I never heard of the Dog and Duck, and the Bull in the Pound, and the Blue Cat ?" The educator has one more word :—" They go now to Literary and Scientific Institutions." " Oh ! Literary and Scientific Institutions ! literature and science for a working man ! Sir, if you come to that I have done. Improve their taste did you say ? what have the house-painter, and the mason, and the carpenter, and the weaver to do with taste ? Do their work better will they ? They won't work at all, sir. I should have been ruined, sir, if I had known anything about taste. Hold your tongue. I did hope we might have been able to save ourselves, in spite of reading and writing. But literature, and science, and taste ! Come, sir, you stop the bottle."

Thus talked the Justice. But his tongue is silent now. The enemies of education have passed away. Higher principles, better examples, than belonged to thirty or even twenty years ago, have grown up amongst us. The anti-educators are gone out with the horn-books. I am told that Messrs. Longman, the eminent publishers, have succeeded in obtaining a Horn-Book, which they preserve as a relic of English literature. How truly did that little instrument, which consisted of the alphabet pasted upon a board, and curiously preserved by a semi-transparent horn, represent the state of knowledge; when even the A, B, C, was mistily exhibited, and covered over as a rare thing. There were gingerbread alphabets, too, in those days; and they were devoured as the good child's rewards. The horn-books and the gingerbread alphabets were for the few. If all the children under instruction learnt now in horn-books, where should we find cattle enough to produce the horn? In the old time the supply was proportioned to the demand.

The objectors to the education of the Poor were answered even in their own days; and Schools went on and prospered. But the school education for all did not fit all, or any, for the understanding of the most simple fundamental principles upon which their own happiness essentially depended. The poor were not taught to go alone. Are they yet adequately taught? The manufacturing classes spend a few millions every two or three years in fruit-

less strikes. Where have they been taught to understand the true relation between Profits and Wages? Capitalists, no doubt, are as ignorant of many great economical truths as Labourers are. When will they both learn that their interests can never be separated?

But if the Education of the Poor was scant and wretched in the past days, what was the Education of the Rich? The flogging schoolmaster was becoming a disgrace even in Crabbe's time:

“ He was, it seem'd, a tyrant of the sort
Who make the cries of tortured boys his sport;
One of a race, if not extinguish'd, tam'd,
The flogger now is of the act asham'd;
But this great mind all mercy's calls withstood,
This Holofernes was a man of blood.
‘Students,’ he said, ‘like horses on the road,
Must well be lash'd before they take the load;
They may be willing for a time to run,
But you must whip them ere the work be done.’ ”

Yet the schoolmaster clung, unabashed, to his system, especially in our great public schools. Flogging was like the capital punishments of the State. It was cherished as an instrument of governing with the greatest amount of ease to those having the responsibilities of government. It stood in the place of watchfulness and affection. There were no proportions observed in the application of this paltry and inefficient discipline. Dullness and wickedness, theoretically, came under the same stripes; but, practically, dullness made a bad copy of verses, and was infallibly punished, while wicked-

ness committed every excess that could disgrace the uneducated, and escaped untouched, because undiscovered. What did a boy of average intellect learn at a Public School five-and-twenty years ago, besides an imperfect acquaintance with the words and phrases of antiquity, with little appreciation of its literature? It is nothing for Eton to point to its Wellesley and its Canning, and Harrow to its Peel and its Byron. Great intellects will always assert themselves, in spite of the circumstances which surround them. The question here, as in all other questions of education, is, what is the average amount of enlightenment in a school, as in a nation? If a system existed under which the greater number of boys might, without disgrace, possess not the slightest knowledge of mathematics,—escape learning any modern language,—have no perception of the distinction between the Tudors and the Stuarts,—fancy America an island,—and cherish an indistinct notion that there had been a dispute whether the earth went round the sun, or the sun round the earth, and didn't care how it was settled,—that system, however fashionable, was not education. Arnold came, the greatest of schoolmasters, and the system has been reformed. Something still remains to be done.

The ten precious years that a boy spent at the great classical schools were wasted upon hexameters and pentameters. The same time was then equally wasted at the ordinary boarding-schools, upon text-hand and small-hand, and holiday pieces,

on which the writing-master flourished swans and angels. Of ladies' education I do not venture to speak. At the "seminaries" for young gentlemen, the boy who stayed till sixteen, and was then placed in a house of business, found that he had to learn to compose the most ordinary letter; and though he had been through every rule in Walkinghame's Arithmetic, he had yet to penetrate the mysteries of practical book-keeping. Very few left school with any knowledge of decimals. But in no class of schools were young people taught to prepare for the public duties which all Englishmen have to perform. The lad grew into a man, and was put into office. He did exactly what others had done before him. The surveyor of the roads knew nothing of road-making, besides carting a load of stones to a rutty place, and leaving the rest to fate. The overseer resolved that John Gubbins *should* marry Jane Humphreys—put up the banns. The churchwarden insisted that Farmer Williams should turn away his most trusty and honest ploughman, because he had only two children, and employ the laziest rascal in the parish, who was blessed with four. And the squire, who ruled surveyor, overseer, and churchwarden, took to ordering parish pay at the rate of two shillings a head for every child, and doubling the allowance for bread in times of scarcity. It is marvellous that we ever got out of this Slough of Despond; for Ignorance put us there, and there Ignorance held us.

Crabbe has well described the condition of his

"Borough" as to one prevailing ignorance of rich and poor :—

"Between the roadway and the walls, offence
Invades all eyes, and strikes on every sense.
There lie, obscene, at every open door,
Heaps from the hearth and sweepings from the floor ;
And, day by day, the mingled masses grow
As sinks are disembogued and kennels flow."

Those matters, which we now call Nuisances, disturbed no complacency, and suggested no duty, thirty years ago. What an Augæan stable was my native town of Windsor ! In the playing-fields of the town, the Bachelors' Acre, was a vast open cesspool, fed with drains from every street, and constantly encroaching upon the cricket-ground. That was a happy spot for healthful recreation ! On every road-side was what was familiarly termed, "the black ditch." In every alley was a lesser black ditch. I could walk nowhere without encountering a black ditch. Yet the Court lived amongst this filthy reek—and no one heeded. Once or twice there was a talk that something must be done—and then, Authority was eloquent against innovation. A poor man dies of typhus : "Well, Dobson is dead, and the wife and six children must go to the house." The rash apothecary ventures to say—"There's a horrible ditch at the back of Garden Court—the common drain—poisonous enough to breed fever in every family." Authority looks awful : "Ditch, sir ! don't talk to me of ditch. We have always had ditches, sir. I

never heard before that people died of ditches. Dobson's father lived there all his life. Cheaper to make sewers, is it? Who's to pay for the sewers? Everybody knows that Garden Court doesn't smell of roses; but what of that? The people don't mind,—and why should we?" And then Authority chuckles, and whispers to brother Authority—"Poor Dobson won't get his ten pounds at the next election; look out for a tenant, or a vote will be lost."

We have done something, since those times, to raise the physical condition of the whole population; and this exertion, shortcoming as it may be, ought to produce a moral elevation. Are we morally improved? That is a great and solemn question. I think we are. There are many evils to be corrected—social and private evils. But the aggregate character of society *is* improved. Look at Hogarth's print of 'The Cockpit.' Hogarth truly painted a peer and a chimney-sweep, a doctor and a horse-jockey, all busily engaged in the same pursuit. If there be such brutalities now, they are private vices. There may be men whom society calls respectable, who have badger-baiting in their own gardens; and entertain their friends with the old scenes of the Westminster pit, while liveried pages take away the dead rats, and hand about the champagne: but the exhibitions of such atrocities are at an end, or they are secret. Fifty years after Hogarth, Crabbe described a cock-fight:—

"Here his poor bird th' inhuman cocker brings,
 Arms his hard heel, and clips his golden wings;
 With splay foot th' impatient spirit feeds,
 And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds.
 Struck through the brain, deprived of both his eyes,
 The vanquish'd bird must combat till he dies;
 Must faintly peek at his victorious foe,
 And reel and stagger at each feeble blow:
 When fallen, the savage grasps his dabbled plumes,
 His blood-stain'd arms for other deaths assumes;
 And damns the craven fowl, that lost his stake,
 And only bled and perish'd for his sake."

Well! The peasant cocker has followed the
 lordly cocker to oblivion. Even the colliers of
 Staffordshire, once the great sort of cocking, have
 forsaken the sport. I have blushed, as a youth, to hear
 the 'Wednesbury Cocking'—a famous slang song
 —encored by worshipful men at a public dinner;
 the mildest of its brutalities being that "Billy, he
 whack'd his own feyther." Police reports daily
 familiarise us with more hateful cruelties, such as
 our poet has described—

"the curse, the cries
 Of benten wife, perverse in her replies."

But nobody makes a joke of such things. There
 are not more of such crimes now than formerly;
 but they come into the broad daylight of publicity.
 Let us ask ourselves what would have been the
 amount of such evils of passion and intemperance,
 had the whole mass of the people remained unin-
 structed and neglected? The publicity that is
 inevitable now has its useful though painful results,

in telling us we must go on to destroy the evil at its root.

Crabbe has described the newspapers of 1784, when there were only seventy-nine newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland, instead of the five hundred of this time; and when the village reader would

“ Stay for tidings till they’re three days old.”

The poet had no love for newspapers :

“ Here Scandal whets her quill,
And Slander shoots unseen, whene’er she will :
Here Fraud and Falsehood labour to deceive,
And Folly aids them both, impatient to believe.”

Seventy years ago, the newspaper-press had no high character to sustain ; and Crabbe was perhaps right. At this day there is nothing in the world comparable to the general honesty of the British newspapers. The paper that would build its sale on “ fraud and falsehood ”—as a few obscure journals have attempted, till they were hooted out of existence—would not be prosecuted now ; it would be despised and die. Newspapers may offend in our days, but they rarely corrupt. They may be prejudiced in their own opinions ; but they give the opinions of others with perfect fairness. Public men speak to the public through the newspapers ; and thus the saying of Burke, that he who read one paper for a year would be of the opinion of the writer, has ceased to be a truth. It is remarkable how soon a demagogue—“ the obscene bird of

night"—ceases to fly in the sunlight of modern newspapers. Strong writers, as they used to be called, who united the "venom of the shaft" to the "vigour of the bow," would now write in vain against the evidence of silent facts. Wilkes and Junius were for other times.

Crabbe has given me a text for a few concluding remarks upon popular literature. Let me endeavour to recollect something of my early experience of what was to me popular literature.

From the circumstance of my position, I lived amongst books, ancient and modern. I had the unrestricted range of a large collection of *old* books. I could help myself to every novel, from 'The Grand Cyrus' to the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.' I knew a few great books tolerably well—books which belong to all time. In my course of desultory reading I had sense enough to know that "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."* But I wanted, as every young man wants, something especially suited to my own times. I wanted good elementary books, particularly of a scientific character. Where was I to find them? I tried to set myself task-work with dry books of the day; but oh, how I wearied! For the union then was complete between the useful and the repulsive in knowledge. I had nothing to lead me by pleasant paths into the high road of information. I had to scramble through bogs and

* Milton: 'Areopagitica.'

thickets before I was in the right way. I had no 'Penny Magazine,' no 'Chambers' Journal,' no 'Household Words!' If I wanted a laugh, I had no 'Punch.' There was no Jerrold in those days to show how the comic could blend with the earnest. There was not a cheap weekly miscellany to be had that was not infamous. No wonder that I hungered for fiction. I devoured the old standard dishes again and again. Who could be satiated with 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Don Quixote,' and 'The Arabian Nights'? I read 'Gulliver's Travels,' without knowing how crushing and heartless that book was. I read 'Tom Jones' and 'Roderick Random,' without shrinking from their indelicacy; for, in truth, I heard coarse things enough spoken aloud in what was called decent society. But I wanted something of fiction that should come nearer the manners and thoughts of my own generation. Crabbe shall tell what I got—with a few exceptions, such as the novels of Godwin and Holcroft—out of the circulating library:

“ When all our childish books were set apart,
The first I read was 'Wanderings of the Heart';
It was a story, where was done a deed
So dreadful, that alone I fear'd to read.
The next was 'The Confessions of a Nun,'—
'Twas quite a shame such evil should be done;
Nun of—no matter for the creature's name,
For there are girls no nunnery can tame :—
Then was the story of the Haunted Hall,
Where the huge picture nodded from the wall,
When the old lord look'd up with trembling dread,
And I grew pale, and shudder'd as I read :

Then came the tales of Winters, Summers, Springs,
At Bath and Brighton,—they were pretty things !
No ghosts or spectres there were heard or seen,
But all was love and flight to Gretna-Green."

The very titles of these staple productions of 'The Minerva Press' are quite sufficient to suggest a contrast with the fiction that is now popular. Some of the novelists that have written since those days have taken their place amongst the Classics of our language. We have had Edgeworth, and Austen, and Scott ; we have Bulwer, and Thackeray, and Dickens.

Are we improved, then, in our Popular Literature—the literature that will always be most popular—that of the story-teller ? We have done, I think, with the ghost school and the Gretna-green school. The Newgate school is gone out, too. We have done with that historical school, which was far more dull than any real history. We have done with the men-and-manners school, which painted such men as never lived, and such manners as never were shewn in real life. We have done with the silver-fork school, which despised everything universal, and pretended to shew how Lord Booby's house was furnished, and how Lady Grizzle talked in the Opera-box. All are gone. I doubt if we shall see any of them again.

One word more of my early reading.

Of Poetry my new stores were not very alluring. I tried Hayley's 'Triumphs of Temper,' and I may truly say with Byron, "they triumph'd over mine."

There were 'Scenes of Infancy,' and 'Scenes of Youth,' and 'Village Scenes,' but I could not live in those 'Scenes.' I read 'The Farmers' Boy,' for I knew its truth. 'The Minstrel' was my school prize-book. But I could not stand Pratt, or Bishop, or Holloway, or Harrop. I suppose nobody now has ever heard of these popular authors; and I trust they will never be embalmed in Johnsonian prefaces, as some earlier verse-makers, equally worthless, have been consigned to posterity. From such as these, I went back to my Shakspeare and my Pope, my Burns and my Cowper. Rogers and Campbell, indeed, shone amidst the darkness, each "a bright particular star." 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' had scarcely then come hot-pressed into life; Wordsworth had not entered into the popular mind; Coleridge was mentioned, by the few who knew his name, as a sleepy mystic; Southey was voted dangerous; and Moore was hidden under the sofa-cushions. Byron had not arisen to make a poetical revolution. Crabbe himself was scarcely resuscitated. Keats was exalted to the heavens by one set of critics, and consigned to the Bathos by another; and Shelley was feared and neglected. Tennyson and Browning were in the womb of time. My range of Poetry, in 1807, and for several years after, was narrower than yours, my young friend.

In running over the names of the illustrious of modern Poetry, and modern Romance, it is of the first importance to recollect that we appreciate

what we have gained during this half-century. We have got high poetry, and we know that we have got it. Wordsworth became popular when cheap knowledge was presented to the people. We have got Fiction that is the mirror of reality. Dickens spoke to the People when they were beginning to get cheap knowledge; and how they welcomed him! As the aggregate intelligence of a nation is raised, the dull and the mischievous amongst authors soon find their place. Patronage and fashion can do nothing. The rapid communication, too, between one people and another people, alike tends to the universal,—upon which all enduring Literature must be built, whatever be its individual form. It is a fortunate circumstance that the most popular things in all literature must be essentially based upon the cultivation of the best parts of our intellectual nature—upon the power of rendering sound knowledge attractive, or of stirring the imagination by fictitious narrative or description that is pleasurable in proportion to its purity and truth. There is really no permanent power in literature but what is universal—and there is nothing universal that is tainted with the desire to gratify a morbid taste in any class of readers, be they high or low.

I have attempted some delineations of past character. The equality of ranks, in the common pursuits of intellect, now gives a tone of uniformity to the aspects of ordinary life, which destroys some individual characteristics :

“ Society is smoothed to that excess
That manners hardly differ more than dress.”*

But the great characteristics of Classes will always prevail. The callous Doctor, the sporting Parson, the litigious Attorney, the pompous Corporator, the bullying Justice, the flogging Schoolmaster—those who in their power of good or evil moulded, in a large degree, the temper of their times—these are Modern Antiques. Such varieties of the old anti-progressive species are gone. But other varieties will arise, and buzz through their little day. Out of the democratic element may perhaps come as great nuisances as the exclusive has bred amongst us. Knowledge has produced essential changes in one generation. It is “a Fountain, such as it is not easy to discern where the issues and streams thereof will take and fall.”† But one thing is clear—Knowledge can never produce half the amount of evil which Ignorance has produced ; and it may reasonably be doubted whether *real* Knowledge was ever productive of evil. The wise man, Lord Bacon, who termed Knowledge “a Fountain,” calls upon us “to rule and guide the course of the waters, by setting down this position, namely, that all Knowledge is to be limited by Religion, and to be referred to use and action.” To limit Knowledge thus is not to narrow it ; for its boundaries are the extremest range of God’s creation, to be reverently discovered, step by step, by man’s reason.

* Byron.

† Bacon.

I have no fear of Knowledge. I consider it my especial happiness to have lived in a progressive condition of society—progressive as regards the outward prosperity of the country—progressive in respect of the intellectual advancement of the People. There have been, and there still are, many evils in the transition state through which we are passing. We may have lost some of the simplicity of "the antique world." There are strong contrasts of manners, as I have shewn in some particulars, between the beginning and the middle of the half-century. There is more display—I fear there is more selfishness. "Plain living and high thinking" have to be sought as a distinction amongst some of the more ambitious classes. But there never was a time when the great bulk of the community—in spite of many mistakes and omissions of duty—were more true to their inheritance of "titles manifold" amongst the nations:

"Sound healthy children of the God of Heaven."*

* Wordsworth.

THE LEADING PROFESSION.

[The following paper was written before we had a Preventive Police ; before Prisons were regulated upon some system, however imperfect ; and when the terror of Capital Punishments—always threatened, but capriciously inflicted—was the sole principle upon which crime was sought to be repressed. We are in many respects wiser than we were thirty years ago ; but a consideration of what we have amended may lead us to meditate upon what we have still to amend.]

THE choice of a profession was at all times an affair of difficulty, and it has become peculiarly so at a period when the avenues to success, whether in the walks of theology, of law, or of medicine, are blocked up by a crowd of eager competitors. Nor is the path to wealth, by the more beaten track of commercial pursuits, less impeded by the struggles of rivalry, the intrigues of connexion, or the overwhelming preponderance of enormous capital. For adventurous young men, not cursed by nature with a modest or studious turn, and who are impatient to take the post of honour by a *coup-de-main*, a state of war offers the ample field of the profession of arms ; but in a time of peace that field is narrowed to a very aristocratic circle, and the plebeian spirit learns to be tamed in the never-ending rebuffs of the Horse Guards and of the Admiralty. All things considered, and

with a due regard to the necessary education, the certain rewards, and the few chances of failure, it appears to us that the profession which involves the least individual expense in its necessary studies, the aspirants being constantly trained at the public cost—which is supported by the greatest excitement of popular observation so as to satisfy the most insatiate appetite for fame—which presents the most open field for exertion, so as to leave the adventurer the largest choice of opportunities—and which is fenced round from the attacks of private envy or revenge by the most powerful support of individual functionaries—that most cherished and honoured profession is that of a THIEF !

And, first, of the education of this profession.

We will imagine a youth to whom the honours of his calling are not hereditary. He has been brought up, as other youths are, either in absolute ignorance of the world which has preceded him, and the world which is before him ; or with such an acquaintance with the tendencies of mankind as they are learned in the book of history, or the safer volumes of experience, as will satisfy him that the least successful of the sons of men are the most conscientious. If he be utterly uninstructed in book-learning, and yet have a tolerable acquaintance with the things around him, he will see (if he open his eyes) that the one thing needful is money ;—that cunning has a much surer grasp of that *summum bonum* than wisdom ;—and that the contempt of society is only reserved

for the poor. Hence poverty, as Talleyrand said of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, is worse than a crime—it is a blunder. If he derive his knowledge from the half truths, half fables of his species, he will discover that fraud and violence have always secured to themselves a much larger portion of what are called the blessings of life—competency, luxury, high station, influence, command—than sincerity and moderation. If he live in the country, he has constantly presented to his eyes the condition of a vast many miserable people, who are reduced to the utmost extremity of perpetual suffering—their honest pride trampled upon, their affections outraged, their commonest wants unsupplied,—and for no personal demerit that he can perceive, but because they are laborious, patient, inoffensive, easily satisfied, content to do their duty in the station to which they are born. If he abide in a city, he discovers that most direct modes of obtaining a living are ill paid—that squalid filth follows the scanty earnings of the mechanic—that the tradesman who vends an honest commodity cannot compete with the quack and the puffer—that insolent vice always thrusts modest virtue into the kennel. In either case he perceives that mankind, directly or indirectly, spend their lives in endeavours to abstract more than they have a right to abstract from the property of their neighbours. He commences, by dint of hard reasoning, a professional career of resolving to practise that philosophy which

teaches him that the institutions of society are chains only for the weak. If he be a peasant, he tries his hand at poaching ; if a London black-guard, at picking pockets. In either case the law soon takes charge of his further education ; and he is duly sent to that most instructive *Alma Mater*,—a prison.

The care which is now bestowed upon the nurture of his infant hopes is prodigious. He has abundant leisure for the cultivation of his faculties ; he has no anxiety about the events of the passing day ; he is introduced to the full enjoyment of the society of the most careless, enthusiastic, and undaunted men in existence, as well as to the ablest instructors in his peculiar art.

All knowledge, but that which is to lead him to excellence in the profession which he now *must* choose, is despised ;—all views of the social state, but those which regard man as a predatory animal, are held to be low and unattractive ;—all employments of the talents of the human race, but those which present themselves to the lion heart in the shape of burglary, and to the cautious understanding in the not less attractive forms of coining and shop-lifting, are pronounced to be mean and ungratifying.

The facility with which the profession of a thief is acquired is a wonderful recommendation of its excellent and manifold advantages. In this college, the *honours* are bestowed after an examination for which the previous study is very inconsiderable—

the "wooden spoon" feels that his rank is by no means settled in the estimation of his examiners, but that a successful adventure may place him in the first degree of the beloved of Bow-street ;— and even he that is "plucked" for wanting in the reckless qualities by which excellence is attained, may hope to prepare himself next session (the "term" of our houses of felonious maintenance) for the most distinguished companionship of that fraternity, which, above all others, generously delights in imparting its blessings to novices by the most unremitting system of proselytism.

Nor is it any degradation from the agreeable nature of this education (when compared to education in general) to say, that the student often receives bodily chastisement in the progress of his willing labours. The laws have no punishments which touch his mind. If he be remanded to his prison, he is only condemned to a further acquaintance with the agreeable society to which he was introduced when he first entered its walls. He has formed friendships which will last for life ; he is secure of patronage when he comes out again upon the stirring world ; he will, in future, have no lack of counsellors and abettors. Admit that he is sentenced to be privately whipped ; in this he does not differ an ounce from the highest of the land. The boys of the middle classes have been gradually becoming more exempt from the terrors of indecent bodily chastisement ; but inflictions upon the person are still the peculiar privilege of the noble students

of Westminster and Eton, and the not less ambitious denizens of Newgate and Brixton. Long may they each enjoy these ancient and politic rights, which have such a decided influence upon the destinies both of the statesman and of the felon !

From the moment that our aspirant leaves his first prison, he becomes a public man. His preparation for the duties of life is complete. He rushes at once into his stimulating career,—and he reaps a full harvest of profit and of fame. Less fortunate candidates for distinction may waste an existence in obtaining a single puff of the newspapers. Thousands of authors die for lack of criticism ; painters go off by scores, because no obscure scribbler ever echoes their names ; the finest of women have been figurantes at the opera for twenty seasons, without having attained to the recorded dignity of a *pas-seul* at the Surrey ; and ostentatious citizens have given dozens of dinners, to which some gentlemen of the press were duly invited, and yet never once saw their magnificence, under the head of “ Court and Fashion,” in the Morning Post. But the very first adventure of a thief is fame. Is a watch snatched out of a window in the Strand ? ten daily papers, and two hundred and fifty weekly, immediately describe the astonishing incident in the most glowing colours ;—is a pocket picked in the pit entrance of Drury-lane ? the embryo hero of the evening sees his fame duly chronicled in the morning journals ; and, lastly, if by some error in judgment he appear before Sir Richard Birnie, he

excites the sympathy of all mankind, being "a remarkably good-looking and interesting young man, attired (yes, attired is the phrase) in the highest style of fashion, and his hair elegantly arranged." Who can resist such flatteries as these? After such encouragements, what candidate for the final honours of the New Drop would abandon his stimulating career, and retire (if he could) to the prose of common life,

"Content to dwell in decencies for ever"?

The legislative care which is bestowed upon the commonwealth of thieves must be abundantly gratifying to every member of the profession. Their calling never cankers by neglect; they must have a perpetual vigilance as to what laws are enacted and what are repealed; what is grand larceny to-day, and petty larceny to-morrow. The statistics of their realm, too, are known and registered with the greatest accuracy. The condition of their palaces forms the constant object of magisterial and parliamentary solicitude; and societies are specially constituted in aid of all this official vigilance, to see that their apartments are airy, and their provisions wholesome. The most affectionate care of their health is duly taken; and if, at any period of their lives, foreign travel is recommended, a country, which is admitted on all hands to be the finest in the world, is specially appropriated for their enjoyment. All this is highly stimulating.

But the great encouragement to the adoption of

this branch of the profession of the Bar consists in the rich endowments which society has provided for its cultivation. All the property, and with it all the gratifications, of this earth, are the patrimony of the judicious thief. For him the covetous man gathers his pelf, and the ostentatious man his plate and jewels. In his case there is no tedious waiting for employment ; no sighing for years for a "maiden brief," as in the law—no starving for life upon a Welsh curacy, as in the Church—no wearing away the best years of life in the sickness of "hope deferred," as with a subaltern or a midshipman—no walking the world for a day's work, as with the starving Irish labourer. In this privileged profession, the supply always keeps pace with the demand. The active world is a community of bees, but the thief gets the honey. His business is "to rove abroad, *centum puer artium*, to taste of every dish, and sip of every cup." He has no care for the morrow, because he knows that for him the heads and hands of innumerable servants are doing his bidding. He has only to walk forth and choose. He lives in a perpetual belief that the world was made for him,—and he is as right as Alexander was.

The times are past when thieves were persecuted. This may appear a paradox to those who look only upon the surface,—who hear of a score of unfortunates perishing annually at the Old Bailey, or behold the Recorder of London pouring into the ear of sovereignty the tale of their sorrow and their

crimes. To believe that the administrators of the laws are in earnest in their endeavour to repress the honest labours of the commonwealth of plunderers is a mere delusion—a mental hallucination—a prejudice which is cultivated with infinite care, for the sole object of rendering the legal possessors of property easy in their minds. It is a pleasing and satisfying belief—“*amabilis insania, et mentis gratissimus error.*” The thieves and the police magistrates know better. The profession is most diligently patronised by the administrators of the laws; not to speak it profanely, there are regular articles of co-parceny between the thief and those who are falsely imagined to be his pursuers. “*Latro* is arraigned and *fur* sits on the bench.” Those who affect to be hunting out the criminal are the dignitaries of the commonwealth of crime.

The mistaken people who, in general, are hanged, or transported, or immured in solitary cells, or whipped, are not registered in the University of Larceny. They are fools who attempt to do business in a small way, without regard to the corporate rights of Bow Street and Union Hall. They have not graduated, and they must pay the penalty. But a prudent adventurer never enters the higher walks of the profession without protection. He incurs no risks; he surrenders a handsome portion of his profits to enjoy the remainder in peace “under his own fig-tree.” To such the police is not an affair of discovery or of prevention, but of regulation. There is no affectation of a want of

union in the several callings of the thief and the officer. They have grown together in happy relationship since the days of Jonathan Wild. A poet of the last century says,

“ My evenings all I would with *sharpers* spend,
And make the *thief-catcher* my bosom friend.”

And indeed they are very pretty companions together over their claret. The dignitary sits with his feet under the same mahogany with the returned convict ; or he is *Vice* to the Rothschild of the flash-house, who at that moment is negotiating with the partners of the Bristol Bank, touching the return of twenty thousand pounds' worth of abstracted bills, for the honourable consideration of fifty per cent. and no prosecution.

Civilisation was very little advanced when the commonwealth of thieves was really persecuted. The present administration of the laws against felony is the key-stone that binds the arch of depredation. Without magistrates and officers, who do not prevent crime, but nurse it, men individually would peril their lives against those who invade their property. But all this possible bloodshed is now saved. A well-ordered police, the stipendiaries at once of the public and those who ease the public of their superfluous possessions, accommodates all difficulties ; and, gradually, the rights of thieves are as effectually recognised as the rights of any other painstaking class of the community. Look at this arrangement, and see, not only how much

it has contributed to the respectability of the profession of larceny, but what an insurance of their lives it gives to society, by rendering robbery a quiet gentlemanly art, in which violence is only the argument of bunglers, and which is carried to the highest point of perfection by that division of labour, upon which all excellence, whether mental or mechanical, must be built.

It occasionally happens that the most brilliant example of professional success is apprehended, convicted, and hanged. This is part of the contract by which the commonwealth of thieves has purchased its charter. The compact is—for the police, a share of profits, and no trouble ;—for the sons of Mercury, protection in general, and a very sparing selection of needful victims. When the time arrives that the career of individual happiness and friendship is to close, there is no shrinking. The ripened felon is a soldier, under the orders of a commander whom he honours ; and it is to him a gratification to look back upon the years of comfort he has secured by this compromise with power, instead of being perpetually hunted into some pitiful occupation, which the world calls honest, by a vigilance which should never sleep. At last he dies. Well ! in the latest moment he is a privileged being. Fame hovers around him, from the bar to the gallows. He exhibits great composure on his trial ; leaves his defence, with a dignified satisfaction, to his counsel ; bows to the judge, when he pronounces sentence ; and “is fashionably dressed

in a complete suit of black." Then come the consolations of spiritual friends. In the interval between the condemnation and the Recorder's report, he becomes perfectly satisfied that he is purified from every stain ;—after the fatal mandate arrives, he declares that his only anxiety is to die, lest he should fall into his former errors ; and he leaves the world with such exultations of pious people attending him, as martyrs were wont to monopolize, —bowing to the admiring crowd, and "sucking an orange till the drop falls!"

DEAR AND CHEAP.

ON the 2nd November, 1667, the pleasure-hunting Samuel Pepys, Esq., goes to the King's Playhouse, where he saw 'Henry the Fourth;'—and there he saw something which he deems as worthy of record as Cartwright's acting: "The house full of Parliament-men, it being holiday with them; and it was observable how a gentleman of good habit, sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Mall did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again." Orange Mall was a person of energy and discretion; and as she sold her oranges to Parliament-men in the boxes of the King's Playhouse, which they sucked without a compromise of their gentility, she imparted many a piece of scandal, and joined in many an aristocratic laugh which was louder than the voices of the players. In another entry of his 'Diary,' Pepys says, "Sir W. Pen and I had a great deal of discourse with Mall, who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst." Some sixty years after, Hogarth painted the Orange Malls of his time, in 'The Laughing Audience.' One of these ladies in the boxes is presenting her fruit to an admiring beau in a bag-wig; whilst

another, reaching up from the pit, is touching his ample sleeve, to call attention to *her* basket. Those were the days of dear oranges ; when the fruit was an exclusive luxury for the rich. They had been cried in the streets in the days of Ben Jonson ;* and in the time of Orange Mall London heard the cry of “ Fair lemons and oranges—oranges and citrons.” It did not follow that they were cheap. Hogarth’s orange-women carry very small baskets. At the end of the last century the orange-seller of the streets was a barrow-woman, described by Porson in his song of ‘ Pizarro : ’—

“ As I walk’d through the Strand so cheerful and gay,
I met a young girl a-wheeling a barrow ;
‘ Fine fruit, sir,’ says she, ‘ and a bill of the play.’ ”

The orange-woman of the streets has passed away. The fruit is now so universal that its shops and stalls are to be found in every quarter. It is *the* fruit of London—the cheap luxury that rapid communication has placed within the reach of all ranks. Its progress from the Antilles to the markets of England is a suggestive fact.

The January sun rises brightly over the North Atlantic. It will be a busy day in Terceira and Fayal, and Saint Michael. The orange-trees are bending under their golden produce. The ships are waiting for their lading. The gatherers have been busy in the orange-gardens, and there are piles of the half-ripe fruit heaped up in readiness

* See ‘ Trivia,’ p. 28.

for the packers. Laughing groups of children and men, merry as haymakers in June, are seated amidst these fragrant heaps, surrounded by large chests, and by stacks of the dry sheaths of Indian corn. A boy sits amongst the calyx-leaves, and, snatching one with a quickness that nothing but habit can give, passes it on to another child, who hands it to a man who sits by the oranges. In a second the sheath is wrapped round a single orange, and handed on to another man, who sits with a chest between his legs, in which he places the protected fruit. The chest is filled with inconceivable rapidity—moved away—covered over with thin boards—tied with a willow-band, and carried to the store by a patient ass, who is burthened with many a hundredweight before his day's work is done.

It is a bitterly cold morning in London at the beginning of March. The north-east wind whistles through the narrow streets, or drives along a cloud of blinding dust through the more open spaces. The sun vainly struggles to penetrate the fog. It is twelve o'clock. A flock of boys tumble over each other as they rush out of the ragged school of Lamb and Flag Alley. One urchin, more heedful than the rest, sees a horseman looking for a house. The bridle is committed to his care for a few minutes—a penny is his reward. The treasure is safely clutched in his hand, for his pockets are treacherous. How is it to be spent? He has tempting recollections of slices of pudding in the

window of a little shop—and much does he need some substantial food. But at the corner of the next street appears a Jew boy. He has a basket of oranges—irresistible, at three a penny. Some of these were in that garden of Saint Michael, suddenly ripening under the January sun. They are damaged; and are separated from their companion oranges, who are dignified as “choice fruit” in Covent-garden. The bargain is ratified. The ragged-school boy, like too many of us, has preferred a luxury to a necessity. But he is not wholly selfish. He recollects his home.

In a damp and close room a sick woman is slowly recovering from a low fever. Her eyes are dim, her lips parched. The boy thinks his remaining orange would do her good. She shakes her head; but looks, and looks again, at the treat of happier days. The good son peels it. The fragrance is decisive. Her thin hand lifts the orange to her mouth. She is refreshed; she is better. A child’s tenderness is perhaps as reviving as the fruit of the fertile Azores.

It is midnight of the same bleak day in March. Carriages are rolling about the realms of fashion; lights glance from many a window. Music floats from one of those temples of gaiety. Out of the crowded ball-room a youth conducts his heated partner to the calmer regions of wines and ices. But there, too, are the oranges of Saint Michael, looking as brilliant in porcelain baskets, under the glare of wax-lights, as when they peeped forth

out of their own green and glossy leaves to hail their native January sun. They are as welcome to the daughter of a ducal house as to the ragged-school boy and his sick mother.

Our annual importations of oranges exceed four hundred thousand chests, which contain three hundred millions of the fruit—a wondrous example of the benefits that are daily developing in the unrestricted interchange of the products of the world. Communication, freed from prohibitory and restrictive laws, necessarily becomes rapid communication. Steam has made the orange as completely our own as are the apples of Herefordshire, or the cherries of Kent. My schoolboy recollection of the orange was that of a pale and sour fruit—a sickly-looking thing that was dangerous to eat and not very agreeable. The oranges of those days were packed green, and gradually acquired some degree of ripeness, or rottenness, during a tedious voyage from Portugal. Steam now brings the orange to our doors fresh and ripe as the strawberries of Twickenham.

What certainty and rapidity of communication have done for the commerce of oranges, and all other perishable commodities, it has also done for tea. Commerce has had to struggle against oppressive duties ; but Commerce held her own, when she freed herself from monopoly. Taxation has worked hard for two centuries to make tea dear ; but Commerce worked for cheapness in spite of Taxation ;—

and Taxation has at last found out that it would be wiser to make a partnership with Commerce, than continue to carry on an unequal fight.

About ten years after we have any distinct record of the public or private use of tea in England—that is, in 1670—a tax was imposed upon liquid tea, of eighteen-pence per gallon. In 1660 our invaluable friend Pepys writes, “I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drank before.” In 1667 the herb had found its way into his own house: “Home, and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions.”

Mrs. Pepys making her first cup of tea is a subject to be painted. How carefully she metes out the grains of the precious drug, which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, has sold her at a most enormous price—a crown an ounce at the very least. She has tasted the liquor once before; but then there was sugar in the infusion—a beverage only for the highest. If tea should become fashionable, it will cost in housekeeping as much as their claret. However, Pepys says, the price is coming down; and he produces the handbill of Thomas Garway, in Exchange Alley, which the lady peruses with great satisfaction; for the worthy merchant says, that, although “tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds, the pound weight,” he “by continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea,” now “sells tea for 16s. to

50s. a pound." Garway not only sells tea in the leaf, but "many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof." The coffee-houses soon ran away with the tea-merchant's liquid customers. They sprang up all over London; they became a fashion at the Universities. Coffee and tea came into England as twin-brothers. Like many other foreigners, they received a full share of abuse and persecution from the people and the state. Coffee was denounced as "hell broth," and tea as "poison." But the coffee-houses became fashionable at once; and for a century were the exclusive resorts of wits and politicians. "Here," says a pamphleteer of 1673, "haberdashers of political small wares meet, and mutually abuse each other and the public with bottomless stories and headless notions." Clarendon, in 1666, proposed, either to suppress them, or to employ spies to note down the conversation. In 1670 the liquids sold at the coffee-houses were to be taxed. We can scarcely imagine a state of society in which the excise officer was superintending the preparation of a gallon of tea, and charging his eighteen-pence. The exciseman and the spy were probably united in the same person. During this period we may be quite certain that tea was unknown, as a general article of diet, in the private houses even of the wealthiest. But it was not taxation which then kept it out of use. The drinkers of tea were ridiculed by the wits, and frightened by the physicians. More than all, a new

habit had to be acquired. The praise of Boyle was nothing against the ancient influences of ale and claret. It was then a help to excess instead of a preventive. A writer in 1682 says,—“I know some that celebrate good Thee for preventing drunkenness, taking it before they go to the tavern, and use it very much also after a debauch.” One of the first attractions of “the cup which cheers but not inebriates” was as a minister of evil.

The tax upon liquid tea would not work; and then came heavy customs duties on dry tea. For more than half a century, in which fiscal folly and prohibition were almost convertible terms, tea gradually forced its way into domestic use. In a *Tatler* of 1710 we read, “I am credibly informed, by an antiquary who has searched the registers in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that, instead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in Queen Elizabeth’s time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast.” Tea for breakfast must have been expensive in 1710. In the original edition of the *Tatler* we have many advertisements about tea, one of which we copy:—

From the Tatler of October 10, 1710.

“MR. FARY’S 16s. Bohee Tea, not much inferior in goodness to the best Foreign Bohee Tea, is sold by himself only at the Bell in Gracechurch Street. Note,—the best Foreign Bohee is worth 30s. a pound; so that what is sold at 20s. or 21s. must either be faulty Tea, or mixed with a proportionate quantity of damaged Green or Bohee, the worst of which will remain black after infusion.”

“ Mr. Fary’s 16s. Bohee Tea, not much inferior in goodness to the best Foreign Bohee Tea ” was, upon the face of it, an indigenous manufacture. “ The best Foreign Bohee is worth 30s. a pound.” With such Queen Anne refreshed herself at Hampton Court :—

“ Here thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea.”

When the best tea was at 30s. a pound, the home consumption of tea was about a hundred and forty thousand pounds per annum. A quarter of a century later, in the early tea-drinking days of Dr. Johnson, the consumption had quadrupled. And yet tea was then so dear, that Garrick was cross even with his favourite actress for using it too freely. “ I remember,” says Johnson, “ drinking tea with him long ago, when Peg Woffington made it, and he grumbled at her for making it too strong. He had then begun to feel money in his purse, and did not know when he should have enough of it.” In 1745 the consumption was only seven hundred and thirty thousand pounds per annum. Yet even at this period tea was forcing itself into common use. Duncan Forbes, in his Correspondence, which ranges from 1715 to 1748, is bitter against “ the excessive use of tea ; which is now become so common, that the meanest families, even of labouring people, particularly in boroughs, make their morning’s meal of it, and thereby wholly disuse the ale which heretofore was their accustomed drink ; and the same drug supplies all the labouring women

with their afternoons entertainments, to the exclusion of the twopenny." The excellent President of the Court of Session had his prejudices; and he was frightened at the notion that tea was driving out beer; and thus, diminishing the use of malt, was to be the ruin of agriculture. Some one gave the Government of the day wiser counsel than that of prohibitory duties, which he desired.

In 1746 the consumption of tea was trebled. The duty had been reduced, in 1745, from 4s. per lb. to 1s. per lb., and 25 per cent. on the gross price. For forty years afterwards the Legislature contrived to keep the consumption pretty equal with the increase of the population, putting on a little more duty when the demand seemed a little increasing. These were the palmy days of Dr. Johnson's tea triumphs—the days in which he describes himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evenings; with tea solaces the midnights; and with tea welcomes the morning." In 1785 the Government boldly repealed the excise duty; and imposed only a customs' duty of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The consumption of tea was doubled in the first year after the change, and quadrupled in the third. The system was too good to last. The concession of three years in which the public might freely use an article of comfort was quite enough for official liberality and wisdom. New duties were imposed

in 1787; the consumption was again driven back, and, by additional duty upon duty, was kept far behind the increase of the population. Yet the habit of tea-drinking had become so rooted in the people, that no efforts of the Government could destroy it. The washerwoman looked to her afternoon "dish of tea," as something that might make her comfortable after her twelve hours' labour; and balancing her saucer on a tripod of three fingers, breathed a joy beyond utterance as she cooled the draught. The factory workman then looked forward to the singing of the kettle, as some compensation for the din of the spindle. Tea had found its way even to the hearth of the agricultural labourer. He "had lost his rye teeth"—to use his own expression for his preference of wheaten bread—and he would have his ounce of tea as well as the best of his neighbours. Sad stuff the chandler's shop furnished him: no commodity brought hundreds of miles from the interior of China, chiefly by human labour; shipped according to the most expensive arrangements; sold under a limited competition at the dearest rate; and taxed as highly as its wholesale cost. The small tea-dealers had their manufactured tea. But they had also their smuggled tea. The pound of tea which sold for eight shillings in England, was selling at Hamburg for fourteen-pence. It was hard indeed if the artisan did not occasionally obtain a cup of good tea at a somewhat lower price than the King and John Company had willed. No dealer could send

out six pounds of tea without a permit. Excisemen were issuing permits and examining permits all over the kingdom. But six hundred per cent. profit was too much for the weakness of human nature and the power of the exciseman.

Under our fecent system of taxation our consumption of tea was enormous, although the duty, upon an average, was half of the retail price. With a tax of 2s. 2½d. a pound, it is clear that, if sound commercial principles, improved navigation, whole-sale competition, and moderate retail profits, had not found their way into the tea-trade, since the abolition of the East India Company's monopoly in 1833, the revenue upon tea would have been stationary, instead of having increased a million and a half sterling. All the manifold causes that produce commercial cheapness in general—science, careful employment of capital in profitable exchange, certainty and rapidity of communication, extension of the market—have been especially working to make tea cheap. Tea is more and more becoming a necessary of life to all classes. Tea was denounced first as a poison, and then as an extravagance. Cobbett was furious against it. An Edinburgh Reviewer of 1823 keeps no terms with its use by the poor: "We venture to assert, that when a labourer fancies himself refreshed with a mess of this stuff, sweetened by the coarsest black sugar, and with azure blue milk, it is only the warmth of the water that soothes him for the moment; unless, perhaps, the sweetness may be palatable also." It is dan-

gerous even for great reviewers to "venture to assert." In a few years after comes Liebig, with his chemical discoveries; and demonstrates that coffee and tea have become necessities of life to whole nations, by the presence of one and the same substance in both vegetables, which has a peculiar effect upon the animal system; that they were both originally met with amongst nations whose diet is chiefly vegetable; and, by contributing to the formation of bile, their peculiar function, have become a substitute for animal food to a large class of the population whose consumption of meat is very limited, and to another large class who are unable to take regular exercise.

Tea and coffee, then, are more especially essential to the poor. They supply a void which the pinched labourer cannot so readily fill up with weak and sour ale; they are substitutes for the country walk to the factory girl, or the seamstress in a garret. They are ministers to temperance; they are home comforts. Mrs. Piozzi making tea for Dr. Johnson till four o'clock in the morning, and listening contentedly to his wondrous talk, is a pleasant anecdote of the first century of tea; the artisan's wife, lingering over the last evening cup, while her husband reads his newspaper or his book, is something higher, which belongs to our own times.

There is a contrast as striking between the coffee-houses to which Clarendon sent his spies and those of our own day, as between Mrs. Pepys making tea, and Mrs. Gamp preparing the same

refection for her interesting friend of the sick room. Aubrey tells us of Sir Henry Blount, "When coffee first came in he was a great upholder of it, and hath ever since been a constant frequenter of coffee-houses, especially Mr. Farres', at the Rainbow, by Inner Temple-gate." Does the spirit of Mr. Farres linger about the Rainbow, as Goldsmith's Dame Quickly lingered about the Boar's Head? At the Rainbow, where there is still abundant company, and merry converse, Barclay's stout has driven out tea and coffee. Old Sir Henry Blount told his stories, and played his hoaxes, at the Rainbow till he was eighty years of age, denouncing strong drinks, and eulogising the "executions at Tyburn, which work more upon the people than all the oratory in the sermons." But if his spirit be permitted to wander, he would find in London that coffee-houses have been exalted and the gallows laid low. He was a bold cavalier; "a shammer," as Aubrey calls him, by which he means "one who tells falsities, not to do anybody an injury, but to impose upon their understanding." Would he rejoice that there are now some two thousand coffee-houses in London, where the artisan, who has seldom any disposition to be "a shammer," may have his cup of tea or coffee for three-halfpence or two-pence, and read the newspapers and the best periodical works? This is, perhaps, something better for human happiness than the old palmy days of Tom's and Will's,—of White's and the Grecian.

In the days of Edward II., the villagers who dwelt within a few miles of London daily surrounded its walls with their poultry and eggs. The poulterers were forbidden to become their factors; but unquestionably it was for the interest of both parties that some one should stand between the producer and the consumer. Without this, there would have been no regular production. Perhaps the production was very irregular, the price very fluctuating, the dearth often intolerable. This huckstering had to go on for centuries before it became commerce. It would have been difficult, even fifty years ago, to imagine that eggs, a frail commodity, and quickly perishable, should become a great article of import. Extravagant would have been the assertion that a kingdom should be supplied with sea-borne eggs, with as much speed, with more regularity, and at a more equalised price, than a country market town of the days of George III. It has been stated that, before the Peace of 1815, Berwick-upon-Tweed shipped annually as many eggs to London as were valued at £30,000. Before the Peace, there were no steam-vessels; and it is difficult to conceive how the cargoes from Berwick, with a passage that often lasted a month, could find their way to the London consumer in marketable condition. Perhaps the eaters of those eggs, collected in the Border districts, were not so fastidious in their tastes as those who now despise a French egg which has been a week travelling from the Pas de Calais. But the Berwick eggs

were, at any rate, the commencement of a real commerce in eggs.


In 1820, five years after the Peace, thirty-one millions of foreign eggs found their way into England. They principally came from France, from that coast which had a ready communication with Kent and Sussex, and with the Thames. These eggs, liable as they were to a duty, came to the consumer so much cheaper than the Berwick eggs, or the Welsh eggs, or the eggs even that were produced in Middlesex or Surrey, that the trade in eggs was slowly but surely revolutionised. Large heaps of eggs made their appearance in the London markets, or stood in great boxes at the door of the butterman, with tempting labels of '24 a shilling,' or '20 a shilling.' They were approached with great suspicion, and not unjustly so; for the triumphs of steam were yet far from complete. But it was discovered that there was an egg-producing country in close proximity to London, in which the production of eggs for the metropolitan market might be stimulated by systematic intercourse, and become a mutual advantage to a population of two millions, closely packed in forty square miles of street, and a population of six hundred thousand, spread over two thousand five hundred square miles of arable, meadow, and forest land, with six or eight large towns. This population of the Pas de Calais is chiefly composed of small proprietors. Though the farms are larger there than in some other parts of France, some of the peculiarities of

what is called the small culture are there observable. Poultry, especially, is most abundant. Every large and every small farm-house has its troops of fowls and turkeys. The pullets are carefully fed and housed; the eggs are duly collected; the good wife carries them to the markets of Arras, or Bethune, or St. Omer, or Aire, or Boulogne, or Calais: perhaps the egg-collector traverses the district with his cart and his runners. The egg-trade with England gradually went on increasing. The import of foreign eggs amounted, in 1852, to one hundred and eight millions.

In 1825, the commercial intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland was put upon the same footing as the coasting trade of the ports of England. Steam navigation between the two islands also had received an enormous impulse. The small farmers and cottiers of Ireland were poultry keepers. Too often the poor oppressed tenants were wont to think—"The hen lays eggs, they go into the lord's frying-pan." Steam navigation gave a new impulse to Irish industry. Before steam-vessels entered the Cove of Cork, an egg, at certain seasons, could scarcely be found in the market of that city. England wanted eggs; steam-boats would convey them rapidly to Bristol; the small farmers applied themselves to the production of eggs; Cork itself then obtained a constant and cheap supply. The Irish exports of eggs to England have become a great article of commerce. And yet, what a trifling matter an egg appears when we talk of large cul-

ture and extensive commerce. Out of such trifles communities have grown into industrious and frugal habits and consequent prosperity. There was a time when the English farmer's wife would keep her household out of the profits of her butter, her poultry, and her eggs; when she duly rose at five o'clock on the market-day morning, rode with her wares some seven miles in a jolting cart, and stood for six hours at a stall till she had turned all her commodity into the ready penny. The old thrift and the old simplicity laid the foundations of scientific production.

Making a reasonable estimate of the number of foreign eggs, and of Irish and Scotch eggs, that come into the port of London—and putting them together at a hundred and fifty millions, every individual of the London population, consumes sixty eggs, brought to his own door from sources of supply which did not exist thirty years ago. Nor will such a number appear extravagant when we consider how accurately the egg consumption is regulated by the means and the wants of this great community. Rapid as the transit of these eggs has become, there are necessarily various stages of freshness in which they reach the London market. The retail dealer purchases accordingly of the egg merchant; and has a commodity for sale adapted to the peculiar classes of his customers. The dairyman or poulterer in the fashionable districts permits, or affects to permit, no cheap sea-borne eggs to come upon his premises. He has his eggs of a



snowy whiteness, at four or six a shilling, "warranted new-laid;" and his eggs from Devonshire, cheap at eight a shilling, for all purposes of polite cookery. In Whitechapel, or Tottenham Court-road, the bacon-seller "warrants" even his twenty four a shilling. In truth, the cheapest eggs from France and Ireland are as good, if not better, than the eggs which were brought to London in the days of bad roads and slow conveyance—the days of road-waggons and pack-horses. And a great benefit it is, and a real boast of that civilisation which is a consequence of free and rapid commercial intercourse. The cheapness of eggs through the imported supply has raised up a new class of egg consumers. Eggs are no longer a luxury which the working man of London cannot reach.

It is not only in disturbing the old relations between "cheap" and "dear," that commerce exhibits its wondrous effects, but in the manner in which it gives an extension to the comforts of a nation, and raises up new branches of industry of which the existence could never be contemplated. The applications of gutta percha and of caoutchouc belong to our own day. And yet how soon they created new wants by new supplies—at first expensive supplies, and then, when an entire population joined in a demand, supplies in which the principle of absolute cheapness was one of the most remarkable elements. Take the example of caoutchouc.

About a hundred and twenty years ago the artists of Europe received a valuable contribution—a vegetable product of South America and India—which would remove pencil-marks with neatness and expedition. A few bottles of a substance something like leather,—black, polished, marked with lines which seemed indented,—constituted this new importation of a useful curiosity. Its first use determined its name, *India-rubber*.

In the year 1735, some scientific Frenchmen, travelling in South America, ascertained what this substance was, and sent an account of its production to the French Academy of Sciences. It was a substance possessing very peculiar properties,—elastic, and insoluble in water. The natives of South America made waterproof boots of it, and rendered cloth impervious to moisture by applying the gum in its liquid state. Could European science do nothing with it but rub out pencil marks? For about a century, nothing else was done—nothing but rubbing ;—and then a sudden start was made, and *India-rubber*, or more properly *Caoutchouc*, became a great material of manufacture. We now defy the rain with an *India-rubber* over-cloak ; we keep our feet dry with *India-rubber* over-shoes ; we obtain an easy seat with an *India-rubber* air-cushion ; we lie upon an *India-rubber* water-bed more softly than upon down, and without a particle of external moisture ; our gloves cling round our wrists with an *India-rubber* band ; we move freely with *India-rubber* braces and straps, that hold our

clothes tightly about us, and yet yield to every muscular exertion ; we have not shod "a troop of horse with felt," but stables and courtyards are paved with India-rubber, and carriage-wheels made noiseless by it ; we stop our bottles with India-rubber, to render them air-tight ; we hold our papers in order with little stretching bands, so that official men, as we may hope, will cease to be called red-tapists, and under wholesome public opinion will be at once as firm and as elastic as their India-rubber rings ; we bind the broken limb with India-rubber ligatures ; we give safety to the voyager by India-rubber life-preservers ; the soldier's tent is rendered dry as a pent-house by India-rubber ; we build boats of India-rubber ; we make hammock-nettings of India-rubber ; the buffers of railway-carriages are India-rubber. What, in fact, are the limits to the application of India-rubber ? We import annually from 600,000 to 700,000 lbs. of India-rubber,—a small quantity in the gross, but very large when we consider how readily it enters into combination with other materials, and imparts to them its own peculiar character of elasticity and imperviousness to moisture. It seems, indeed, as if it were all-penetrating. Upon the sheet of paper on which we are writing, there are a few of the minutest black spots, and so there will be, we fear, on the sheet printed with these words. They are India-rubber spots. The substance gets into the rags of which paper is made,—the dirty coarse rags which modern chemistry bleaches into purity. No

care can wholly remove it. The smallest bit of braid will be pounded to atoms in the paper-mill, but the atoms are indestructible, for they are incapable of solution.

I remember (early remembrances are more durable than recent) an epithet employed by Mary Wollstonecraft, which then seemed as happy as it was original:—"The *iron* pen of Time." Had the vindicatrix of the 'Rights of Women' lived in these days (fifty years later), when the iron pen is the almost universal instrument of writing, she would have bestowed upon Time a less common material for recording his doings.

Whilst I am remembering, let me look back for a moment upon my earliest school-days—the days of large text and round hand. Twenty urchins sit at a long desk, each intent upon making his *copy*. A nicely mended pen has been given to each. My own labour goes on successfully, till, in school-boy phrase, the pen begins to splutter. A bold effort must be made. I leave the form, and timidly address the writing master with—"Please, sir, mend my pen." A slight frown subsides as he sees that the quill is very bad—too soft or too hard—used to the stump. He dashes it away, and snatching a feather from a bundle—a poor thin feather, such as green geese drop on a common—shapes it into a pen. This mending and making process occupies all his leisure—occupies, indeed, many of the minutes that ought to be devoted to instruction.

He has a perpetual battle to wage with his bad quills. They are the meanest produce of the plucked goose.

And is this process still going on in the many thousand schools of our land, where, with all drawbacks of imperfect education, both as to numbers educated and gifts imparted, there are about two millions and a half of children under daily instruction? In remote rural districts, probably; in the towns certainly not. The steam-engine is now the pen-maker. Hecatombs of geese are consumed at Michaelmas and Christmas; but not all the geese in the world would meet the demand of England for pens. The supply of *pâtés de foie gras* will be kept up—that of quills, whether known as *primes*, *seconds*, or *pinions*, must be wholly inadequate to the wants of a *writing* people.

The ancient reign of the quill-pen was first seriously disturbed about thirty years ago. An abortive imitation of the *form* of a pen was produced before that time; a clumsy, inelastic, metal tube fastened in a bone or ivory handle, and sold for half-a-crown. A man might make his mark with one—but as to writing, it was a mere delusion. In due course came more carefully finished inventions for the luxurious, under the tempting names of ruby pen, or diamond pen—with the plain gold pen, and the rhodium pen, for those who were sceptical as to the jewellery of the inkstand. The economical use of the quill received also the attention of science. A machine was invented to

divide the barrel lengthwise into two halves ; and, by the same mechanical means, these halves were sub-divided into small pieces, cut pen-shape, slit, and nibbed. But the pressure upon the quill supply grew more and more intense. A new power had risen up in our world—a new seed sown—the source of all good, or the dragon's teeth of Cadmus. In 1818 there were only one hundred and sixty-five thousand scholars in the monitorial schools—the new schools, which were being established under the auspices of the National Society, and the British and Foreign School Society. Fifteen years afterwards, in 1833, there were three-hundred and ninety thousand. Ten years later, the numbers exceeded a million. Even a quarter of a century ago two-thirds of the male population of England, and one-half of the female, were learning to write ; for in the Report of the Registrar-General for 1846, we find this passage :—" Persons when they are married are required to sign the marriage-register ; if they cannot write their names, they sign with a mark : the result has hitherto been, that nearly one man in three, and one woman in two, married, sign with marks." This remark applies to the period between 1839 and 1845. Taking the average age of men at marriage as twenty-seven years, and the average age of boys during their education as ten years, the marriage-register is an educational test of male instruction for the years 1824—28.

But, during the last fourteen years, the natural

desire to learn to write, of that part of the youthful population which education can reach, has received a great moral impulse by a wondrous development of the most useful and pleasurable exercise of that power. The uniform penny postage has been established. In the year 1838, the whole number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was seventy-six millions; in 1852 that annual delivery had reached the prodigious number of three hundred and eighty millions. In 1838 a Committee of the House of Commons thus denounced, amongst the great commercial evils of the high rates of postage, their injurious effects upon the great bulk of the people:—"They either act as a grievous tax on the poor, causing them to sacrifice their little earnings to the pleasure and advantage of corresponding with their distant friends, or compel them to forego such intercourse altogether; thus subtracting from the small amount of their enjoyments, and obstructing the growth and maintenance of their best affections." Honoured be the man who broke down these barriers! Praised be the Government that, *for once*, stepping out of its fiscal tram-way, dared boldly to legislate for the domestic happiness, the educational progress, and the moral elevation of the masses! The steel pen, sold at the rate of a penny a dozen, is the creation, in a considerable degree, of the Penny Postage stamp; as the Penny Postage stamp was a representative, if not a creation, of the new educational power. Without the

steel pen, it may reasonably be doubted whether there were mechanical means within the reach of the great bulk of the population for writing the three hundred and eighty millions of letters that now annually pass through the Post Office. Let me add, that I saw the wondrous human machine of the General Post Office on an evening of November, 1853 ; and that the Inspector told me that the labour of *sorting* the letters was now comparatively small, from the improvement in the writing of the whole community.

Othello's sword had "the ice-brook's temper ;" but not all the real or imaginary virtues of the stream that gave its value to the true Spanish blade could create the elasticity of a steel pen. Flexible, indeed, is the Toledo. If thrust against a wall, it will bend into an arc that describes three-fourths of a circle. The problem to be solved in the steel pen, is to convert the iron of Danemora into a substance as thin as the quill of a dove's pinion, but as strong as the proudest feather of an eagle's wing. The furnaces and hammers of the old armourers could never have solved this problem. The steel pen belongs to our age of mighty machinery. It could not have existed in any other age. The demand for the instrument, and the means of supplying it, came together.

The commercial importance of the steel pen was first manifested to my senses a year or two ago at Sheffield. I had witnessed all the curious processes of *converting* iron into steel, by saturating it with

carbon in the converting furnace ;—of *tilting* the bars so converted into a harder substance, under the thousand hammers that shake the waters of the Sheaf and the Don ; of *casting* the steel thus converted and tilted into ingots of higher purity ; and, finally, of *milling*, by which the most perfect development of the material is acquired under enormous rollers. About two miles from the metropolis of steel, over whose head hangs a canopy of smoke through which the broad moors of the distance sometimes reveal themselves, there is a solitary mill where the tilting and rolling processes are carried to great perfection. The din of the large tilts is heard half a mile off. Our ears tingle, our legs tremble, when we stand close to their operation of beating bars of steel into the greatest possible density ; for the whole building vibrates as the workmen swing before the tilts in suspended baskets, and shift the bar at every movement of these hammers of the Titans. We pass onward to the more quiet *rolling* department. The bar that has been tilted into the most perfect compactness has now to acquire the utmost possible tenuity. A large area is occupied by furnaces and rollers. The bar of steel is dragged out of the furnace at almost a white heat. There are two men at each roller. It is passed through the first pair, and its squareness is instantly elongated and widened into flatness ;—rapidly through a second pair,—and a third,—and a fourth,—and a fifth.—The bar is becoming a sheet of steel. Thinner and thinner it becomes,

until it would seem that the workmen can scarcely manage the fragile substance. It has spread out, like a morsel of gold under the beater's hammer, into an enormous leaf. The least attenuated sheet is only the hundredth part of an inch in thickness ; some sheets are made as thin as the two-hundredth part of an inch. And for what purpose is this result of the labours of so many workmen, of such vast and complicated machinery, destined ?—what the final application of a material employing so much capital in every step, from the Swedish mine to its transport by railroad to some other seat of British industry ? *The whole is prepared for one Steel-pen Manufactory at Birmingham.*

The perfection that may reasonably be demanded in a steel pen has yet to be reached. But the improvement in the manufacture is most decided. Twenty years ago, to one who might choose, regardless of expense, between the quill pen and the steel, the best Birmingham and London production was an abomination. But we can trace the gradual acquiescence of most men in the writing implement of the multitude. Few of us, in an age when the small economies are carefully observed, and even paraded, desire to use quill pens at ten or twelve shillings a hundred, as Treasury Clerks once luxuriated in their use—an hour's work, and then a new one. To mend a pen is troublesome to the old and even the middle-aged man who once acquired the art ; the young, for the most part, have not learnt it. The most pains-taking and penurious

author would never dream of imitating the wondrous man who translated Pliny with "one gray goose quill." Steel pens are so cheap, that if one scratches or splutters, it may be thrown away, and another may be tried. But when a really good one is found, we cling to it, as worldly men cling to their friends; we use it till it breaks down, or grows rusty. We can do no more; we handle it as Isaak Walton handled the frog upon his hook, "as if we loved him." We could almost fancy some analogy between the gradual and decided improvement of the steel pen—one of the new instruments of education—and the effects of education itself upon the mass of the people. An instructed nation ought to present the same gradually perfecting combination of strength with elasticity. The favourites of fortune are like the quill, ready made for social purposes, with a little scraping and polishing. The bulk of the community have to be formed out of ruder and tougher materials—to be converted, welded, and tempered into pliancy. The *manners* of the great British family have decidedly improved under culture—"emollit mores:" may the sturdy self-respect of the race never be impaired.

SUBURBAN MILESTONES.

JEDEDIAH JONES (he was called Jedediah in consequence of the admiration his father cherished for the character of Jedediah Buxton, the great calculator) was a schoolmaster at Barnet. His delight in his occupation was hereditary; for the elder Jones had properly impressed his son with a sense of the high responsibilities and privileges of his calling, and had shown him how superior a schoolmaster was to any of the other mighty functionaries of the land—to a judge, or a minister of state, or even to a bishop. Jedediah grew, in time, to be somewhat of an important personage, especially as his love of learning branched out into sundry matters of abstruse inquiry, by his knowledge of which he not only puzzled his wondering pupils, but occasionally perplexed the most sagacious of his neighbours. He was not a philosopher in the ordinary sense of the word, for he did not busy himself with any of the sciences as they exist in the present day; but he contrived to know something about the theories of these matters as they were received two or three centuries ago, and was always reflecting and experimenting upon propositions that all mankind have agreed to reject as absurd or impracticable. He was acquainted with

the past existence of many vulgar errors ; but he by no means acknowledged the propriety of that sweeping condemnation of certain opinions which was contained in the title of Sir Thomas Brown's folio. He had considerable faith that he should some day meet the Wandering Jew on the great Holyhead Road : he turned up his nose at the belief that a griffin had not existed, for why should people have them painted on carriages if their ancestors had never seen such things ? he was almost certain that he had himself heard a mandrake shriek when he pulled it up—(on purpose to hear it) : and he was quite sure that there were only three Queen Anne's farthings coined, and that he had got one of them. As the old alchemists obtained some knowledge of chemistry in their search after gold, so our schoolmaster obtained a smattering of history and philosophy in his search after those crotchety points of learning which history and philosophy have determined to throw overboard ; and thus, upon the whole, he managed to pass with the world as a very wise man, and his school flourished.

There were some matters, however, with all his learning, which puzzled Jedediah Jones exceedingly. One of these dark and important questions was a source of perpetual irritation to him. He took long walks on half-holidays, and generally his face, on these occasions, turned towards London ; for he had a secret conviction that his ultimate vocation was to be in that mighty metropolis, and

that he should be summoned thither by a special degree of the Royal Society, or the Society of Antiquaries, and be humbly requested to solve some great enigma, of which all mankind, except himself, had missed the solution. In these long walks he was constantly reminded by the milestones that there was one point of learning as to which he still remained in absolute ignorance. This was grievous. These milestones had proclaimed to him, from the days of his earliest recollections, that it was seven miles, or six miles, or five miles, or four miles, or three miles and a half, "*from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.*" Now in all his books he could find not an iota about Hicks, or Hicks's Hall. For ten tedious years had he been labouring at this riddle of Hicks's Hall. It was his thought by day, and his dream by night. Who was Hicks? How did Hicks obtain such a fame that even the milestones were inscribed to his memory? What was his Christian name? Was he General Hicks, or Admiral Hicks, or Bishop Hicks, or Chief-Justice Hicks? Or was he plain Mr. Hicks? and if so, was he M.P., or F.R.S., or F.A.S., or M.R.I.A.? Why did Hicks build a hall? Was it a hall like "the colleges and halls" of Oxford and Cambridge, or like the Guildhall in King Street, Cheapside? Perhaps it was a hall for public entertainments;—perhaps Hicks was a member of one of the City companies, and built a hall which the company in gratitude called after his name. How long ago was Hicks's

Hall built? Was it in the Gothic or the Roman style of architecture? Was it of brick or stone? Had it a carved roof? When did Hicks's Hall cease to exist? Was it burnt down? Was it pulled down by the mob? Was it taken down to widen the street? Was it suffered to go to decay and fall down? Was anybody killed when it fell down? Are the ruins still to be seen? Has anybody written the History of Hicks's Hall? Has anybody written the Life of Hicks? Shall I, Jedediah Jones, write this work which the world must be so anxiously looking for?

Such were a few of the perplexing and yet inspiring thoughts which had for years passed through Jones's mind, as he walked from Barnet, Highgate-ward. His difficulties at last became insupportable. He took up his resolution, and he was comforted. A week still remained of the Christmas holidays. He would set out for London, and not see his house again till he had penetrated the mystery of Hicks's Hall.

With his trusty staff in his right hand, and a small bundle containing his wardrobe in a pocket-handkerchief under his left arm, Mr. Jones sallied forth from Barnet, under the auspices of the New Weather Almanac, on a morning which promised to be "fair and frosty," in January, 1838. The morning was misty, with rain, which occasionally became sleet, driving in his face. He courageously marched on through Whetstone, and crossed the dreary regions of Finchley Common,—without meeting a

highwayman,—which was a disappointment, as he had an implicit belief in the continued existence of those obsolete contributors to the public amusement. He at length reached the northern ascent of Highgate Hill, and his spirits, which were somewhat flagging, received a new impulse. The milestone proclaimed that he was only five miles “from the spot where Hicks’s Hall formerly stood.” Onward he went, over Highgate Hill, till he arrived at the stone which told him that he was only “four miles” from the shrine to which his pilgrimage was dedicated. But here was a new attraction—an episode in his journey of discovery. He had reached Whittington’s Stone,—and there he read that this redoubted thrice Lord Mayor of London had passed through these repetitions of glory in the years of our Lord 1397, and 1406, and 1419. Here then Whittington had sat—here he had heard Bow Bells—here he had thought of his faithful cat—here he had returned to cherish his cat once more, and to win all the riches of which his cat was the original purveyor. But then a thought came across him as to which was the greater man, Whittington or Hicks? If Whittington had one stone raised to his memory, Hicks had twenty; Hicks, therefore, must be the greater man. Who was Hicks? Where was Hicks’s Hall? He was only four miles “from the spot where Hicks’s Hall formerly stood;” the problem would be soon solved.

He at length reached Islington Green, stopping

not to gaze upon the suburban gentility of Holloway, nor going out of his way to admire the architectural grandeur of Highbury. He was now only "one mile from the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood." The stone which proclaimed this great truth reared its proud head, unencumbered by houses, at a distinguished distance from the foot-pavement and the high road. It seemed, as he approached the scene of Hicks's glories, that there was an evident disposition to call attention to the name of the immortal man, whoever he might have been. He was persuaded that he should now learn all about Hicks;—the passers-by must be full of Hicks;—the dwellers must reverence Hicks. He went into a pastrycook's shop opposite the triumphal stone. He bought a penny bun, and he thus addressed the maiden at the counter:—"Young woman, you have the happiness of living near the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. I have walked ten miles to see that place. Which is the road?" The young woman replied, "Hicks, the greengrocer, lives over the way; there is no other Hicks about here." This was satisfactory. Hicks, the greengrocer, must be a descendant of the great Hicks; so he sought Hicks, the greengrocer, and, bowing profoundly, he asked if he could tell him the way to the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood? Now Hicks, the greengrocer, was a wag, and his waggery was increased by living in the keen atmosphere of the 'Angel' at Islington, and by picking up something of the wit that is

conveyed from the West to the East, and from the East to the West, by the omnibuses that arrive every three minutes from the Exchange at one end, and from Paddington at the other. To Jones, therefore, Hicks answered by another question, "Does your mother know you are out?"* This was a difficult question for Jedediah to answer. He had not communicated to his mother—good old lady—the object of his journey; she might have disapproved of that object. How could Mr. Hicks know he had a mother? How could he know that he had not told his mother all his anxieties about Hicks's Hall? He was unable to give a reply to Hicks, the greengrocer; so Hicks, the greengrocer, recommended him to get into an omnibus which was standing opposite the door.

Into the omnibus Jedediah Jones accordingly went, and he desired the gentleman called a conductor, to put him down at the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. The gentleman grinned; and something passed between him and another gentleman, called a cad, which had better be trusted to the immortality of their unwritten language than be here inscribed. On went the omnibus, and after a tedious hour Jedediah Jones found the carriage deserted, and the conductor bawled out "Elephant and Castle, Sir." During his progress our worthy schoolmaster had put sundry questions to his fellow-passengers touching Hicks's Hall, but he found them of an ignorant and perverse/

* The favourite mode of salutation in the streets in the year 1837.

generation ; they knew nothing of Hicks—nothing of Hicks's Hall—nothing of the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. The ignorance of the people, he thought, was beyond all calculation ; and he determined that not a boy of Barnet should not, henceforward, be thoroughly informed of matters upon which mankind were called upon, by the very milestones, to be all-knowing.

At the Elephant and Castle our traveller had lost all traces of Hicks's Hall. The milestones had forgotten Hicks and his hall. They were full of another glory—“*the Standard in Cornhill.*” What was the Standard in Cornhill ? Was it the Royal Standard, or was it the Union Jack ? Perhaps it might be the new standard of weights and measures. He was clearly out of the region of Hicks, so he would make his way to the Standard in Cornhill. Who could tell but he might there find the standard of the English language, which he had long been searching for ? At any rate they would there tell him of the place where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.

By the aid of another omnibus our pains-taking Jedediah was placed in the busiest throng of the London hive. He was in Cornhill. Jones was somewhat shy, according to the custom of learned men,—and he, therefore, knew not how to address any particular individual of the busy passengers, to inquire about the Standard at Cornhill. He did, however, at last venture upon a very amiable and gentlemanly-looking man,—who politely offered to

show him the desired spot. The promise was not realised ; in a moment his friend slipped from his side,—and Jedediah found that his purse, containing two pounds seven shillings and sixpence, had vanished from his pocket. He forgot the Standard in Cornhill ; and in despair he threw himself into a Hampstead stage, resolved not to give up his search after Hicks's Hall although he had only a few shillings in his waistcoat pocket.

In a melancholy reverie Jedediah arrived in the Hampstead stage at Camden Town. He knew that he ought not to go further, unless he was quite prepared to abandon the original object of his inquiry. It was a bitter afternoon. The rain fell in torrents. He had a furious appetite,—he had lost his purse,—yet still he would not sleep till he had found the spot where Hicks's Hall formerly stood. He left the Hampstead stage, and there was light enough for him to ascertain whether the milestones were still faithful to Hicks. A new difficulty presented itself. The milestone in Camden Town informed him that he was *two miles from St. Giles's Pound*. What was St. Giles's Pound ? Why did a saint require a pound ? If it was a pound sterling, was there not a slight anachronism between the name of the current coin and the era of the saint ? If it were a pound for cattle, was it not a very unsaintly office for the saint to preside over the matter of strayed heifers ? He was puzzled ;—so he got into a cab, being disgusted with the ignorance of the people in omnibuses, for the opportunity

of a quiet colloquy with the intelligent-looking driver.*

"My worthy friend," said Jones, "we are only two miles from St. Giles's Pound—what sort of a pound is St. Giles's Pound?" "For the matter of that," said the cab-driver, "I have driv here these ten years, and I never yet seed St. Giles's Pound, nor Holborn Bars,—no, never,—though ve always reckons by them" "Wonderful!" replied Mr. Jones,—“then please to drive me to the Standard in Cornhill.” “The Standard in Cornhill,—that’s a good one!—I should like to know who ever seed the Standard in Cornhill. Ve knows the Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane, and the Golden Cross, and the Vite Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, but I never heard of anybody that ever seed the Standard in Cornhill.” “Then, Sir,” said Jones, breathlessly, “perhaps you don’t know the place where Hicks’s Hall formerly stood?” “As for Hicks’s Hall,” said the cabman, “it’s hall a hum. There’s no such place,—no more than the Standard in Cornhill, nor Holborn Bars, nor St. Giles’s Pound,—and my oppinnun is, there never wor such places, and that they keep ‘their names on the milestones to bilk the poor cabs out of their back carriage.”

Jedediah Jones was discomfited. He did not quite understand the cabman’s solution; and he had a vague notion that, if the milestones were

* In 1837 the cab-driver and his fare rode lovingly together side by side.

placed with reference to the Post-office, or St. Paul's, or some place which *did* exist, the back carriage and other carriage of cabmen and hackney-coachmen would be better regulated. He, however, made the best of his position. He spent one of his remaining shillings upon a very frugal dinner ; and, wending his way back to Islington, he bestowed the other upon the coachman of a Holyhead mail to convey him to Barnet without further loss of time or property.

AN EPISODE OF VATHEK.

[Thirty years ago, the world went mad about Fonthill. Salisbury-Plain became populous, with May-Fair and Cheapside travelling to see Mr. Beckford's wonders. No profane eyes had ever looked upon his towers and pinnacles—his domes and galleries. There was mystery, then, to combine with what was really worth seeing at Fonthill. Its exhibition and its auction produced as much excitement as a Crystal Palace upon a small scale. The towers of Fonthill are in the dust, with its magnificent builder. They might have fallen, without a revival of my old recollections, had I not considered that the public curiosity to see their works of art was an anticipation of the feeling of a better period. The people saw nothing of Art in those days, but the dingy Angerstein Gallery in Pall Mall; and the state rooms of Hampton-Court and Windsor, at a shilling a-head for the showman. The nobility kept their pictures locked up; and Poets' Corner was inaccessible except to sixpences. Other days have come. Fonthill belongs to the Past.]

THE taste for tower-building, and for other architectural absurdities, of which Vathek had set the example, became infectious in the country about Samarah. This monarch was at first indignant that his subjects should presume to copy his extravagances; but his vanity was stronger than his pride, and he left them in the quiet possession of their follies. His most ambitious rival was the merchant Bekfudi. The riches of this superb person were enormous. His caravans every year brought him silks and jewels that would have

rivalled a princess's dowry, and the slaves that cultivated his groves of cinnamon might have formed the rear-guard of a sultan's army. He became dizzy with his wealth, and fancied that he was descended from the Assyrian kings;—though his grandfather had carried a basket in the streets of Bagdad.

Bekfudi had a handsome palace and extensive grounds; the hills and the valleys of a little province were his; a broad lake lingered in his groves of citrons and palms; and the apricots of his garden almost rivalled those which Vathek so prized from the isle of Kirmith. The ladies of his seraglio were as numerous and as beautiful as the harem of the grand vizier, and the other furniture of his palace was equally rare and costly. But Bekfudi began to be satiated with the pleasures and the magnificence of ordinary mortals: in an evil hour he pulled down his palace and sold his women. He built an impenetrable wall round his extensive gardens, and vowed to raise, upon the highest hill which this barrier enclosed, a palace upon a new fashion. Bekfudi had no violent reverence for the religion of his country; and he therefore considered it a sinless profanation to make his dwelling-place like a mosque, and his tower resembling a minaret, though he modestly proposed it to be only ten times higher than the minarets of Bagdad. It was the extravagance of his ambition which prompted him to shut out all the world till he should have finished his mosque; and when his tower rose

above the highest pines of the neighbouring hills, he solaced himself with the hope that the peasants who gazed at an awful distance would believe that within its walls dwelt one of the sons of men, as powerful as the Genii, and as mysterious as the Dives.

Bekfudi possessed abundance of taste. His command of wealth enabled him to engross the rare productions of art which were sometimes too costly even for emirs to acquire ; and he lavished his gold upon those who could best apply their talents to the excitement of his self-admiration. All the ornaments of his palace had reference to his ancestors ; but though the artists, who recorded in fit emblems the mighty deeds of his progenitors, had an especial regard to truth, they sedulously avoided all allusion to the basket-bearer. In a word, the mosque was a very magnificent place. It was the handsomest monument that taste ever reared to pride ; and though Bekfudi in his arrogance had tried to make his tower rival the dome of the great mosque at Damascus, and had only been stopped in his presumptuous aspirings by the equally insolent hurricane, which twice blew it down,—and though in his profaneness he had built his dormitories like the cells of the most pious santons, and had constructed studies and refectories after the models of sanctuaries and shrines,—still the palace was gorgeous and elegant, and such as no subject ever before raised in the dominions of the Commander of the Faithful.

Bekfudi went on for many moons building and embellishing his mosque,—heaping stones upon his tower till the uncivil blasts gave him hints where to stop, and hanging up new draperies of Persian silks till the limited art of the dyer forbade any further change. The superb merchant lived away in a round of selfish enjoyment; his slaves racked their inventions to prepare him viands of the most costly materials; and as his health would not allow him always to drink the red wine of Shiraz, he took care, under the fatal necessity of resorting to so common a beverage as water, to render it palatable by sending caravans and escorts to bring it from a fountain at a hundred leagues' distance.

The great Mahomet, who had commissioned the Genii to mature and then pull down the presumptuous darings of the caliph Vathek, also resolved to crush the ambition of the merchant Bekfudi. But as the pride and power of the mosque-builder were bounded by natural limits, it was unnecessary to work any miracles for his instruction. He lived on in his round of luxuries; and as his caravans came duly over the desert, and his ships were seldom lost upon the sea, he thought that the spices and the fruits of his fertile isles would last for ever. But there was a sudden change in the fashions of Samarah. The cooks began to make their comfits without cinnamon, and the green dates of their native plains came into request, to the exclusion of the dried fruits of our wealthy

merchant. His spices and his figs lay rotting in his warehouses, and, for the first time in his life, he began to think that his mine of wealth was not inexhaustible.

Thirty moons had passed before Bekfudi ceased to pull down and build up the apartments of his mosque, or to send a hundred leagues for his water. The pastry-cooks were inexorable, and his own household even could not endure the flavour of cinnamon. He at length discharged his masons and his carpenters, and, as a great effort of economy, abridged his table of one of the fifty-two dishes with which it was daily covered. But all these privations were unavailing; Bekfudi was in debt, and his creditors would not wait for a change in the taste for spices. He resolved to invite all Samarah to see his mosque, and to purchase his curiosities. For three moons all Samarah went mad. Away ran the idle and the busy, to scramble up Bekfudi's tower,—to wander about his long galleries upon carpets from Cairo,—to touch his gold censers, or to pore upon his curious pictures. As to his books, Bekfudi carefully locked them up. He was a great commentator, and his relish for theological speculations led him to fear that his performances might introduce him to too close an acquaintance with the mufti and the cadi.

Amongst the mob who had been to see Bekfudi's tower, was a clever little Persian Jew, who had the reputation of being one of the most discreet dealers in Samarah. Did a courtier require a thousand

piastres to bribe a judge, our little Jew would raise the sum in a moment, upon the pledge of the courtier's carbuncle ; or did a lady of the seraglio desire a pound of gold dust to fee an eunuch, our little Jew would furnish it upon the most moderate interest. His warehouses were full of the moveable treasures of all the great men of the palace, from the grand vizier to the principal mute ; and everybody vowed that he was the honestest Jew in the world, and it was a great pity so useful and so clever a trader should be a dog of an infidel.

Bekfudi had a hatred of all Jews ; but, nevertheless, our little factor contrived to approach him. "He had come to proffer his services to the great merchant ; he humbly proposed to purchase his matchless curiosities, and his magnificent furniture." "What ! he, the giaour from Persia ? he presume to offer a price for rarities that monarchs might covet ?" "Yes ; and moreover, he would purchase his books and his paintings, his vessels of gold and of silver, his wine, his——." The merchant was in a rage, and drove the Jew from his presence ; but he quickly recalled him. "Slave," cried Bekfudi, "I will hold a moment's parley with thee. How much wilt thou give for my topaz cup, and my goblet set with emeralds ?" "I will not purchase these alone," said the Jew, "but I will purchase thy lands, and thy mosque, and thy silken draperies, and thy woven carpets, and thy golden vessels, and thy jewels, and thy books, and thy pictures, and all that thy palace contains ; and here,

without, I have twenty dromedaries laden with four hundred thousand sequins, which shall be thine." Bekfudi was in a rage, but the eloquence of the dromedaries prevailed; and that night the little Jew locked up the mosque with the airs of a master.

The mob from Samarah was soon dispersed; and Bekfudi prepared with many a sigh to leave a palace of which he had so long been the uncontrolled lord. The little Jew haunted him from gallery to gallery, and from the gloom of the sanctuary to the sunlight of the great lantern. With the most provoking malice he dwelt upon the beautiful proportions of this pavilion, and the magnificent furniture of that saloon; and swore that none of the monarchs of the world could rival the great merchant in taste and splendour. "And what will you do with this unequalled palace?" said Bekfudi. "I have bought it for a dealer in sulphur," replied the Jew. The pride of Bekfudi was ground into the dust; but he was curious to see the rival of his wealth and the inheritor of his possessions. It was agreed that they should meet at dinner.

The hour came, and Bekfudi appeared in the grand saloon, attired in a splendid vest;—the aigrette of his turban was composed of the largest diamonds, and the plume that it bore was from the wing of a bird of paradise. His delicate hands were washed with the choicest essences, and the perfumes of his garments plunged the senses into a

languor which nothing but the excitements of the most exquisite viands could dissipate. He expected to have met, in the dealer in sulphur, a personage whose riches would have procured for him some of the refinements which belonged to the dealer in spices ;—but how was he humiliated when a miserable old man presented himself, as ugly as a *faqir* that had been doing penance for fifty years, wrapped round with a wretched robe of dirty cotton, and his head surmounted with a beastly turban, that all the waters of Rocnabad could never purify ! The forehead of this captivating personage was covered with knots and wrinkles, his bleary eyes twinkled in their little pursed-up sockets, his enormous mouth exhibited three teeth of the most delicious blackness, and his rheum was freely bestowed upon those whom the flavour of his breath did not keep at a respectful distance. Bekfudi shrieked and shouted for his dwarf ; but the obsequious Jew called in a loud voice for dinner, and the unhappy merchant was constrained by his politeness to take his seat at the board. The new possessor of the mosque was equally attractive in his diet ; a ragout of garlic was served up for his especial pleasure ; and as he dipped his grimy hands into the golden dish, Bekfudi would have fainted at the odour of the savoury steams, had not his faithful dwarf thrown the reviving attar over his forehead, and forced a cup of sherbet down his throat. The mouth of the dealer in sulphur dis-

tended into an audible grin, and he pledged the dainty merchant in execrable brandy. Their conversation at length became interesting. The man of sulphur had a most agreeable collection of oaths; and as he swore by Solomon and Eblis, by the sacred camel and the dog of the seven sleepers; the man of spice perceived that he had a high reverence for the mysteries of theology;—and a wonderful sympathy in this particular grew up between them. They embraced and parted; but Bekfudi never forgot the garlic.

The little Jew soon applied his master's purchase to good account. Within a week the superb merchant began to indulge a wish for the possession of some of his former most splendid baubles; he bethought him that his free habit of expressing his thoughts in the broad margins of his beautiful manuscripts might one day cause some awkward inquiries; and he was desirous of securing some pictures, of which he thought none but himself knew the peculiar value. He of the dirty hands was as ready to comply with these reasonable wishes, and Bekfudi began to think that his turban and his garlic might in time be endurable. The articles were selected, but the little Jew had yet to name the price. Bekfudi raved and tore his hair when a fourth of his four hundred thousand sequins were demanded for what had cost even him not a tenth of the sum. He raved and tore his hair; but the Jew and the sulphur-merchant were calm.

Bekfudi had not yet learned to subject his desires to his circumstances ; and two dromedaries marched off with their costly load.

The Jew and his merchant passed the winter very industriously. From his warehouses in Samarah, this active dealer brought all the glittering pledges which the misfortunes of his clients had left unredeemed ; and he decorated the mosque, like a grand bazaar, with a great many new curiosities, and a great many rare commodities with fine names from the east and the west, which the artists of Samarah could manufacture as well as those of Persia or China. The little Jew knew where to find expert limners, who could imitate the paintings even of the celebrated Mani, so as to deceive the most critical eyes ; clever copyists, that would transcribe the tales and poems of Arabia, with a correctness that would enchant the most exquisite connoisseurs ; and acute chemists, that would give to the secretly pressed grape-juice of the gardens of Bekfudi himself, the inimitable flavour of the wines of Shiraz or Kismische. The little Jew had, however, not quite so complete a judgment as the builder of the mosque, and he therefore committed a few mistakes with a very enterprising spirit. Amidst the solemn and subdued splendour of the sanctuary, upon which Bekfudi most prided himself, he hung up an enormous mirror which brought all the varied colours of the neighbouring galleries, and all the garishness of day, into the heart of its former deep and impressive

gloom ; and in the hall which the spice merchant had dedicated to the worthies of his country, he stuck up the statue of one of the rebellious princes who had presumed to contend against the justice of the great Haroun al Raschid. But the little Jew was yet a most deserving factor. All Samarah again flocked to the mosque with the great minaret ; and all Samarah came this time with money in their vests, to purchase some relic of the magnificent Bekfudi. Every one was pleased, except the unhappy builder of the palace, for every one was agreeably relieved of his sequins at his own free-will. He alone writhed under the mortifications of his pride, and the outrages upon his taste. He stalked one day into the palace of his splendour, now metamorphosed into one large bazaar, and with a yell of fury he overthrew the statue of the foe of the caliph, and shivered into a thousand pieces the mirror which deformed the sanctuary. He then coolly paid the price which the Jew demanded, and retired to a humble dwelling without a minaret, purposing to pass the remainder of his days in composing treatises on temperance and humility—but ending in building another tower.

THE ETON MONTEM.

AMONGST the "Memorable Things Lost" is the Eton Montem. Railroads destroyed it; for they made it vulgar. Whitechapel turned out for the last Montem, as it turns out for the Lord Mayor's show—and the aristocratic school would no longer indulge the mob with a cheap holiday. Let me remember Montem, as I last saw it in 1820.

London gave up its Poet of Mayor's Day a century ago. Eton retained its Montem Poet till he went the way of other immortals. The Poet was a more prominent personage in the ceremony of Montem than the Head-master of the college. But the reader must permit me to throw my remembrances into a dialogue between three or four friends, who came to look at the triennial show,—to laugh at it, or to defend it:

"Who is that buffoon that travesties the travesty?" inquired Frazer. "Who is that old cripple alighted from his donkey-cart, who dispenses doggrel and grimaces in all the glory of plush and printed calico?"

"That, my most noble cynic," said Gerard, "is a prodigious personage. Shall birth-days and coronations be recorded in immortal odes, and Montem not have its minstrel? He, sir, is Her-

bertus Stockhore ; who first called upon his muse in the good old days of Paul Whitehead,—run a race with Pye through all the sublimities of lyres and fires,—and is now hobbling to his grave, after having sung fourteen Montems, the only existing example of a legitimate laureate. Ask Paterson about him ;—he is writing a quarto on his life and genius.”

“He ascended his heaven of invention,” said Paterson, “before the vulgar arts of reading and writing, which are banishing all poetry from the world, could clip his wings. He was an adventurous soldier in his boyhood ; but, having addicted himself to matrimony and the muses, settled as a bricklayer’s labourer at Windsor. His meditations on the house-tops soon grew into form and substance ; and, about the year 1780, he aspired, with all the impudence of Shadwell, and a little of the pride of Petrarch, to the laurel-crown of Eton. From that day he has worn his honours on his ‘Cibberian forehead’ without a rival.”

“And what is his style of composition ?” said Frazer.

“Vastly naïve and original ;—though the character of the age is sometimes impressed upon his productions. For the first three odes, ere the school of Pope was extinct, he was a compiler of regular couplets, such as—

“Ye dames of honour and lords of high renown,
Who come to visit us at Eton town.”

During the next nine years, when the remembrance

of Collins and Gray was working a glorious change in the popular mind, he ascended to Pindarics, and closed his lyrics with some such pious invocation as this :—

“ And now we'll sing
 God save the King,
 And send him long to reign,
 That he may come
 To have some fun
 At Montem once again.”

During the first twelve years of the present century, the influence of the Lake School was visible in his productions. In my great work I shall give an elaborate dissertation on his imitations of the high priests of that worship ; but I must now content myself with a single illustration :—

“ There 's Ensign Rennell, tall and proud,
 Doth stand upon the hill,
 And waves the flag to all the crowd,
 Who much admire his skill.
 And here I sit upon my ass,
 Who lops his shaggy ears ;
 Mild thing ! he lets the gentry pass,
 Nor heeds the carriages and peers.”

He was once infected (but it was a venial sin) by the heresies of the Cockney school ; and was betrayed, by the contagion of evil example, into the following conceits :—

“ Behold *Admiral Keate* of the terrestrial crew,
 Who teaches Greek, Latin, and likewise Hebrew ;
 He has taught Captain Dampier, the first in the race,
 Swirling his hat with a feathery grace,
 Cookson the Marshal, and Willoughby, of size,
 Making minor *Sergeant-Majors* in looking-glass eyes.”

But he at length returned to his own pure and original style; and, like the dying swan, he sings the sweeter as he is approaching the land where the voice of his minstrelsy shall no more be heard. There is a calm melancholy in the close of his present Ode which is very pathetic, and almost Shakspearean:—

“ Farewell you gay and happy throng !
Farewell my Muse ! farewell my song !
Farewell Salthill ! farewell brave Captain !”

Yet, may it be long before he goes hence and is no more seen ! May he limp, like his rhymes, for at least a dozen years ; for National Schools have utterly annihilated our hopes of a successor !”

Paterson finished his apostrophe at a lucky juncture ; for the band struck up, and the procession began to move.

We have reached the foot of the mount at Salt-hill,—a very respectable barrow, which never dreamt, in its Druidical age, of the interest which it now excites, and the honours which now await it. Its sides are clothed with mechanics in their holiday clothes, and happy dairy-maids in their Sunday gear ;—at its base sit Peeresses in their barouches, and Earls in all the honours of four-in-hand. The flag is waved ; the scarlet coats and the crimson plumes of the Etonians float amongst us—“ the boys carry it away, Hercules and his load too,”—and the whole earth seems made for the enjoyment of one universal holiday.

“And is this all?” said Frazer, in a tone of querulous contempt, which became almost positively mournful in his Doric dialect;—“is this all that these thousands of silken ladies and silly clowns are come to gaze upon?—Out upon such tom-foolery, whose origin is as obscure as its end is pointless.”

Paterson at once took up the cudgels.—“And I say, out upon your eternal hunting for causes and reasons. I love the no-meaning of Montem. I love to be asked for ‘Salt,’ by a pretty boy in silk stockings and satin doublet, though the custom has been called ‘something between begging and robbing.’ I love the apologetical ‘*Mos pro Lege*,’ which defies the police and the Mendicity Society. I love the absurdity of a Captain taking precedence of a Marshal; and a Marshal bearing a gilt bâton, at an angle of forty-five degrees from his right hip; and an Ensign flourishing a flag with the grace of a tight-rope dancer; and Sergeants paged by fair-skinned Indians and beardless Turks; and Corporals in sashes and gorgets, guarded by innocent Polemen in blue jackets and white trousers. I love the mixture of real and mock dignity;—the Provost, in his cassock, clearing the way for the Duchess of Leinster to see the Ensign make his bow; or the Head Master gravely dispensing his leave till nine, to Counts of the Holy Roman Empire and Grand Signiors. I love the crush in the cloisters and the mob on the Mount—I love the clatter of carriages and the plunging of horse-

men—I love the universal gaiety, from the peer who smiles and sighs that he is no longer an Eton boy, to the country-girl who marvels that such little gentlemen have cocked hats and real swords. Give me a Montem with all its tom-foolery—I had almost said before a coronation—and even without the aids of a Perigord-pie and a bottle of claret at the Windmill.”

“If there were some association,” replied Frazer, “which could, in the slightest degree, connect the pageant with the objects of a royal school of learning—(I had expected at least to have heard a Latin oration)—I would not so much reprehend it; but for a procession in pumps, along a dusty road; to end in the College Exercise of a King’s Scholar waving a banner, is too absurd for any fancy to dress up a vindication.”

“A vindication of a ceremony that makes twenty-thousand people happy!” exclaimed Gerard: “the very scene before the window furnishes a ready answer to every objector. Here is folly enough in conscience; but it is the folly of an age when folly sits easily and gracefully upon us. Did you ever see an installation? The mantles are not much finer than little Sutton’s, and the plumes not much more exalted than lofty Platt’s; and then; for a procession, we beat them hollow. Look at the eight beautiful boys that attend the Captain—their ages and figures are pretty equal, and their eyes beam with a joy which sparkles like their spangles—is not this something more natural and

pleasing than a train of decrepit Dukes or hobbling Marquises, where the flowing mantle but ill conceals the shrunk calf, and the ostrich-feathers nod over sunken eyes and wrinkled cheeks?"

"I think," quoth William Payne, as they moved to the Windmill garden—(he had, till that moment, been a listener to the rival opinions)—"I think Montem may be defended upon very reasonable grounds; it encourages the arts and manufactures of the country, improves the revenue, and is altogether consonant with the soundest principles of political economy."

"A fig for your political economy!" exclaimed Gerard, as they entered the garden,—"'here's a scene! What but Montem could have brought together so many divine shapes, such beaming eyes? How gracefully they lounge through the shadowy walks! how they stud the lawn with hues more delicate than the lilacs: how they beat time with their eloquent fingers to 'Love among the roses!' how they smile upon the slim lads, who, after the sixth glass, come amongst them to make conquests! It is a right English scene; there is the staymaker's wife from Thames Street elbowing a Cavendish, and a gentleman-commoner of Cambridge playing the agreeable to the farmer's pretty daughter from Cippenham Green. Frazer, Frazer, abandon your heresy!"

"It is indeed an English scene," said Paterson. "Beneath that elm stands one of our great Etonians; he is evidently pleased. There is a smile

of pensive joy playing about his lips, and his eyes are lighted up with a fond recollection of happiness that is past away. I dare be sworn that George Canning, the first of living orators, the statesman whose genius is piercing its way through the dark clouds of Europe's destiny, is even now looking back with more real pleasure to the triumphs of Gregory Griffin, than to the honours of the most successful policy; and is feeling, with a true philosophy, that the swords and plumes of Montem are worth as much—perhaps much more—than the ribbons and stars of a riper age—‘a little louder, but as empty quite.’”

“And there,” said Holyoake, “stands his fearless and all-knowing rival;—and he, too, is pleased. I see no frown gathering like a whirlwind about the brows of Henry Brougham. He is chatting with a happy little hero of buckles and silk-stockings, as delighted himself as if he were perfectly unconscious of briefs and Brookes's. Montem for ever, say I, if it were only that it can make two such men forget the cares and passions of their ordinary life, even for a few hours.”

“Come,” said Gerard, “politicians are everyday persons on such occasions as these;—I can see these ‘foremost men of all the world’ for half-a-crown, any night between this and the prorogation. Look yonder—there is a mother kissing her boy who is just arrived to the dignity of the fifth form, and the privilege of a Corporal's coat—while his lovely sister gazes on him with a speechless admi-

ration, and wishes that 'heaven had made her such a man.' That trio alone redeems Montem from all its folly."

"I can behold such a piece of the pathetic any day," said Frazer, "at an 'establishment' at Islington, or a 'seminary' at Camden Town."

"I will not attempt to reason with Frazer," said Gerard, "about the pleasures of Montem ;—but to an Etonian it is enough that it brings pure and ennobling recollections—calls up associations of hope and happiness—and makes even the wise feel that there is something better than wisdom, and the great that there is something nobler than greatness. And then the faces that come about us at such a time, with their tales of old friendships or generous rivalries. I have seen to-day fifty fellows of whom I remember only the nicknames ;—they are now degenerated into scheming M.P.'s, or clever lawyers, or portly doctors ;—but at Montem they leave the plodding world of reality for one day, and regain the dignities of sixth-form Etonians."

ITEMS OF THE OBSOLETE.

THE changes that are constantly going forward in the external aspects of society require the lapse of a generation or two to make a due impression upon our senses and our reason. One form of life so imperceptibly slides into another, that we observe no striking contrasts till we look back from our age to our youth, or study, with a purpose of comparison, the pictures which the novelists or dramatists of one period have painted, and then turn to the same occasional records of another period, by the same class of true historians. Thus we see distinctly that Defoe lived in a condition of society very different from that in which Fielding lived, and that Smollett was describing scenes and characters which could never have offered themselves to the observation of Dickens. It is the same with the painters. Hogarth's men and women are essentially unlike those of Gillray, and Gillray's notabilities never to be confounded with those of Doyle or Leech. As a boy, I was familiar with Hogarth. But as pictures of a life that was patent to me, how could I comprehend the cassocked parson on his lean horse, and his daughter alighted from the York Waggon?*

* Harlot's Progress, plate 1.

hemp in Bridewell was equally incomprehensible.* I had never seen such a smart industrious apprentice working at a hand-loom as Hogarth showed me; nor such an idle one, gambling with blackguards upon a tombstone, while sober people were going to church. Never beheld I a little boy in a laced cocked-hat,† nor saw a bonfire in the middle of the streets on a rejoicing-night.‡ Grenadiers wore other caps than I observed in 'The March to Finchley;' and in the stage-coach of my early days there was no literal basket hung behind, in which sate an old woman smoking a pipe.§ As a painter of living manners Hogarth was obsolete in the first decade of this century. But how priceless as a painter of domestic history!

I look back upon my native town as I remember it as a schoolboy. || How changed is it in its everyday life—in a hundred minute changes that are not peculiar to my birth-place, but which belong to the universal revolutions of fifty years! How obsolete are many of the familiar things that seemed a part of my early being! A mere list of them would suggest many thoughts not unprofitable to those who know that the progress of a genera-

* Harlot's Progress, plate 4.

† Evening.

‡ Night.

§ Country Inn-yard.

|| In 'Windsor, as it was,' I have attempted a picture of the Court-Windsor—the Castle. The present paper has reference solely to the Borough. Windsor, as I knew it as a youth, was a singular mixture of the poetical and the prosaic—of the poetical in its antiquities and its regalities—of the prosaic in its mean modern town and its very narrow society.

tion is to be read in other memorialists than Hansard.

Windsor was an ill-built town—a patchwork town of encroachments upon the castle, and of lath and plaster tenements run up cheaply upon collegiate and corporate leaseholds. There was nothing ancient in the town, except the church, which was swept away some thirty years ago. “Mine host of the Garter” had no antique hostelry; and ‘Herne’s Oak’ was a very apocryphal relic. Inns there were, with historical signs; but the ‘Royal Oak’ of Charles II., ‘The Queen’s Head’ of Anne, and ‘The Duke’s Head’ of the Culloden executioner, were only antique in premature decay. The usual neglect of all country towns clung to Windsor—filthy gutters and unswept causeways.*

My native town was a Corporate Borough. The Corporation was no abstract authority. It was on all possible occasions visible to the public eye, in solemn processions of red gowns and blue, with the mace-bearer in the front, and the beadle in the rear. The Corporation marched to church in togged state; and three times a year it astonished the children by this array of grandeur, when it proclaimed a gingerbread fair at street corners, and not a hot spice-nut could be sold till the mace-bearer had shouted “Oh yes.” I fear all this glory is departed from the land. Elective corporators now go to church in frock coats; and the charter of Charles II., which bestowed upon the Borough

* Of its ancient Black Ditches I have spoken elsewhere, p. 157.

three fairs and two market-days, and regulated the buyers and sellers, is held to be as little worth preservation as the edict of Jack Cade that "seven half-penny loaves should be sold for a penny."

The market-bell! Is that rung now? I fear not. There was something deeply impressive in that bell. It spoke loudly of the majesty of the law, which then aspired to regulate some domestic as well as all foreign commerce. The stalls were duly set. The butchers had hung up their joints; the farmer's wife had spread her fowls and her butter upon a white cloth; onions and apples stood temptingly on the pavement side. But not an atom could be sold till the market-bell had rung.

There were laws then against "forestalling," with cognate crimes termed "badgering," "regrating," "engrossing." But in the seventh and eighth years of Queen Victoria such statutes were repealed, as being "made in hinderance and in restraint of trade." What a solemn thing it appeared to my juvenile understanding to be assured that it was unlawful even to handle a goose till the bell said, "you may bargain!" There was a board exhibited, which told of heavy penalties, if early housewives were disobedient to the mandates of that bell, and dared to chaffer before other housewives were awake. I used to ponder upon the wisdom of our ancestors, that so regulated the common affairs of life; and forbade the lieges to buy and sell in the same market, which was "regrating;" or to buy wholesale at all, which was

"engrossing," or to buy before the whole world was awake and ready to buy, which was "fore-stalling." That market-bell is silent for ever, even though Blackstone proclaimed how wise were the laws of which it was the voice.

And then there was the Pie-Powder Court, upon the evening of the fair. In the Town Hall sate the justices in state till midnight. There was a supper, no doubt; but they sate there for the public good, that offenders might be summarily dealt with before the dust of the feet—*pied poudre*—was shaken off. That was the interpretation which the learned imparted to me—the official etymology, which showed what a noble instrument was the law, when mayor and aldermen kept out of their beds to make offence and punishment go together. A truer etymology shows that the Pie-Powder Court was the court to determine disputes between pedlar and pedlar, the *pied pouldreur*, of Scotland as well as England. The "dustifoot" himself is nearly gone; and the court of the "dustifoot" is gone before him. Yet it was an inoffensive court. Like Chancery it did little; but unlike Chancery it charged little.

The shops of the Borough were not in those days very brilliant. The window-panes were small; and the show in the windows not greatly attractive. There were no tempting tickets of "this chaste article only 14s. 10d." Customers went to the shop for what they wanted, and seldom disputed the price if they had an account. Every body had an

account; for there was a very queer and limited currency. A guinea was a rarity; and so was a shilling with a visible King's head. The sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns were thin pieces of metal, not always silver, which passed rather as counters than as money. Intrinsically, when good, they were worth about half their nominal amount. How has my boyish heart rejoiced at the useless gift of a pretty shilling,—that is, a shilling with a perfect obverse and reverse! I would put such a rarity to my small store of handsome half-crowns of the first and second Georges, which we used to call “pocket-pieces,” and gaze at them as sacred things, which it would be profanation to employ as money. It is difficult to look back upon such a state of affairs and comprehend how the business of life went on. Cautious tradesmen would rather “book” your purchases than take your doubtful silver; and there was a sort of Lynch law amongst some, that when a bad coin was tendered, consciously or unconsciously, the hammer and nail were ready to pin the offensive thing to the deal counter, as a terror to all evil-doers. Payments of some amount were often made in copper penny-pieces. A Bank of England one pound note was a suspected thing, for forgeries were by no means uncommon, even though periodical hangings of the forgers and utterers were holiday spectacles throughout the land. The dirty local notes were the one currency—though sometimes a bank stopped payment. The country-banker would also receive very small sums upon

interest—for there were no Savings'-banks; and then, when a crash came, great and wide-spreading was the misery. The dirty one-pound note is gone; and so is the worn-out money. No school-boy now values a new shilling, except as an exchanger; and if his grandmother were to give him "a pocket-piece," it would not remain long in his pocket.

My native town, I am afraid, did not contain a very industrious population. It had no manufactures except that of Ale—Windsor Soap had retired to Staines. Few of the community were wealthy, but most of them took life easily, and enjoyed themselves with a good deal of heartiness, in their own fashion. There was always some gala to relieve the monotony of the provincial existence—a race, a revel, a review. I think the bells were always ringing. There were about twenty royal birthdays in a year—and the bells pealed out their "triple bob-majors" from morn to dewy eve. On all these rejoicing days there were what we called illuminations. A ragged boy or two would carry about illumination candlesticks—such a candlestick being a lump of clay with a hole in it—and these elegant light-bearers were stuck in the windows, and their thin candles flamed away for an hour or so, till they guttered out. The illumination, however, was useful as well as pleasant, for the few public lamps gave small light; and then on the gala nights the maid with a lantern, who ordinarily went before her mistress to the card-party, saved her labour. I think these clay candlesticks and

that lantern are passed away. The town-guns, which duly emulated the bells, are gone also, I suppose, in this business-like age. I loved the bells, as I loved the chimes. It was the dream of youth, perhaps, but they had a charm for me which is also amongst the obsolete. The daily "toll" of St. George's Chapel, which "tolled in" few worshippers, was a pleasant sound, which came over the ear soothingly. In London, the chimes and the church-bells arrest no passer-by. A worthy magnate of Paternoster Row used to say that he never heard Saint Paul's bell, though it rang out daily. I have heard it, but I never heeded it. Not so my native bells :—

Sabbath bells ! ye duly chime
 For worship, over hill and lea ;
 I think that once ye peal'd that time
 In tones that went more cheerfully.
 Speak ye not now of formal kneelings,
 Cold hearts, dull voices, souls asleep ?
 Mourn ye not now for bygone feelings,
 For zeal to praise, for penitence to weep ?

Matins' bell, how deeply booming
 Thy summons to the passing crowd !
 I see the vast cathedral looming,
 Its cross in sun, its dome in cloud :
 Fills not the temple with those feet,
 Those thousand feet, that onward race ?—
 The choir hath room ; six paupers meet
 The solitary clerks in God's deserted place.

Holiday bells ! ye rarely sing
 Of gladness in the labourer's way,
 And say that man may rest, and fling
 His cares behind him for a day.

I hear not now your call to Maying,
 Ye shout not out the Whitsun-time ;
 "The merry bells"—'tis an old saying,
 Belied by your unpractis'd, dissonant chime.

Sabbath bells, and matins' bell,
 And bell that tolls for earth to earth,
 And holiday bells—I miss your spell,
 The spell that gave your sounds a worth :
 I heard ye speak of Faith and Love,—
 Of Hope ye spake to hearts in sorrow,—
 Your mirth seem'd echoed from above—
 When will to-day's dull bells ring in a happier
 morrow ?

The out-door amusements of the Borough were not of a very varied character. "The horses" came sometimes ; and with the horses came the shilling lottery, in which there were real prizes of cotton gowns and legs of mutton—and, more attractive still,

"Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold."

I just remember to have seen a mountebank—a real mountebank, who set up his bills,

"That promised cure
 Of ague or the tooth-ache,"


amidst jokes and compliments, which would go farther to cure some diseases than the gravity of the whole College of Physicians. Where is the mountebank gone ? We must now take the physic without the jest. Newspapers have annihilated the mountebank. Advertisements usurp the office of the Merry Andrew. And thus we flee to 'Parr's Life Pills.'

The Bull-bait was a ceremony at which I was never permitted to assist ; but I have seen the bull, as Gay saw him,—and I have seen his companion, too :

“ With slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear ;
Behind him moves, majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull.”

The bear and the monkey were harmless exhibitions in my day. I never asked, as Slender asked, “ Why do the dogs bark so ? be there bears in the town ? ” But I have heard the bull-dogs bark. The fashion of cruelty was changed. I should have thought that the bull-bait had gone out at the beginning of the century, had I not before me a correspondence between the Under-Secretary of State and our Mayor, by which it seems that the sport was fashionable as late as 1818. Lord Sidmouth had heard of “ an intention to create a mob at Windsor, on Monday next, under colour of a wish to ascertain the life of His Majesty,” and he called upon the mayor to quell any disturbance. It was not the first plot that Lord Sidmouth had sniffed from afar. The Mayor had no apprehension of such a mob ; but he writes : “ It is said that a bull is to be baited on Monday next, in a piece of ground adjoining this town—a brutal amusement which has too frequently occurred at this place, which I would gladly suppress were I possessed of sufficient authority ; ” and he adds, “ whenever a bull-bait has taken place here, a very large portion

of the military have joined in the amusement." Alas! for authority. The law then permitted bull-baits. Windham had defended them. But if they had been illegal, authority was very weak to encounter them. The municipality had four watchmen and three constables to keep the peace. The peace was very often broken—and so were the lamps. A burgess brought home his bride; and marrow-bones and cleavers rent the air till midnight came, and the watchman had a drunken delinquent in the cage. A cobbler beat his wife,—and the clangour of pots and the yells of women frightened the street from its propriety—the offender was rough-musicked. An informer—a name in those days as odious as a tax-gatherer—was hunted through the alleys, and tarred and feathered. Bread riots were not uncommon, and great, then, was the terror of the bakers. The good people, with the most benevolent intentions which nobody could blame, set about augmenting the inflictions of scarcity in the true old fashion. The moment that high prices of bread arrived, we were accustomed to take to a gratuitous distribution of bread;—we established soup kitchens and rice coppers, that a few clamorous mouths might be fed, at the expense of a still higher increase upon prices, to be paid by the many who were not clamorous. We did upon a small scale what the government of Paris does upon a large scale. I don't know how we managed to live through all these troubles of high prices, and excessive taxes—the exciseman



poking his nose into every shop—and Napoleon at Boulogne, ready to harry the “nation of shop-keepers.” But we did get on, and were merry nevertheless ; and “the tight little island” was encored at every public dinner ; and there were whist clubs and assemblies, as if there were no want and no fear in the land. About these assemblies, I have a grievance of which I must speak fully.

The Country Dance is obsolete. I shall never forget the night when the seeds of one of the great revolutions of these times were sown in our assembly-room. Thirty couples stood up for the accustomed country-dance. Louisa W. had to call, and I was her delighted partner. The eager hands were clapped, the discordant strings were screwing up into tune, and we were debating with the venerable leader of our band the relative merits of ‘The Honeymoon’ and ‘Speed the Plough.’ With the most correct taste, Louisa had decided for “right and left,” in preference to “la poussette,”—we were ready. At that instant a handsome officer of dragoons—the coxcomb—advanced to Louisa, and in the most humble tone—the puppy—ventured to recommend a quadrille. Louisa’s eyes consulted mine, and I boldly consulted the leader. I knew the range of his acquirements, and I was safe ;—we went down with ‘The Honeymoon ;’ but the evil was rooted.

Within a fortnight there was a special meeting of the subscribers to our assembly-room to discuss an important question. It was convened at the parti-

cular desire of a lady of fashion, so called, who had become a temporary resident amongst us. I knew there was mischief brooding, and, as I was petulant, I stayed away. Poor Kit, the master of our band, and his faithful followers, were dismissed after thirty years' duteous service; and four fiddlers, from Paine's, I think they said, came from London by the coach—fine powdered fellows in silk stockings; but no more to compare with Kit's crew for strength and untiring execution than a Jew's harp to a hand-organ. But they were wonderfully applauded; and Louisa, seeing that I would not sanction them, recommended me to take lessons. I would as soon have learned to speak High Dutch.

From that time I was left to solitude, when the ball-room was lighted up with twenty candles in tin sconces. I sat at home, and mused mournfully; and thus I mused: "Departed visions of the dear country-dances of my boyhood, to what foreign land are ye fled? Are ye gone to thrust out waltzes from Germany, or fandangos from Spain—are ye departed to unnationalise other feet, as the detestable quadrilles have corrupted ours? Ah no—ye have not the subtlety of your hateful rival—like your unhappy countrymen, ye must give place to the cuckoo tribe who drive you from your nests.

"It is only ten years since I learned to dance at school, and my knowledge has become obsolete. To outlive one's old friends is the most painful feeling in earth's pilgrimage—and I have done this long

before I am grown gray. 'The Jolly Young Waterman,' and 'Money Musk,' and 'The Devil among the Tailors,' and 'Drops of Brandy,' and 'Off She Goes,' and 'Mother Casey,' and 'Molly put the Kettle on,' and 'Lady Montgomery,' are with the things before the flood—and I will weep for them. But I will never abandon my early faith for 'La Poule,' or 'L'Été,' or—Psha! I hate myself for knowing even these execrable names. I will practise, even with my own chairs, 'up the middle and down again, swing corners, hands four, and right and left,' till the gout overtakes me—but I will never prostitute myself to 'dos-à-dos, chassé en avant, balancer, tourner les dames,' or 'chaine-Anglaise,'—no, not if I could secure myself an exemption from crutches till my eightieth winter. I have too much patriotism in my blood. But I may live to see a reaction—quadrilles may descend to the kitchen;—and so 'Sir Roger de Coverley' may again find his true place in the drawing-room."

It may seem a strange transition from Balls to Beggary, but we never passed into the Town Hall, our great Assembly-room, without looking upon the Stocks, which seemed a part of the grandeur of that edifice. So, also, stood the Stocks at the east-entrance of St. George's Chapel, and might appear to the profane a part of its ceremonial—more for show than use. I believe the Town Stocks were rarely employed in my time. The Pillory had hung up in the Market House untouched for half

a century. We had, on the whole, a mild administration of the laws. Vagrants, if very rude and dirty, were threatened with the Stocks, and then *passed* on. The Stocks were an item of the obsolete in my native town. It was not so in other parishes, where the Stocks were occasionally useful, as in the time of Canning's knife-grinder.

“ Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sir !
Only last night, a drinking at the Chequers
Justice Oldmixon set me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.”

To this ingenious machine were the labourers of England once doomed, if they dared to venture out of their own parish, even when in their own parish they, the natives, had eaten up all the parish could give them. Other humane devices to prevent the desire for wandering, and to reconcile them to starvation at home, were derived from the good old times of branding and whipping. By degrees, however, these exertions to prevent the labourers wandering were in great part superseded by the merciful consideration of the old poor-law functionaries, who employed a great portion of their time, and a larger portion of the public money, in carrying the labourers about from one end of the kingdom to the other. In this gentle manner we—a courtly race—dealt with our Rogues and Vagabonds. There was perpetually a nice journey for the constable to pass a pauper to his settlement, and so the Stocks became obsolete. I believe the Stocks of my ancient parish are rooted up. I think I missed them lately,

when I looked upon the changed haunts. "I went to the place of my birth, and I said, the friends of my childhood, where are they?"

We had a very social place of confinement, which was doubtless more agreeable than the Stocks, called a 'Cage.' It was not deemed any great disgrace to be put in the Cage. The Jail was a serious thing, which looked like the law being in earnest. But the Cage was a small room with a barred window looking into the street; and there the pleasantest conversation went on between the lively people within, and their friends outside. The birds of the Cage soon fluttered again in the free air—for they were petty delinquents, such as those whom women swore their lives against. The Jail was for the higher offenders—the starving beggar who stole a penny loaf, or the maid-of-all-work whose box was searched for her mistress's thimble. For these there was the terror of the Quarter Sessions. That, indeed, was a solemn affair; and sometimes there were terrible punishments in store for the convicted. A public Whipping at the Cart's Tail was the mode in which Justice now and then proclaimed that she did not sleep. It was a brutal spectacle. I think it generally provoked a great deal of hissing when the jailor (for he was the executioner) struck hard, and some mirth when he touched the culprit's back lightly. I suppose the Cart's Tail is gone to rest, with the Stocks and the Pillory. Our system of secondary punishments may be an imperfect one; but it is a vast improve-

ment upon the disgusting exhibitions which were not uncommon forty years ago.

My boyish acquaintance with the course of justice in our Borough gave me a very insufficient notion of the fearful things that were going on then in the land, under the highest sanction of the law. I knew that the King, on certain days, went to London to receive "the Recorder's Report;" but I had a very vague notion of what that meant. People talked then of hanging as a thing of course, and absolutely necessary for the good of society. I have a dim recollection of a man who had been in our prison being hanged at Reading; and of being told that our jailor's daughter had been to see the execution, and to receive the benefit of the dead man's warm hand being passed over her throat for the cure of a wen. Such stories, true or not, came over the childish ear with few terrors. For the child, the abstract idea of death has no fears; and "sad tales best for winter" are pleasurable around the warm hearth. I heard many such tales. I knew of haunted houses. I knew where a witch lived; and why the horse-shoe was nailed over the cottage door. But I had never been face to face with the horrible. I was about ten years old, when a servant with a led pony came to fetch me from school. We had to cross Hounslow Heath by the Staines Road. He proposed to show me something I should like to see. Gracious Heaven! Close by a clump of firs was a gibbet, on which two bodies hung in chains. The crow perched on a skull.

The rags fluttered, and the irons rattled, in the breeze. My heart sickened. The first day of my holidays brought no pleasure. It perhaps brought some wisdom. My hatred of the atrocious criminal laws of those times was fixed for life. Some years later I was present at a trial when a culprit, about to be sentenced, was told, "kneel down, and pray your Clergy." The solemn mockery! And these relics of barbarism are gone—The Gibbet, and the Neck-Verse.

But I must get away from these painful remembrances, to look at my borough, and its dignitaries, under more pleasurable aspects. The mayor's feast. There really was nothing vulgarly ostentatious or contemptible in the mayor's feast—no gilt coach, no tawdry chariots, no men in armour. There was no interruption to the daily business of life. The chief magistrate gave a good English dinner in his hall, and he asked the best people he could find amongst his neighbours. Patriotic toasts were drunk; and old English glees and catches, recommending "wine, rosy wine"—and vowing, "we'll turn the night into the day," were enthusiastically applauded. These exhortations to good fellowship were scarcely necessary; but they were pleasant. With the exception of the two members for the borough, who always said the same things from year to year, the company were not disturbed by any oratory. They went on carousing till midnight; and no one rose to depart except one alderman, who had filled his pocket with peaches, and

was anxious to present them to his helpmate. The mayor's feast is gone.

That peach-abstracting alderman, I recollect distinctly, had very large pockets, with great flaps, on the outside of his coat. He was not a genteel alderman; and his costume was unvarying. Most others, in those times, had best clothes, and every-day clothes. Let me endeavour to jot down a few items of the obsolete costumes of my town.

I have a very obscure remembrance of two cocked-hats. Of course I do not include the beadle's cocked-hat—may it live a thousand years! Under the cocked-hat was necessarily the wig! The cocked-hat and wig generally came out in the afternoon. In the morning a red cap covered the bald pate. Down to comparatively recent times there was a lady—but she was a foreigner—who walked abroad with her powdered *toupet* under her silken *calèche*. The cocked-hat soon passed out of my view, except in one remarkable instance.

It was at the beginning of the century that a notable personage was to be daily gazed at amongst the sights of Windsor. One of my earliest recollections is of this singular man. I see him now, as he appeared to my childish curiosity, mysteriously creeping by the first light of a winter's morning through the great gate of the lower ward of the castle into the narrow back streets of the town. He then constantly wore a large cloak, called a roquelaure, beneath which appeared a pair of thin legs encased in dirty silk stockings. If the

morning was wet, his cloak was not his only protection from the weather. He had a formidable umbrella ; and, what was most wonderful, he stalked along upon pattens. Often have I watched him creeping out of his solitary house in the castle, and most carefully locking doors behind him, as he went on his morning errands. There he lived in one of the houses of the Military Knights, then called Poor Knights, to which body he belonged : it was the house next to the governor's. No human being, it was imagined, had for some years entered that house except its eccentric possessor. The wise man, he held, was his own best assistant ; and so he dispensed with all domestic service. In the morning, then, he duly went forth to make his frugal purchases for the day—a faggot, a candle, a small loaf, perhaps a herring. All luxuries, whether of meat, or tea, or sugar, or butter, were renounced. He had objects to be attained, and for whose attainment he laboured for years, which required money. His income in money, derived from his office, besides his house, was about sixty pounds. Regular attendance upon the service of St. George's Chapel was his duty ; and the long blue mantle which the Poor Knights wore covered the faded finery beneath, as well as the roquelaure hid the loaf and the farthing candle. But when the offices of the morning had been performed, and the sun, perchance, shone brightly, out came another creature. Wherever crowds were assembled,—wherever royalty was to be looked upon, and the sounds of

military music summoned the fair ones of Windsor and Eton to the gay parade,—there was Sir John Dinely. The roquelaure was cast aside, and then were disclosed the treasures which it concealed—the embroidered coat, the silk-flowered waistcoat, the nether garments of faded velvet, carefully meeting the dirty silk stocking, which terminated in the half-polished shoe surmounted by the dingy silver buckle. The old wig, on great occasions, was newly powdered, and the best cocked-hat was brought forth with a tarnished lace edging. There walked, then, on Windsor Terrace, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, one who might have sat for the costume of the days of George II. All other days were to him as nothing. He had dreams of ancient genealogies; and of alliances still subsisting between himself and the first families of the land; and of mansions described in Nash's 'History of Worcestershire,' with marble halls and "superb gates;" and of possessions that ought to be his own; which would place him upon an equality with the noblest and the wealthiest. A little money to be expended in law proceedings was to make these dreams realities. That money was to be obtained through a wife. To secure for himself a wife was the business of his existence; to display himself properly where women "most do congregate," was the object of his savings; to be constantly in the public eye was his glory and his hope. The man had not a particle of levity in these proceedings. His face had a grave and in-

tellectual character ; his deportment was staid and dignified. He had a wonderful discrimination in avoiding the tittering girls with whose faces he was familiar. But perchance some buxom matron, or timid maiden who had seen him for the first time, gazed upon the apparition with surprise and curiosity : he approached. With the air of one bred in courts, he made his most profound bow ; and taking a printed paper from his pocket, reverently presented his Advertisement " For a Wife," and then withdrew.

Was this man mad ? He had a monomania certainly ; but in other matters he was the shrewdest man I ever knew. He was reserved and sarcastic to most persons,—for too frequently was he insulted ; but to those who were kind to him he displayed no common mind. My childish curiosity about this singular personage became, as I grew older, mixed with a respectful and higher interest. He was unfortunate. His misfortunes were inscribed in no less terrible a page than that book over which many a boy has wept and trembled—the Newgate Calendar. In one of these volumes, I had read that on the 17th of January, 1741, a dismal tragedy had occurred at Bristol. There were two brothers who had become enemies on account of the entail of property. The elder was Sir John Dinely Goodyere, baronet ; the younger, Samuel Dinely Goodyere, a captain in the navy, commanding the ' Ruby ' ship of war. The two brothers had long ceased to meet ; but a common

friend, at the request of the younger, brought them together. They dined at his house; they exchanged professions of brotherly love. When they separated, the baronet had to pass alone over College Green, at Bristol. He was encountered by six sailors, with the captain of the 'Ruby' at their head. He was seized, gagged, carried to a boat, and thence to the ship—and he was strangled. The vengeance of the law was speedy. The vessel was detained upon suspicion; the crime was fully proved; and the inhuman brother and two of his confederates were hanged within two months. The Sir John Dinely of Windsor was the son of the murderer. That the poor man was perfectly familiar with all the circumstances of this tragedy, there can be no doubt; and I have often thought that, shut up in his lonely house, with the horrible recollections of the past lingering about him, it was wonderful that he was not altogether mad. The family estates which might have come to Captain Goodyere were most probably forfeited to the Crown. The poor advertiser for a wife alludes to this circumstance in one of his bills:—"Pray, my young charmers, give me a fair hearing; do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you *with a false account of a forfeiture*." But the estates were not to be recovered; and the penalty for the crime in the second generation was mitigated, I hope, by the innocent delusions by which the son of the guilty brother was buoyed up, even to his dying hour. Sir John Dinely was one morn-

ing missing from his due attendance upon the service of St. George's Chapel. His door was broken open. His house was without furniture except a table and a chair or two. The passage by which it was entered was a receptacle for coals. The sitting-room was strewn with printing-types—for he used to print his own bills after the rudest fashion; in a small room beyond was stretched the poor man upon a pallet-bed. He had studied physic; and he had prescribed for himself not injudiciously, having a few medicines always at hand. He lingered a few days, and then—all the dream was over.

But this is an episode. Pattens? Yes, my poor old baronet wore pattens,—but certainly they formed no part of other male costume. Yet the patten was not an obsolete thing then. How often in the gray morning have I been awoken by the clink of the patten upon the pavement! It told of a wet day; and I turned again to my pillow. The char-woman going to her work—the milk-woman fresh from the fields—the early housewife intent upon marketings—all wore pattens. Young ladies going to school wore pattens—and ran races in pattens.

“The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-eyed Patty takes the name.”

I doubt Gay's etymology; but I have no doubt of the virtues of the patten. With the riding-hood and the patten how independent was the lady,

without dragging about the great clumsy umbrella of oilskin that belonged to those days! The patten is gone, and so is the riding-hood. We cannot tell the story now of 'Little Red Riding-hood' without a glossarial note. What does a child now understand by "One, two, buckle my shoe?" The age of shoe-buckles, as everybody knows, went out when the French Revolution was consummated by the appearance of shoe-strings at Versailles. Yet I have seen shoe-buckles. Such practical anachronisms only occur in country towns. The queue long survived the cocked-hat and the buckle. "Play out the play. I have much to say on behalf of that queue."

Thirty years ago there were only two queues extant in my town. I sighed, then, as I thought how many of my old queue-bearing friends, who used to smile when I, wanton rogue, climbed up their chairs and reverently laid their queues upon their powdered shoulders, how many had passed into the oblivious grave! Even now, I sometimes see their venerable shades in my day-dreams, with their ample rouleaus of curls around their temples, and their neatly twisted queues behind their backs. They passed away, and were succeeded by a cropped and degenerate race.

I just remember the "decline and fall" of the empire of queues. Faithful companions, duteous followers, ye succumbed to the tyranny of the greatest of Tories. The fatal tax upon hair-powder exterminated you. Slowly and sadly did ye decay; and one by one did ye depart from the cares of

this transitory life ! Frail and innocent beings, ye were untimely plucked, and cut off from your abiding-place and your inheritance ! In a few short years I saw ye almost all yield to the avarice of those who should have cherished you. They cast you off in the hollowness of their friendship ; and they went shorn into the world, bleak, honourless, comfortless, queueless.

I could never entirely tolerate the volunteer mania ; for it completed the destruction of the persecuted queues. There was only one officer in our corps, of glorious memory, who had the magnanimity to bear his queue without a blush. Methought it gave him the look of those who knew "how fields were won." But there was a corporal who did not partake of my reverential feelings. As the veteran marched in advance of the battalion, the mischievous subaltern (he was a tailor) would perk the queue in his lieutenant's face. I could have brought the corporal to a court-martial ; it was flat mutiny, and unparalleled in the annals of warfare.

There were four queues in my native place who survived the oppression of the times ; but they owed their existence to a rare combination of favourable circumstances. They were trimmed and watered by an ancient professor of queues, who had commenced his practice not very many years after the disunion of the two illustrious occupations of barbery and surgery. The professor was necessary to the wearer of the queues ; and the

four queues were a quiet and obedient family, that he loved with a complete and unmingled devotion. He was not a vulgar and everyday professor. He had saved a small fortune in the happier times of curls and toupets, and he despised the ordinary clients of the later days of unpowdered pertness. He received an annual guinea from each of his queue-bearers ; and he resigned himself exclusively to the cultivation of this his small estate in tail. The hour of his morning visit was an hour of happiness ; it was a full hour. It was his to spread the flowing hair over the ample shoulders ; to smooth out the broad black ribbon, which he carefully renewed when its lustre was sullied ; to gather up the scattered locks into a solid girth of leather ; and then to bind them fast, roundly and taperingly, till his power should again give them a temporary freedom. Poor Fuller ! he sang "Time has not thinned," with an exquisite tremulousness ; and he told the scandal of his profession with a sly and solemn air, which at once bespoke his discretion and his sincerity. He loved his queue-bearers alike, and he left to each of them a ring.

Top-boots. I am by no means sure that top-boots are obsolete in my native town. Egalité Orleans and the Prince of Wales are painted in top-boots ; and the tops lasted till Wellingtons and trousers drove them out. Why should I particularise the top-boot wearers ? Yet I must say that I never saw the Queen's apothecary in the streets—he never rode—without his top-boots and spenser.

It was a sober costume, and grave burgesses wore them, unless they were soberer still in long drab gaiters. The top-boots of those days were not the smart, white-topped boots that one now sees at the hunting "meet." They were of a respectable brown, varying from the colour of ochre to that of liquorice. Before they were extinct they had a race of rivalry to run with the Hessians. These indeed were jaunty things. How bright was their polish! how splendid were their tassels! And then the spur on the heel! That spur had nothing to do with horses. It was, however, a dangerous thing for a stranger civilian to wear that spur at Windsor. He stalked into St. George's Chapel. No matter what the choristers were chaunting—in an instant the spur was detected; and the distracted man, as he left the nave, after a little gazing at the painted windows, was surrounded by a bevy of white surplices demanding spur-money. The custom was as old as the days of James I.: "Be sure your silver spurs clog your heels, and then the boys will swarm about you like so many white butterflies; when you, in the open quire, shall draw forth a perfumed embroidered purse, and quoit silver into the boys' hands."* Has the custom gone out as well as the spurs? The law, perhaps, is not dead, and may revive when men shall resume distinctions in dress, and not hide their legs in trows, and their bodies in sacks. I hope they will not revive. The distinctions were too often false—and it is as well they are gone.

* Dekker: 'Gull's Hornbook,' c. 4.

There was no distinction in those days between frock-coats and dress-coats. The morning coat and the evening were the same. But for the evening party, the unspeakable gentility of the knee-breeches, and the silk stocking! The varieties, too, of that portion of the dress. The white kerseymere, and the white stocking; the black, and the black. Then young men were really dressed, and were fit for ladies' society. I have said something of Assemblies. They were the great occasions for display of the tight pump and the spotless hose. But they did not come often. There were no improvised dances on the carpet in those times. There was the genteel tea-party; when the half-pay colonel ordered a shilling's worth of biscuits, and a quarter of a pound of sixteen shilling hyson. There was the vulgar tea and supper, at which there was much mirth, and some gambling at "speculation" and "commerce." At neither was there music; except some unhappy young lady, just come out, was asked by Mamma to play 'The Battle of Prague.' Oh that 'Battle of Prague!' The "cries of the wounded," expressed by the harpsichord, were nothing to the groans of the listeners to its discordance. The singing, too,—but why should I quarrel with that, when I recollect 'Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,' which brought tears into my eyes, and love into my heart?

I remember a good deal of foolery in those days; with much cordiality. We were not made unsocial

by pretences to wisdom. We might not be very wise. I am sure we were not. We had a good deal of old superstition lingering about us. We looked rather pale when we saw a winding-sheet in the candle. We did not know that a time would come when the old candles would be obsolete, and wicks would be made that would weave no winding-sheets. When a coal flew out of the fire, we examined whether it was a purse or a coffin. We made no talk of gas in the coal, for we knew nothing about it. We showed each other the gifts on our nails ; and it was pretty to look in the tea-cup and see by the grounds that a stranger was coming,—at which Emily — blushed. After supper we broke the merry-thought, and had some sixteenth century joke—softened, of course—which went with the mystical bone's name. I believe I have heard a very sensible matron confidently observe, at a christening dinner, that the dear little thing was thriving on its bit of roast pig. All this is gone, no doubt. I am not sure that we are wiser or better now. I almost believe that the polite ladies who mentioned "Old Scratch," or "Old Harry," without emotion, were not bad Christians after all.

I think the dumb-waiter may be counted amongst our obsolete items. It belonged to a time when there were fewer domestic servants, who now represent the existence of many artificial wants. The dumb-waiter was a convenient piece of furniture. The husband could froth up the

wife's glass of ale, and hand the cruets, without any abatement of dignity, or any outstretching of the arm. I cleave enough to the obsolete to believe that our present perpetual "waiting" is the bane of modern sociability. I want to help my fair neighbour to wine, and I resent the intrusion of the footman. And yet I must bear with this mal-administration to my dinner wants—for if I should come back to the old times, I should come back to some matters for which the age is too "picked." I should come back—not perhaps to the family in the sanded kitchen—but to the parlour for the week-day, and to the drawing-room for Sundays. I should not expect wine as a matter of every-day occurrence. I should have the "one solid dish" for "the week-day's meal," and the "added pudding" for "the Lord's." I should have mince-pies and beef at Christmas, as of old; but I might be compelled to eat fummery on Midlent Sunday, and my pancakes would be limited to Shrove Tuesday, to be tossed in the pan with ceremonies that are quite as well obsolete. It might be better if society had not grown too luxurious in some of these matters. But it is no part of my creed to go back: and so we must deal with progress as we find it.

The manners and material things of the dining-room are capricious. Let us get into the kitchen.

Item: The tinder-box.

When I was young, the process of obtaining fire, in every house in England, with few exceptions, was as rude, as laborious, and as uncertain, as the

effort of the Indian to produce a flame by the friction of two dry sticks.

The night-lamp and the rushlight were for the comparatively luxurious. In the bedrooms of the cottager, the artisan, and the small tradesman, the infant at its mother's side too often awoke, like Milton's Nightingale, "darkling," but that nocturnal note was something different from "harmonious numbers." The mother was soon on her feet; the friendly tinder-box was duly sought. Click, click, click; not a spark tells upon the sullen blackness. More rapidly does the flint ply the sympathetic steel. The room is bright with the radiant shower. But the child, familiar enough with the operation, is impatient at its tediousness, and shouts till the mother is frantic. At length one lucky spark does its office—the tinder is alight. Now for the match. It will not burn. A gentle breath is wafted into the murky box; the face that leans over the tinder is in a glow. Another match, and another, and another. They are all damp. The toil-worn father "swears a prayer or two;" the baby is inexorable; and the misery is only ended when the good man has gone to the street door, and after long shivering, has obtained a light from the watchman.

The tinder-box and the steel had nothing peculiar. The tinman made the one as he made the saucepan, with hammer and shears; the other was forged at the great metal factories of Sheffield and Birmingham; and happy was it for the purchaser

if it were something better than a rude piece of iron, very uncomfortable to grasp. The nearest chalk-quarry supplied the flint. The domestic manufacture of the tinder was a serious affair. At due seasons, and very often if the premises were damp, a stifling smell rose from the kitchen, which, to those who were not intimate with the process, suggested doubts whether the house were not on fire. The best linen rag was periodically burnt, and its ashes deposited in the tinman's box, pressed down with a close-fitting lid, upon which the flint and steel reposed. The match was chiefly an article of itinerant traffic. The chandler's shop was almost ashamed of it. The mendicant was the universal match-seller. The girl who led the blind beggar had invariably a bundle of matches. In the day they were vendors of matches—in the evening manufacturers. On the floor of the hovel sit two or three squalid children, splitting deal with a common knife. The matron is watching a pipkin upon a slow fire. The fumes which it gives forth are blinding as the brimstone is liquefying. Little bundles of split deal are ready to be dipped, three or four at a time. When the pennyworth of brimstone is used up, when the capital is exhausted, the night's labour is over. In the summer, the manufacture is suspended, or conducted upon fraudulent principles. Fire is then needless; so delusive matches must be produced—wet splints dipped in powdered sulphur. They will never burn, but they will do to sell to the unwary maid-of-all-work.

About twenty years ago chemistry discovered that the tinder-box might be abolished. But chemistry set about its function with especial reference to the wants and the means of the rich few. In the same way the first printed books were designed to have a great resemblance to manuscripts, and those of the wealthy class were alone looked to as the purchasers of the skilful imitations. The first chemical light-producer was a complex and ornamental casket, sold at a guinea. In a year or so there were pretty portable cases of a phial and matches, which enthusiastic young housekeepers regarded as the cheapest of all treasures at five shillings. By-and-by the light-box was sold as low as a shilling. The fire revolution was slowly approaching. The old dynasty of the tinder-box maintained its predominance for a short while in kitchen and garret, in farm-house and cottage. At length some bold adventurer saw that the new chemical discovery might be employed for the production of a large article of trade—that matches, in themselves the vehicles of fire without aid of spark and tinder, might be manufactured upon the factory system—that the humblest in the land might have a new and indispensable comfort at the very lowest rate of cheapness. When chemistry saw that phosphorus, having an affinity for oxygen at the lowest temperature, would ignite upon slight friction,—and so ignited, would ignite sulphur, which required a much higher temperature to become inflammable, thus making the phosphorus

do the work of the old tinder with far greater certainty; or when chemistry found that chlorate of potash, by slight friction, might be exploded so as to produce combustion—a blessing was bestowed upon society that can scarcely be measured by those who have had no former knowledge of the miseries and privations of the tinder-box. The penny box of Lucifers, or Congreves, or by whatever name called, is a real triumph of science, and an advance in civilisation.

Item: the Pewter Plate.

In Chop-houses in the City the Pewter-plate is a luxury. In 1512, the Earl and Countess of Northumberland used wooden trenchers, except when pewter plates were “an ornamental addition to their table on great holidays.”* I remember pewter plates in many kitchens, ranged in shining rows. They were a great nuisance in my father’s kitchen, for a day in each week was devoted to their scouring, and they were never used. I think they would have been scoured out of existence, had not a fire luckily taken place, and melted them all. But the dinner service of Delft was not then a cheap thing. The yellow-white plate had not then been superseded by the well-known willow pattern, which is now common in every cottage. What a blessing Wedgwood was to his country! Let any housewife now consider what her existence would be without her crockery. I will not grieve over the pewter plate.

* Northumberland Household Book, preface, p. xv.

Item : the Jack and Weight.

Did any of the present generation ever see a great leaden or iron weight slowly travelling down the outer wall of a house—perhaps with a pear-tree blossoming by its side? That weight was the power that moved the jack, that moved the chain, that moved the spit, that moved the sirloin, within. It was always travelling on a Sunday. The smoke-jack of aristocratic houses gave no outward demonstration of its work. The common jack was for the plebeians. But there was dignity in that symbol of what was going on in the kitchen. It said that the joint had not been ignobly sent to the bake-house. It said something, too, of the great mechanical capabilities of a scientific age. The age of turnspits was passed. But lo! mechanism now applies itself to the diffusion of comfort; and a little instrument, called a bottle-jack, turns the great unwieldy monster, with its wheels, and its chain, and its fly, and its weight travelling down the wall, out of every kitchen.

Item : the Bellows.

“ Gently stir, and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast.”

What a machine was the bellows! It was always at work. You heard it in the morning, as you were dressing. You heard it, when the fire was low, and the dinner-hour was at hand. You heard it, most especially, in the dim twilight hour, when the kettle was on the hob, and Susan had put on

her clean apron, and drowsily puffed, and gazed into the grate, as the coals began to glow beneath the music of her bellows. It was not an occasional friend, but it was ever a constant companion to the fender on which Susan rested her worsted-stockinged feet. What innovations have driven out the bellows? In those days there was a bundle of green sticks called a kindler, which no power but that of the bellows could make burn. There were no boilers then which yield warm water without any trouble. Everything, too, in the days of the bellows, was to be forced to the boiling point in the rude cookery. The notion of cookery excluded any of those foreign devices which required a slow heat. But very few higher things were then left to nature. No process could be perfect without perpetual interference with ordinary physical powers. There was no "*laissez faire*" in the cabinet; and why in the kitchen? The bellows was an emblem of the State, that was always making a great noise to stimulate society to the white heat of prosperity. But the State, like the bellows, sometimes put out the fire; and the fire always burnt dully after the stimulus.

Item : the Sand-box.

Did Goldsmith see "the nicely sanded floor" in England? At the end of the seventeenth century it was not common in the midland counties. Henry Teonge, who came from Warwickshire, thus writes in his Diary, about Deal: "The other thing which was strange to me was, that in all places else

wherever I yet was, the chiefest care of the neat housewife was to keep the rooms clean from all manner of dust, by sweeping, washing, and rubbing them. But here, clean contrary ; for having first swept them clean, they then strew them all over with sand, yea, their very best chambers."* I never saw the sanded floor in our "best chambers,"—for then the carpet luxury had crept in. But the delight of the presiding goddess of the kitchen in her sanded paradise ! When the sand first was strewed it was not very agreeable—for the sandman, who duly travelled with his cart from house to house, sometimes delivered it rather wet. But it *was* strewed—and the bellows-quickenened fire soon dried it. Day by day it was sifted, when the cooking toils were over. And then, what lady's bower could be so perfect ! The shutters were closed ; the twinkling candle was lighted ; the pewter and the brass glistened ; the cat purred ; the thread-paper was brought out ; and the tidy lass in the stuffed gown, who thought her wages of six pounds "riches priceless," was as happy—I hope she was happier—than the modern "professed cook," who stipulates for twenty-five pounds a-year* and a kitchen-maid, and puts on her silk gown when the dessert is gone in.

I think there was not much reading in that "nicely sanded" kitchen, although books were accessible. The honest occupant had her own favourite books—but they were few, and not costly. I should like now to have a complete collection of

* Diary of Henry Teonge, p. 10.

such as I remember to have seen ;—for Time, which has made them obsolete, has given them a factitious value. They were what we term ‘Chap-Books.’ Susan had a considerable collection of them in her box. There was ‘The History of Valentine and Orson ;’—‘The Seven Champions of Christendom ;’—and ‘The History of the London ’Prentice.’ That London ’Prentice, who was called “Aurelius,” went to Turkey, destroyed two lions that were prepared to devour him, and married the Emperor’s daughter. I see him now, as he is represented in the surprising wood-cut, thrusting his hand down one lion’s throat, while the other is howling on his back. ‘The History of the Lancashire Witches’ was there—real witches who rode on winds ; and there, too, ‘The History of Mother Shipton.’ ‘Jack the Giant-Killer’ was undoubtedly in Susan’s collection, and so ‘Fortunatus.’ But the book on which my early friend most pored was the ‘Fortune Book,’ which told young men and maids their fortune by drawing cards, and also the signification of moles, and the interpretation of dreams. They are gone—all.

My native town had a very considerable collection of Alms-houses. I was fond of talking to some of the old women who dwelt in them ; for they were cleanly and gossiping crones—upon the whole contented with their lot. One of them had a wonderful cat, which had outlived all other cats, having been preserved by the kindness of a predecessor, who had also an equally kind predecessor. The cat was endowed by an old maid with a shilling a-week,

and there was a corporate trustee. Pope's line was no mere imagination—

“ Die, and endow a college or a cat.”.

To take care of this cat with nine lives was pleasant occupation. But the greater part of the Alms-women were employed at the Spinning-wheel. There was a spinning charity in the borough,—a bequest in times before Arkwright ; and it was the duty of an officer of the corporation to buy flax, and give out flax to be spun, and pay the spinners week by week, and have the flax woven into sheets, which were distributed to poor people according to their deserts. What records of changes are our old charities ! How many obsolete bequests to companies and corporations, which time has put aside ; and which have, in our enlightened metropolis at least, resolved themselves into the husks of “ Epicurus' sty ! ” I suppose my old Spinners are gone.

If the Spinning-wheel remains, under the protection of “ vested interests,” the Hour Glass, by which the old spinner used to measure out her little day, is gone. Time has broken his own emblem. But the moral of the pretty antique hour-meter remains, in spite of electric telegraphs. One generation succeeds another. Dynasties perish. Manners change. Be the glass turned once in an hour, or once in a century, the sand is always running out, and always heaping up. To-day is the child of yesterday.

THE FIRST STEP INTO THE WORLD.

IN the early Spring of 1812, I stepped for a month or two out of the little world in which I had been living, to come face to face with great public things. I had a friend who was the editor of two daily newspapers, a morning and an evening. What a wonderful man I thought him! I see him now, as I often saw him, sitting in his back office, in a dingy dressing-gown and unshorn beard, dashing off his leader for the evening paper. At two o'clock he dressed, and he kindly took the youth from the country with him for a walk through the Strand, and along the mall in the Park. The Park was a queer unfashioned place then, with a long dirty pond where Charles II. fed his ducks—no plantations—no gravelled walks—no gas lights. But we walked happily enough; and my kind friend told funny Irish stories, and notable anecdotes of Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Ponsonby, with whom he boasted an intimacy. Yet, of the real life about him he knew very little, although he was the Editor of two daily papers. To edit a paper then was not very difficult. Many of the thousand complicated social and commercial questions, that have grown up during our long Peace, were then scarcely known. Parliamentary Reform was con-

sidered a dream. If the war was blamed, no one could uphold Napoleon. The tone of the paper was settled by the tone of the party. There were very rarely expresses from great provincial towns—and their local intelligence was mostly left to their own journals. Intercourse with foreign States was almost impossible, except through the Government messengers; and they went and came at the cost of several hundred pounds a journey. My good friend's intellect was not greatly tasked. When we had taken our walk, he had a comfortable dinner; drank a bottle of port, sometimes two; had a nap in his chair undisturbed by the hackney-coaches in the Strand; at nine o'clock, strolled down to the House to know what was going on; wrote his morning leader; and went to bed in very decent time.

I was to have a short training for the still easier life of a country editor, by a month or two in 'The Gallery.' The first day I went down was a terrible trial of endurance. There was a call of the House; and it was absolutely necessary for the Reporters to go in before the general public. There was no accommodation whatever for their admission, and no facilities for their work. It was all crush. At these calls the Strangers' Gallery was locked when the Speaker went to prayers, and all further ingress was prohibited. At twelve, then, I was in the gallery, or its lobby; and I stayed there till four o'clock next morning. It was to me a wonderful scene, and I had no desire to leave it. At that call

of the House, there were all the great ones of the day—how few have not obeyed a higher call!—Abbott, Speaker; Gibbs, Attorney-General; Brougham; Burdett; Canning; Castlereagh; Croker; Grattan; Horner; Palmerston; Peel; Perceval; Ponsonby; Romilly; Sir W. Scott; Sheridan; Tierney; Whitbread; Wilberforce. There were illustrious names called in that February, 1812. I take down ‘Hansard,’ and I look to see the sort of things I heard debated in that “Tenth Session of the fourth Parliament of the United Kingdom.” How obsolete some of the opinions read now! What antiquated states of society they represented! Is it a Parliament of the Regency, or a Parliament of some undated period of ‘Once upon a Time?’ Take a specimen or two.

The nightly watch of the Metropolis.—There had been murders in London, by which two whole families had been completely exterminated; and Mr. Secretary Ryder moved for a committee to inquire into the state of the nightly watch. Romilly asked where was the daily watch, and whether all the precautions of the nightly watch would provide a remedy against the daring highway robberies committed in the open day?

Death Penalties.—Romilly withdrew his bill for the amendment of the criminal laws, with one exception. He brought in a bill to repeal the Act of Elizabeth, under which soldiers and sailors found begging were punishable with death. But the legislature restored the balance in this session, by

hastily passing a bill which made frame-breaking a capital crime, instead of being a transportable offence.

Flogging in the Army.—"With respect to the man who had been spoken of, he might have died after receiving two hundred and twenty-four lashes, but they could not be the cause of his death."

By way of illustration of the condition of society in this year 1812, I open 'The Annual Register,' and in 'The Chronicle' under the date January 1, I find it recorded that the body of John Williams, who had committed one of the family murders referred to in Parliament, and who had died by his own hand in prison, was placed on a platform six feet high, having on "a clean white shirt, very neatly frilled." The mall and chisel with which he committed the murders were placed on the side of the head. And thus, in solemn procession, with headboroughs and constables to the number of three hundred, the car was drawn to the house in Ratcliff Highway, where one murder was committed; and the body was turned so that the face of the dead man might be "directly opposite the scene of atrocity." Again the procession moved, and again it stopped for another quarter of an hour before the house where another murder had been committed. It finally proceeded to the New Road, where the body was cast into a hole, "amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators." Here is a pleasant exhibition to begin the year with, for the edification of a London that in every other mode of instruction was utterly

neglected. Page after page of the 'Chronicle' furnishes details of robbery and murder, riot and slaughter. The terrors of fanaticism were added to those of natural fear. On the 20th of February a dissenting minister appeared in a boat on the Thames, dressed in a white linen robe, with his long hair flowing over his shoulders, and proclaimed that the Seven Vials of the Book of Revelations were to be poured out upon the city of London. Crime seemed to have lost all dread of the law. On the 22nd of March the Judge at the Assize at Reading, coming out of the church in grand procession, was hustled and robbed of his gold watch and seals. The punishments of the law were horribly unequal. A farmer near Ashford, finding some boys trespassing in his orchard, strikes one of them over the head with a stake. The boy kneels and begs for mercy ; but the farmer repeats the blow, and fractures the skull. It was sworn on the defence "that the skull was so remarkably thin that a very slight blow would fracture it ;" and so, upon this scientific evidence, the farmer was fined a shilling and discharged. Hanging was so common that it became a joke amongst the people. A police officer saw two men upon a wall in the Hampstead Road, and shortly after one of the two was hanging to a lamp-post. The short man had turned off the tall man ; they having, after an agreeable day of drinking and gambling, tossed up which should hang the other. Amidst all this lawlessness, the Prince Regent gave the

most magnificent entertainment on record at Carlton House. To crown the horrors of the spring of 1812, Mr. Perceval was assassinated on the 11th of May, in the lobby of the House of Commons. I was for two months in London in a time that is now fearful to read about. But the world went on as usual then; and looking back upon my own limited experience, I do not recollect a merrier season than that first year of the Regency.

That session was one of high political importance :—The settlement of the Royal Household; Orders in Council; Catholic Emancipation; the War in Spain. There was great eloquence in the Commons—the grace of Canning—the vehemence of Brougham—Romilly, grave and earnest—Perceval, mild and persuasive—the silver voice of Wilberforce—the manly ardour of Whitbread. But what a corps of Reporters! There was ability enough amongst them; but nobody seemed to feel that he was engaged in a grave duty. They were a merry set in the Exchequer coffee-house. A head peeps in, “Now, Flaherty.” “Who’s up?” “Creevey.” “Oh, I know all he can say—no hurry. You were observing”—“Waiter, another bottle of that old port.”

And then the Saturday evening oratory of the same set that I had met in the gallery, at the ‘Eccentrics,’ in May’s Buildings. There is a great gathering. A charge against Mr. Howley has been announced at a previous meeting. The charge comes on. Mr. Grant brings the charge—that Mr.

Howley is a poet. Mr. Davis is called as witness. He proves that Mr. Howley was an elegiac poet; that he was a lyric poet,—that he wrote an Ode to Winter, beginning “All hail;” that he had answered an advertisement to the effect that “any person competent to write ballads of a superior description, and in serious style, might hear of occupation;”—that he was a descriptive poet, and had written a tender piece, commencing with

“How beautiful the country doth appear,
At this time of the year!”

Then various wits spoke for and against the charge; and Mr. Shiel gave an oration upon poetry in general; concluding with a peroration touching the magnificent calm of the poet while there is war, and want, and tumult, and sorrow all around him. “Oh! there is an earthquake under his feet, and the soil heaves with a tremulous impatience, and the seas rush from their beds, and the air is darkened, and the vulture screams, and the palaces and the temples rock with a wide-spreading and all-involving fury; but he stands erect amidst the convulsion, creeps out of the ruins, sings his song of gladness in the desert, and comes once more into the breeze and the sunshine.” And then Mr. Quin, the editor of ‘The Day,’ rushes from his seat to embrace Mr. Shiel, and says—“Sir, I honour ye. Dine with me to-morrow.”

Then, during that brief intimacy with the renowned and the influential, I had the free admis-

sions of the theatres. What a privilege was that ! Drury was in ashes. But there was Covent Garden, with the two Kembles and Young. O'Neil and Kean were not as yet. But there were Munden, and Fawcett, and Emery.

They tell me there are no actors now. Perhaps not. I cannot judge. There are some things that look to me ever fresh, as of old—the face of nature, the smile of love, the gush of poetry, the wisdom above all wisdom. But for meaner things, surely

“ Life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.”

And with this brief experience I went back to my native town, to be one of those who bore the honoured name of “ best public instructor.” My range of pupils was very limited. I had little honour in my vocation, and less profit. The world in which I lived was a very singular one. There was the Court atmosphere ; and the Collegiate atmosphere ; and the Corporate atmosphere—all very much opposed to a free inflation of that air which was called the Liberty of the Press. Yet I was resolved to be independent, and I was unaffectedly patriotic. I hated Napoleon with a true English fervour. That covered some of my sins in not having an undoubting faith in the rulers of the day, with their ex-officio informations. I had some compliments to soothe me. Sir William Herschel came to thank me for telling the people that they were blockheads for attributing the high floods to him ;—and the vicar once quoted my leader in a fast-day sermon.

SAINT JOHN'S GATE.

WHEN Samuel Johnson first saw St. John's Gate, he "beheld it with reverence," as he subsequently told Boswell. But Boswell gives his own interpretation of the cause of this reverence. St. John's Gate, he says, was the place where the 'Gentleman's Magazine' was originally printed: and he adds, "I suppose, indeed, that every young author has had the same kind of feeling for the magazine or periodical publication which has first entertained him." He continues, with happy naïveté, "I, myself, recollect such impressions from the 'Scot's Magazine.'" Mr. Croker, in his valuable notes to Boswell's 'Johnson,' has a very rational doubt of the correctness of this explanation: "If, as Mr. Boswell supposes, Johnson looked at St. John's Gate as the printing-office of Cave, surely a less emphatical term than *reverence* would have been more just. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' had been, at this time, but six years before the public, and its contents were, until Johnson himself contributed to improve it, entitled to anything rather than *reverence*; but it is more probable that Johnson's *reverence* was excited by the recollections connected with the ancient gate itself, the last relic of the once extensive and magnificent priory of the

heroic knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, suppressed at the dissolution, and destroyed by successive dilapidations."

More than a century is passed away since Johnson, from whatever motive, beheld with reverence the old gate of the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. There it still remains, in a quarter of the town little visited, with scarcely another relic of antiquity immediately about it. Extensive improvements are going forward in its neighbourhood; and it may probably be one day swept away with as ruthless a hand as that of the Protector Somerset, who blew up the stately buildings of the hospital to procure materials for his own palace in the Strand. May it be preserved from the most complete of all destroyers—the building speculator! It has, to me, a double interest. It is the representative of the days of chivalrous enthusiasm on the one hand, and of popular improvement on the other. The Order, which dates from the days of Godfrey of Bouillon, has perished, even in our own time—an anomaly in the age up to which it had survived. The general desire for knowledge, which gave birth to the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' is an increasing power, and one which depends upon no splendid endowments and no stately mansions for its maintenance and ornament. Cave, the printer, was the accidental successor of the Prior of the Hospital of St. John. But, representing the freedom of public opinion, he was the natural successor of the despotic power of a secret society. At

any rate, the accident invests St. John's Gate with an interest which would not otherwise belong to it ; and in its double character we may not be ashamed to behold it " with reverence."

It was in 1841 that I first saw St. John's Gate. Turning out of St. John's Street to enter St. John's Lane—a narrow street which runs obliquely from that wide thoroughfare—the Gate presented itself to view, completely closing the road, and leaving a passage into St. John's Square only through the archway. The large masses of stone of which the gate is composed were then much decayed ; but the groined arch had recently been restored. A huge board which surmounted the archway informed the few passers-by that they might here solace themselves with the hospitalities of the 'Jerusalem Tavern ;' and, lest they might dread to be subjected to any of the original notions of abstinence which a pilgrim might once have been expected to bring within these walls, a window of a house or bulk on the eastern side of the gateway displayed all the attractions of bottles with golden labels of 'Cordial Gin,' 'Pine-apple Rum,' and 'Real Cognac.' Passing under the arch, I perceived that the modern *hospitium* ran through the eastern side of the gateway, and connected with premises at either end. Invited 'To the Parlour,' I entered. A comfortable room was that parlour, with its tables chequered with many a liquor-stain ; and genius had here its due honours, for Dr. Johnson's favourite seat was carefully pointed out. But the tavern

had then higher attractions than its parlour fireside with Dr. Johnson's corner : It had a ' Grand Hall,' where the ' Knights of Jerusalem ' still assembled in solemn conclave every Monday evening. It was long before I ventured to ask whether any uninitiated eyes might see that Grand Hall ; but I did take courage, and most obligingly was I conducted to it. I ascended the eastern turret by a broad staircase (but certainly not one of the date of the original building), and was soon in the central room of the Gateway. It was a fine lofty room, and if there were few remains of ancient magnificence—no elaborate carvings, no quaint inscriptions, nor " storied windows,"—the spirit of the past had been evoked from the ruins of the great military order, to confer dignities and splendours on the peaceful burghers who were wont here to congregate. Banners, gaudy with gold and vermillion, floated upon the walls ; and, if the actual " armoury of the invincible knights " were wanting, there were two or three cuirasses which looked as grim and awful as any

" Bruised arms hung up for monuments."

Nor were the fine arts absent from the decoration of that apartment. Sculpture had here given us a coloured effigy of some redoubted Hospitaller ; and Painting had lovingly united under the same ceiling the stern countenance of Prior Dockwra, the builder of the Gate, and the sleek and benign likenesses of the worshipful founders of the modern

order. History records not their exploits, and I shall be silent as to their names. They were quiet lawgivers, and not rampaging warriors. They had done the wise thing which poetry abhors—changed “swords for ledgers.” Instead of secret oaths and terrible mysteries, they invited all men to enter their community at the small price of twopence each night. Instead of vain covenants to drink nothing but water, and rejoice in a crust of mouldy bread, the visitor might call for anything for which he had the means of payment, even to the delicacies of kidneys, tripe, and Welch rabbits. The edicts of this happy brotherhood were inscribed in letters of gold for all men to read; and the virtuous regard which they displayed for the morals of their community presented a striking contrast to the reputed excesses of the military orders. The code had only four articles, and one of them was especially directed against the singing of improper songs. Here, then, was mirth without licentiousness, ambition without violence, power without oppression. When the Grand Master ascended the throne which was here erected, as the best eminence to which a modern Knight of Jerusalem might aspire, wearing his robes of state, and surrounded by his great commanders, also in their “weeds of peace,” no clangour of trumpets rent the air; but the mahogany tables were drummed upon by a hundred ungauntleted hands, and a gentle cloud of incense arose from the pipes which sent forth their perfumes from every mouth. Would I had partaken

of that inspiration! After the third hour the dimensions of the 'Grand Hall' of the Jerusalem Tavern would have expanded into the form and proportions of the 'Great Hall' of the Priory of St. John. The smoke-coloured ceiling would have lifted itself up into a groined roof, glorious with the heraldry of many a Crusader or Knight of Rhodes. The drowsy echoes of "tol de rol" or "derry down" would have melted into solemn strains of impassioned devotion; and the story three times told, how Jenkins beat his wife and was taken to the police-station, would have slid into a soft tale of a Troubadour discovering his ladye-love who had followed him through Palestine as a pretty page. Slowly, but surely, the green coats and the blue, the butcher's frock and the grocer's apron, would have become shadowed into as many black robes; and in the very height of my ecstasy the white cross would have grown on every man's breast out of its symbolical red field. Then the "order, order" of the chairman would have become a battle-cry; the knock of his hammer would have been the sound of the distant culverin; the hiccups of the far-gone sipper of treble-X ale would have represented the groans of the wounded. I should have fallen asleep, and have dreamt a much more vivid picture of the ancient glories of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem than can be presented with the aid of obscure chronicles and perishing fragments—the things which the antiquary digs up, and, when he has brought them to light in his erudite

pages, has the satisfaction to be called "one of those industrious who are only re-burying the dead."*

I went again to Saint John's Gate in 1853. I turned down the quiet unchanged street—what a contrast to the associations of modern Smithfield!—and there stood the Gate, apparently unchanged also. But there was a change. The east side of the arch was covered with a mighty oil-painting, of canvas large enough to have satisfied poor Haydon, or any other enthusiastic professor of "high art"—the subject, Knights of Saint John going forth to a Tournament. The old 'Parlour' looked invitingly; and I could not resist the temptation of the inviter. There was a change, however, in its decorations. On one side of the room was a great collection of frowning portraits of the Grand Masters of the Order, cut out of one of its famous histories; on the other, a series of some eighty pages of a modern work on the antiquities of the Gate, framed page by page. The spirit of Cave had descended upon the present landlord of the Tavern—and he had compiled this 'History of the Priory and Gate of St. John of Jerusalem,' and illustrated it with really beautiful engravings. Honoured be the labours of the landlord of St. John's Gate! There were other intellectual attractions in the old Parlour—Hogarth's 'Industry and Idleness'—portraits of Johnson, and Garrick, and Cave—Prior Dockwra's signature in lithograph,—and notices of 'A Discussion Class.' I again went up to 'the Grand Hall.' The por-

* Horace Walpole (of Gough) in a letter to Cole, 1773.

traits of the modern Knights of St. John had vanished. I fear they had not maintained the fame of their great predecessors, Fulk de Villaret, or Pierre d'Aubusson. Other changes had taken place in twelve years. The Knights of St. John had given place to a Musical Society, whose amateur concerts delighted Clerkenwell twice a week. I thought much of these changes, and went home, musing.

The first star was out in heaven, as I sate that evening in my quiet study, and called up the memories that were associated with St. John's Gate. I possess a silver tankard, with St. John's Gate and 'E. C.' engraven on its side. Good old Cave, according to Sir John Hawkins, "that he might avoid the suspicion of pride in setting up an equipage, displayed to the world the source of his affluence, by a representation of St. John's Gate, instead of his arms, on the door panels," and "causing it to be engraven on all his plate." The old-fashioned cup was filled for me that summer evening. The "twilight interim" gradually slid into darkness—and my musings grew dream-like.

I sate in the chair of the Discussion Class in the parlour of the Jerusalem Tavern. We are bold in dreams. I had no fear that I might offend the honourable company by my presumption. Prior Dockwra was there; but he seemed to me somewhat edged out of the places of honour by rather obscure personages. There was Mr. Moses Browne, "in a cloud of tobacco-smoke," who obtained Cave's

great fifty pound prize for a poem in the 'Gentleman's Magazine;' and who subsequently wrote 'Sunday Thoughts,' upon which Johnson observed "he had a great mind to write and publish 'Monday Thoughts.'" There was Mr. John Duick, who not only used his pen as one of Cave's poets, but was a "pen-cutter" in Clerkenwell. Mr. Webb, from Mr. Watkins's Academy in Spital Square, tendered a new enigma to "a man of large stature, not only tall but bulky." Another large man "in a loose horse-man's coat, and a great bushy uncombed wig," said "Pooh" to the enigma. I rather trembled before that large man, whom I well knew. But a jaunty little man, with a comical face, said, "Let him earn his half-crown—he was call-boy when I played the 'Mock Doctor' up-stairs." And so I was president of a club at which the Prior of St. John's, Edward Cave, Samuel Johnson, and David Garrick were the choice spirits. I must be the Boswell of the party.

The Prior.—Hush! I hear the lutes and dulcimers preluding for even-song.

Johnson.—Your reverence mistakes. How dare you laugh, Davy! I have learnt something of music since I asked Burney, when I had the dropsy in my legs, to teach me the gamut. I know those mechanics up stairs are playing a Sonata of Beethoven.

Garrick.—We have all learnt something since then. I now know that I didn't act Shakspeare, when I made the side-boxes weep; and that Mr. Phelps does play Shakspeare to the apprentices at

Sadler's Wells. But I am afraid of this levelling. What have artisans to do with Beethoven? and why do they want Shakspeare's Lear? Tate's brought down the pit; and *you* boasted that "Cordelia, from the time of Tate, always retired with victory and felicity."

Johnson.—Sir, I talked some nonsense then, and wrote some too. Why do you talk nonsense now when you know better? It is in an age when there is great general ignorance, and partial refinement, that botchers like Tate dare to meddle with such as Shakspeare. Those violins that we hear up-stairs tell us that taste is spreading, and knowledge too.

Cave.—We sold fifteen thousand of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' when you, Sir, wrote the Debates. The number is not so large now.

Johnson.—No, Sir, how should it be? Your Magazine was then to the public what newspapers have become since—but how wretchedly we supplied the want!

Cave.—Ah, Mr. Johnson—I beg pardon, Doctor—they have never anything in their newspapers equal to your Debates, "for felicities of expression, for the structure of sentences, happy at once for point, dignity, and elegance." My worthy successor in the Magazine truly described *your* Debates.

Johnson.—Don't make me wretched, Mr. Cave. I was penitent, even in the body, for imposing on the world, in making arguments and conjuring up answers for speakers in Parliament. There was no

truth in them, Sir. But now—Prior, may I trouble you for ‘The Times.’ Look here, Mr. Cave. There are twenty columns that would fill two of your Magazines, and not a word there printed was spoken at this time yesterday; and the reporters have invented no lies, as we invented.

Garrick.—But they polish a bit—and put in what looks to me very like the prompter’s work. And after all, there is not much eloquence.

Johnson.—Sir, a great, earnest, busy people have no time for eloquence. They want facts, sir, facts. The reporters may properly polish. There is an essential difference between speaking and writing. There are redundancies to prune away—connecting words to supply. They do their work well, those reporters.

Cave.—Don’t you think, sir, that Parliament was right to prevent us publishing the debates?

Johnson.—Wise, as the Stuarts were; but not wise for the time when you kept the press going over the way. The days of public opinion were coming quickly; and to imagine five hundred gentlemen sitting at Westminster to legislate in secret, when a whole nation was beginning to read, is to imagine a ship becalmed in a North-wester. The safety-valves of opinion have been opened—never again to be closed.

Cave.—But the Magazine, sir. It lives yet. It ought to sell thousands, where I sold hundreds.

Johnson.—That is, that caviare should sell better than potatoes. The people want good

things, but they want cheap things. They want things of universal application. They don't want your pretty verses to Pastora—your charades, your rebuses, your tomb-stone learning, your dissertations on a Roman urn, by Dr. Pegge. They want what they can understand and take an interest in. Sir, if I had the power to act in this world, I would set up a new halfpenny magazine, and you should print it,—and we would sell millions, sir, millions.

Cave.—You would not lower yourself to the multitude?

Johnson.—Lower myself? I would try to elevate myself. Do you think that if I had known my trade, we should have sold only five hundred of the Rambler? I was speaking to the multitude then. But I could not speak to the middle and working classes as writers speak now. I talked grand, sir; and the few readers said, "great moralist," and went to sleep.

Garrick.—Would you write a novel, now?

Johnson.—Yes, sir. Do you think that I couldn't have written a novel if I had chosen to descend from what I thought my dignity; when you, and I, and Savage, knew the town and all its queer ways as well as Defoe, and better than Smollett? Goldy wrote a novel. It is the most popular book in the language. And chiefly because Goldy wrote that book, for which I got him a hundred pounds, his peach-blossom coat is immortal. His Life—

Garrick.—I don't observe that any one has

written my Life since Tom Davies. I cannot help feeling—

Johnson.—"As much feeling as Punch"—forgive me, Davy. Poor Goldsmith's vanity was mortified enough in this wicked world; but he has his consolations now. Here he comes, as gay as ever,—with Eliza on one arm, and Fanny on the other.

The tobacco-smoke vanished—and with it, Mr. Moses Browne. My place was changed. I sate at a tea-table with the ladies opposite me.

Madame D'Arblay.—Is your tea agreeable, Doctor?

Johnson.—Excellent, Madam. Vastly good. Cheaper than ever, I hear.

Mrs. Carter.—Everything is cheap, Sir—even books are cheap. I saw my 'Epictetus' on a stall for half-a-crown. The subscription price was a guinea.

Goldsmith.—Yes; there is an American Life of me for a shilling.

Johnson.—And a far better English Life. That generous 'Biography' by Mr. Forster is worth something, after the "natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

Goldsmith.—I like the shilling popularity.

Johnson.—If you were to write another book as good as 'The Vicar,' you would rather grumble to find the people of a mighty continent, who speak and read our noble English, contributing nothing to your reward for the inestimable pleasure which you supply them. But, in truth, the robbery has become mutual; hence, your shilling popularity.

Goldsmith.—I don't understand political economy.

Johnson.—Nor did I, when I wrote the last four lines of your 'Deserted Village'—"Teach him,"—Yes—

"That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

Goldsmith.—Excellent!

Johnson.—No, Sir; there is no such thing in civilisation as "self-dependent power." The savage might have been self-dependent before Columbus; but wherever the needle travels, trade makes even the savage an exchanger. I may have imagined a period when our quays and our docks shall be desolate and ruinous as the choked-up harbours of Carthage or Venice. It was a dream. "Trade's proud empire" is going forward to such a conquest as the world never yet saw. Its empire is built upon knowledge. The ends of the earth are brought together by science. Some of the words which you and I wrote, my friend, have winged their way to mighty regions, which were being discovered when you and I talked commonplaces about "trade's proud empire." I was angry with Maurice Morgann, for writing of Shakspeare—"When the hand of Time shall have brushed off his present editors and commentators, the Apalachian mountains, the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Scioto, shall resound with the accents of

this barbarian."* He was right, Sir. We shall all —if there is anything good in us—live with the extension of our language; and that extension is the work of trade.—Another cup, if you please, Fanny.

Madame D'Arblay.—Do you think they are reading 'Camilla' on the banks of the Ohio, Doctor?

Goldsmith.—Decidedly so—a nation that adores the ladies.

Johnson.—Don't flatter, Goldy; for to flatter is to degrade. Fanny, much as I love her, described an ephemeral life, which she had never very accurately observed herself. Nothing can last in literature that is built upon fashions and individualities. Your Doctor Primrose is a representative of humanity, whether in villages of Yorkshire or the new cities of the plains of Scioto.

Goldsmith.—Your 'London' was a picture of a particular period and locality, yet that lives.

Johnson.—It was historically true, Sir; and the local did not forget the universal. I don't want men to write as if they had no dwelling-place and no social habits. But they must feel there is a wider circle than home. All literature is tending to the universal, and the free intercourse of nations will confirm that tendency.

Suddenly the tea vanished. I was alone in the parlour with that man of large stature, Edward

* Essay on the Character of Falstaff.

Cave ; and there he sat opposite me, with his own silver tankard between us.

Cave.—My service to you, Sir. I help myself freely out of my household cup. You value this?

Dreamer.—Certainly. I bought it from a descendant of yours, who was not so well off as you could have wished ; and I cherish it as a memorial of one who had worked well for popular literature.

Cave.—Ay—those mills ! Johnson said of me, —“ The fortune he left behind him, though large, had been yet larger, had he not rashly and wantonly impaired it by innumerable projects, of which I know not that ever one succeeded.”—For a kind man he judged hardly.

Dreamer.—You are past minding those losses now, Mr. Cave. You did some good in the world, and that is better worth looking back upon, be we dead or alive, than large estates.

Cave.—True, Sir. You think I did some good ?

Dreamer.—Every man who, in his generation, honestly does his best to advance the intelligence, and promote the happiness, of his countrymen, does some good.

Cave.—I am glad you think so. Since my ashes rested in Rugby churchyard, I have heard many opinions against making knowledge too common.

Dreamer.—Heed them not,—they will vanish.

Mr. Cave vanished—for I heard a railway-whistle.

Bless me ! I've been dozing.

Again I dozed ; and the same scene, with other anachronisms, such as the waking mind never heaps together, came before me.

The Prior had shifted his place. He was in the Presidential chair. The room was filled with unsubstantial figures, in dresses in which the white cross mingled with the laced waistcoat and the full-bottomed wig, but nothing determinate. A tall man emerged from the gloom, with the gold surtout over the glittering mail. The Prior frowned.

Prior.—Edward Seymour, what do you here? Are you come to triumph over the ruin you have made? Get you back to Somerset House, and see what you will find of the grandeur of which you stripped my poor Priory. There is not a stone of your Palace left. I have my Gate still.

Somerset.—Peace, good Prior. Your House fell, because it was out of harmony with the age. Mine fell, for the same cause.

Prior.—Yes. You carted away the stones of my great Bell-tower ; but your head soon paid for the spoliation. And then a Queen lived in your Palace, and the Mass was sung once more, and there was masque and music, and a stern man had his ears cut off for speaking plain words about “women actors” there. And then another Queen came, whose husband cared nothing for Mass or Liturgy ; and thought the “women actors” were pleasanter companions than his wife. And then your Palace descended to the hangers-on of St.

James's. Behold now—it is gone ; and your place of glory is filled with a legion of clerks, who record the gathering of as much tax in one year as would have trebled the revenues of all the Priors and Abbots in the land. Why couldn't you have left us to feed the poor at our gate ?

Somerset.—Because you kept the people poor by your luxuries and your alms. I look in upon the clerks of my old palace-ground now and then, and I find them doing better work than they used to do. If they did not, their Somerset House would go too, like mine House, and thine, Prior.

Prior.—You pretended to build schools out of the ruins of our old nests.

Somerset.—Yes, we did something. I wish those who came after us had done as much. We did little enough, I know. We taught some.

Prior.—And hanged many.

Somerset.—Very true. There were two grand instruments of education—the grammar-school and the gallows. But who is this fellow—with his white cravat and black wig ?

Prior.—Oh, a neighbour of mine, who comes here sometimes to smoke his pipe—Mr. Aris, late Governor of the House of Correction.

Aris.—A word in your ear, Protector. We are all equal now, and we may as well be sociable.

Somerset.—Sociable ! Why, you were denounced in Parliament as a cruel jailer, who whipped and tortured in secret within your strong walls yonder.

Aris.—It was our way, Protector. The soothing

system was unknown then. Mr. Hogarth will tell you that we did in the beginning of this century pretty much as his good friends of the Fleet did sixty years before. That's the gentleman, making a sketch of your Highness on his thumb-nail.

Somerset.—Good evening, Mr. Hogarth. I suppose Mr. Aris reformed the Idle Apprentice, and encouraged the Industrious, after your fashion of showing the Lord Mayor's Coach in one picture, and Tyburn in the other.

Hogarth.—No doubt, Protector. It was the old safe rule. Naughty boy, gallows; good boy, riches. But in those times we had not quite so many naughty boys as now. We had our Gin-lanes, where the young and the old soon drank themselves dead; and our Blood-bowl-houses, where murder was the rule. But we had no swarms of little wretches, creeping forth from dirty hovels, and becoming thieves out of the cruel neglect of society. Our prisons were not many; and they were not filled with childish pilferers. Thieving then was a profession; and the infants in the schools of thieving were creditably maintained by the masters of the craft till they were proficient.

Aris.—Why, Mr. Hogarth, you talk like the great moralist who was here just now. A good time, that!

Somerset.—Go on, painter.

Hogarth.—I *was* a great moralist. I painted vice as I saw it. I lived in a state of things in which there was a vast deal of open profligacy, high

and low. The laws were cruel, and the people were brutal. Now, all people profess decency—except the poor victims who hide in stinking alleys—neglected and despised. It is not mere poverty that is their bane. They are outside the pale of humanity. They are not received into Brotherhood. How can the children of these haunts do other than find their way into prisons—and find their way out again,—to be again rejected by Society?

Prior.—Had my House been standing, I would have taken the poor creatures in, and fed them.

Hogarth.—There are many houses in the land where the destitute child is clothed and fed, and is better educated than some of his rich neighbours. The country has prisons enough, and work-houses enough. It wants decent dwellings for those who work, and reformatory schools for those who beg and thieve.

Somerset.—Decent dwellings! Why, I wander about London, and sometimes in other places, and see more comfortable houses for the citizens, and better furnished, than nobles possessed in my day.

Hogarth.—Oh, yes; such houses pay for building. But the poor man must pay at a double rate, and die of bad air in cellars, and put his children, four in a bed, in vile garrets.

Somerset.—You ought to be working at this day, Mr. Hogarth, to tell the rulers these truths in pictures more eloquent than words.

Hogarth.—There is plenty of eloquence, and no want of picture satire, and other satire, about such

things. I have successors. But the rulers seldom do anything now, as you did in the despotic days. When an evil grows enormous it may be swept away. But they never move to prevent the evil. If anything is done, the people do it themselves. There is plenty of good feeling at work—no want of knowledge.

Prior.—What are the preachers about?

Hogarth.—Your reverence must excuse me saying that even in the days of a powerful Church there was more thought of forms than of religion. I painted the 'Sleeping Congregation;' and I painted 'Fanaticism.' Indifference and Credulity were antagonists in my day. Indifference had the worst of the fight, and things seemed mending. But Credulity put on another garb; and we may have—but I forget how near we are to Smithfield.

Somerset.—You seem a good Protestant, Mr. Hogarth.

Hogarth.—I am an Englishman. I am more tolerant of foreigners and friars than when I painted 'Calais Gate;' but when I see old superstitions as rampant as when you took a hand in putting them down, I am apt to say, "Oh, for an hour of"—I was going to compliment you—but I would rather say, Oh, for an hour of that Protector who, when intolerance put on her face of persecution, said—"The sound of my cannon shall be heard in Rome."

Somerset.—A vigorous Protector was that brewer of Huntingdon. We have had some talk lately.

Falkland and Hampden, he says, are in the New Parliament House ; but he, the greatest, has no place. This is a queer generation, Mr. Hogarth—rather timid and servile, I opine.

Hogarth.—Kings—

Aris.—Come, Sir, no sedition.

Hogarth.—Sedition ! Is not the name of ' King ' to be mentioned without coupling it with sedition ? But you are right. You speak from the remembrance of your own dungeons. Things are changed in England, Mr. Aris.

Somerset.—Truce. I thought my Edward would have changed fear into love. But three centuries were to roll over before that secret of government was understood. Victoria—

Dreamer.—Three cheers !

There was a rattle as of multitudinous applause. Cave's tankard had fallen on the floor ;—and I fairly awoke.

THE TAIL-PIECE.

THE last design of Hogarth was a tail-piece to his works. He made an allegory of 'The End.' Time is prostrate on the earth. His scythe is snapped in two ; his hour-glass smashed ; his will, bequeathing all things to Chaos, is in his palsied hand ; the last whiff from his broken pipe curls up into 'Finis.' Around him lie the shoemaker's last ; the cobbler's end ; a torn purse ; a battered crown ; a fractured musket ; a cracked bell ; a worn-out besom ; the capital of a column ; a broken palette. The landscape is composed of a ruined tower ; a tumble-down hovel ; a withered tree ; and the sign of 'The World's End.' In the distance are a gallows and a foundering ship. Phoebus is falling from his chariot ; the moon is darkened.

In this emblematic print, while we admire the ingenuity of the artist, we see the limited range of his art. Material objects are poor exponents of abstract ideas. But they may tell something.

It was a fashion of the minor poets of the seventeenth century to write verses which they called 'Advice to a Painter,' or, 'Directions to a Painter.' If I were to give suggestions to a designer for a tail-piece to 'Once upon a Time,' I should say—sketch a *pendant* to Hogarth's 'Finis.' Raise

Time into the noblest attitude of Wisdom—one foot on the earth, the other lifted, as if springing to the skies. Let his scythe be in one hand—in the other, the seed which he is beginning to scatter “broad-cast o’er the land.” Let Time be the sower as well as the reaper. Let him out-stretch his glorious wings, as he prepares to leave behind him, in the dimmest distance, the emblems of past ignorance and misrule—the ruined hovel, the rampant gibbet, and the farm-yard in flame. Let him look before him, at the vast school, and the narrow prison ; at venerable temples of pure worship, and stately towers of good government. Be there, the Crystal Palace, the National Museum, the Free Library, the Public Park. Let the statues of the Poet and the Philosopher stand in the porticos of the Halls of Commerce. Let the plough and the steam-engine be the companion symbols of Industry. Let the cannon be thrown down at the foot of the printing-machine. Let the sun break through the dispersing clouds ; and let the rainbow span the farthest hill-tops.

THE END.



MR. MURRAY'S

GENERAL LIST OF WORKS.

- ABBOTT'S (REV. J.) Philip Musgrave; or Memoirs of a Church of England Missionary in the North American Colonies. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- ABELL'S (MRS.) Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon during the First Three Years of his Captivity on the Island of St. Helena. *Second Edition.* Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- ABERCROMBIE'S (JOHN, M.D.) Enquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth. *Fourteenth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
-
- Philosophy of the Moral Feelings. *Eighth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 4s.
-
- Pathological and Practical Researches on the Diseases of the Stomach, the Intestinal Canal, the Liver, and other Viscera of the Abdomen. *Third Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- ACLAND'S (REV. CHARLES) Popular Account of the Manners and Customs of India, Illustrated with Numerous Anecdotes. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- ÆSCHYLUS. (The Agamemnon and Choephoreæ). *A New Edition* of the Text, with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Philological, for the Use of Students. By Rev. W. PELLE, D.D., Head Master of Repton School. *Second Edition.* 2 Vols. 8vo. 9s. each.
- ÆSOP'S FABLES, for Old and Young. A New Version. By Rev. THOMAS JAMES, M.A. Illustrated with 100 Woodcuts, by JOHN TENNIEL. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.; or *Copies on fine Paper.* 8vo. 16s.
- AGRICULTURAL (THE) JOURNAL. Published (half-yearly) by the Royal Agricultural Society of England. 8vo. 10s.
- AMBER-WITCH (THE). The most interesting Trial for Witchcraft ever known. Edited by DR. MEINHOLD. Translated from the German by LADY DUFF GORDON. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- ARABIAN NIGHTS (THE). A New Translation, arranged for family reading. With Explanatory Notes. Illustrated with 600 Woodcuts, by WILLIAM HARVEY. One Volume. Medium 8vo. 21s.
- ARAGO'S (M.) Historical Eloge on James Watt. Translated from the French, with Notes by J. P. MUIRHEAD. Portrait. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
- ARTHUR'S (LITTLE) History of England. By LADY CALCOTT. *Fifteenth Edition.* Woodcuts. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
- AUNT IDA'S Walks and Talks; a Story Book for Children. By a Lady. Woodcuts. 18mo. 5s.

ADMIRALTY PUBLICATIONS (THE); Issued by direction of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty:—

1. **A MANUAL OF SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRY**, for the Use of Officers in H.M. Navy and Travellers in General. By Various Hands. Edited by SIR J. F. HERSCHEL, Bart. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
2. **AIRY'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE AT GREENWICH.** 1836 to 1847. Royal 4to. 50s. each.
3. ——— **APPENDIX TO THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.** 1836, 1837, 1842, 8s. each; and 1847, 14s. Royal 4to.
 CONTENTS.
 1836.—Bessel's Refraction Tables.
 Table for converting Errors of R. A. and N. P. D. into Errors of Longitude and Ecliptic P. D.
 1837.—Logarithms of Sines and Cosines to every Ten Seconds of Time.
 Table for converting Sidereal into Mean Solar Time.
 1842.—Catalogue of 1439 Stars.
 1847.—Twelve Years' Catalogue of Stars.
4. ——— **MAGNETICAL AND METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.** 1840 to 1847. Royal 4to. 50s. each.
5. ——— **ASTRONOMICAL, MAGNETICAL AND METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, 1848, 49, & 50.** Royal 4to. 50s. each.
6. ——— **REDUCTION OF THE OBSERVATIONS OF PLANETS.** 1750 to 1830. Royal 4to. 50s.
7. ——— **LUNAR OBSERVATIONS.** 1750 to 1830. 2 Vols. Royal 4to. 50s. each.
8. **BERNOULLI'S SEXCENTENARY TABLE.** *London, 1779.* 4to. 5s.
9. **BESSEL'S AUXILIARY TABLES FOR HIS METHOD OF CLEARING LUNAR DISTANCES.** 8vo.
10. ——— **FUNDAMENTA ASTRONOMIÆ: Regiomonti.** 1818. Folio. 60s.
11. **BIRD'S METHOD OF CONSTRUCTING MURAL QUADRANTS.** *London, 1768.* 4to. 2s. 6d.
12. ——— **METHOD OF DIVIDING ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS.** *London, 1767.* 4to. 2s. 6d.
13. **COOK, KING, AND BAYLY'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.** *London, 1782.* 4to. 21s.
14. **EDWARDS ON THE COMPOSITION OF METALS FOR REFLECTING TELESCOPES.** 8vo. 2s. 6d.
15. **EIFFE'S ACCOUNT OF IMPROVEMENTS IN CHRONOMETERS.** 4to. 2s.
16. **ENCKE'S BERLINER JAHRBUCH, FOR 1830.** *Berlin, 1828.* 8vo. 9s.
17. **GROOMBRIDGE'S CATALOGUE OF CIRCUMPOLAR STARS.** 4to. 10s.
18. **HARRISON'S PRINCIPLES OF HIS TIME-KEEPER. PLATES.** 1787. 4to. 5s.
19. **HUTTON'S TABLES OF THE PRODUCTS AND POWERS OF NUMBERS.** 1781. Folio. 7s. 6d.
20. **LAX'S TABLES FOR FINDING THE LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.** 1821. 8vo. 10s.
21. **LUNAR OBSERVATIONS at GREENWICH. 1783 to 1819. Compared with the Tables, 1821.** 4to. 7s. 6d.
22. ——— **DISTANCES of the MOON'S CENTRE from the PLANETS** 1822, 3s.; 1823, 4s. 6d. 1824 to 1835. 8vo. 4s. each.

ADMIRALTY PUBLICATIONS—*continued.*

23. MASKELYNE'S ACCOUNT OF THE GOING OF HARRISON'S WATCH. 1767. 4to. 2s. 6d.
24. MAYER'S THEORIA LUNÆ JUXTA SYSTEMA NEWTONIANUM. 4to. 2s. 6d.
25. ——— TABULÆ MOTUUM SOLIS ET LUNÆ. 1770. 4to. 5s.
26. ——— ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE AT GOTTINGEN, from 1756 to 1761. 1826. Folio. 7s. 6d.
27. NAUTICAL ALMANACS, from 1767 to 1855. 8vo. 2s. 6d. each.
28. ——— SELECTIONS FROM THE ADDITIONS, up to 1812. 8vo. 5s.—1834-54. 8vo. 5s.
29. ——— SUPPLEMENTS, 1828 to 1833, 1837 and 1838. 8vo. 2s. each.
30. ——— TABLES requisite to be used with the N. A. 1766. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
31. ——— *Second Edition, enlarged.* 1781. 8vo. 5s.
32. ——— *Third Edition, corrected.* 1802. 8vo. 5s.
33. POND'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS. 1811 to 1835. 4to. 21s. each.
34. RAMSDEN'S ENGINE for DIVIDING MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS. 4to. 5s.
35. ——— ENGINE for DIVIDING STRAIGHT LINES. 4to. 5s.
36. SABINE'S PENDULUM EXPERIMENTS to DETERMINE THE FIGURE of the EARTH. 1825. 4to. 40s.
37. SHEPHERD'S TABLES for CORRECTING LUNAR DISTANCES. 1772. Royal 4to. 21s.
38. ——— TABLES, GENERAL, of the MOON'S DISTANCE from the SUN, and 10 STARS. 1787. Folio. 5s. 6d.
39. TAYLOR'S SEXAGESIMAL TABLE. 1790. 4to. 15s.
40. ——— TABLES of LOGARITHMS. 4to. 3l.
41. TIARK'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS for the LONGITUDE of MADEIRA. 1822. 4to. 5s.
42. ——— CHRONOMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS for DIFFERENCES of LONGITUDE between DOVER, PORTSMOUTH, and PALMOUTH. 1823. 4to. 5s.
43. VENUS and JUPITER: OBSERVATIONS of, compared with the TABLES. London, 1822. 4to. 2s.
44. WALES and BAYLY'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS. 1777. 4to. 21s.
45. WALES' REDUCTION of ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE. 1764-1771. 1783. 4to. 10s. 6d.

AUSTIN'S (MRS.) Fragments from German Prose Writers. Translated, with Biographical Notes. Post 8vo. 10s.

——— Translation of Ranke's Political and Ecclesiastical History of the Popes of Rome. *Third Edition.* 2 Vols. 8vo. 24s.

BABBAGE'S (CHARLES) Economy of Machinery and Manufactures. *Fourth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

——— Table of the Logarithms of the Natural Numbers from 1 to 108000. *Fourth Edition.* Royal 8vo. 6s.

——— Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 9s. 6d.

——— Reflections on the Decline of Science in England, and on some of its Causes. 4to. 15s.

——— Exposition of 1851; or, Views of the Industry, the Science, and the Government of England. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 7s. 6d.

BARROW'S (THE LATE SIR JOHN) Autobiographical Memoir, including Reflections, Observations, and Reminiscences at Home and Abroad. From Early Life to Advanced Age. Portrait. 8vo. 16s.

——— Voyages of Discovery and Research 'within the Arctic Regions, from 1818 to the present time. Under the Command of the several Naval Officers, employed by Sea and Land, in search of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific: with Two Attempts to reach the North Pole. Abridged and arranged from the Official Narratives, with Occasional Remarks. 8vo. 15s.

——— (JOHN) Memoirs of the Naval Worthies of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, their Gallant Deeds, Daring Adventures and Services in the infant state of the British Navy, with brief Biographical Notices of the respective Commanders. 8vo. 14s.

——— Life and Voyages of Sir Francis Drake. With numerous Original Letters from him and the Lord High Admiral to the Queen, and great Officers of State. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

——— Tour in Austrian Lombardy, the Northern Tyrol, and Bavaria. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

BASSOMPIERRE'S Memoirs of his Embassy to the Court of England in 1626. Translated with Notes. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

BEE'S AND FLOWERS. Two Essays reprinted from the "Quarterly Review." Fcap. 8vo. 1s. each.

BELISARIUS (LIFE OF). By LORD MAHON. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

BELL'S (SIR CHARLES) Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression as connected with the Fine Arts. *Fourth Edition.* Plates. Impl. 8vo. 21s.

——— Mechanism and Vital Endowments of the Hand as evincing Design. *Fifth Edition.* Portrait and Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

BENEDICT'S (JULES) Sketch of the Life and Works of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

BERTHA'S Journal during a Visit to her Uncle in England. Containing a Variety of Interesting and Instructive Information, adapted for Young Persons. *Seventh Edition.* Woodcuts. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

——— The Heiress in her Minority; or, the Progress of Character. By Author of "BERTHA'S JOURNAL." 2 Vols. 12mo. 18s.

BETHUNE'S (J. E. D.) Specimens of Swedish and German Poetry. Part I. Poems of Esaias Tegner. Part II. Schiller's Maid of Orleans. Crown 8vo. 12s.

BIRCH'S (SAMUEL) History of Ancient Pottery: Egyptian, Asiatic, Greek, Roman, Etruscan, and Celtic. With Illustrations. 8vo. (*Nearly Ready.*)

BIRT'S (W. R.) Hurricane Guide. Being an Attempt to connect the Rotatory Gale, or Revolving Storm, with Atmospheric Waves. Including Instructions for observing the Phenomena of the Waves and Storms; with Practical Directions for avoiding the Centres of the latter. With Circles on Cards. Post 8vo. 3s.

BIOSCOPE (THE); or, the Dial of Life explained. To which is added a Translation of St. Paulinus' Epistle to Celantia on the Rule of Christian Life and an Elementary View of general Chronology. By GRANVILLE PENN. *Second Edition.* With Plate. 12mo. 12s.

BLUNT'S (REV. J. J.) Undesigned Coincidences in the Writings of the Old and New Testament, an Argument of their Veracity: with an Appendix containing Undesigned Coincidences between the Gospels, Acts, and Josephus. *Fourth Edition.* 8vo. 9s.

— Principles for the proper understanding of the Mosaic Writings, stated and applied, together with an incidental argument for the truth of the Resurrection of our Lord. Being the **HULSEAN LECTURES** for 1832. Post 8vo. 6s. 6d.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. With 1000 Illustrations of Borders, Initials, and Woodcut Vignettes. *A New Edition.* Medium 8vo. 21s. cloth, 31s. 6d. calf, or 42s. morocco.

BORROW'S (GEORGE) Layengro; The Scholar—Gipsy—and Priest. With Portrait. 8 Vols. Post 8vo. 30s.

— Bible in Spain; Or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an Attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. 8 Vols. Post 8vo. 27s., or *Cheap Edition*, 16mo, 5s.

— Zincali, or the Gipsies of Spain; their Manners, Customs, Religion, and Language. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18s., or *Cheap Edition*, 16mo, 5s.

BOSWELL'S (JAMES) Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Including the Tour to the Hebrides, with Notes by Sir W. SCOTT. Edited by the Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER. *A New Edition, with much additional Matter.* Portraits. One Volume Royal 8vo. 15s.

BRAY'S (MRS.) Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A. With Personal Reminiscences. Illustrated with Portrait and 60 Woodcuts of his chief works. 4to. 21s.

BREWSTER'S (SIR DAVID) Martyrs of Science, or the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler. *Second Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION REPORTS. York and Oxford, 1831-32, 13s. 6d. Cambridge, 1833, 12s. Edinburgh, 1834, 15s. Dublin, 1835, 13s. 6d. Bristol, 1836, 12s. Liverpool, 1837, 16s. 6d. Newcastle, 1838, 15s. Birmingham, 1839, 13s. 6d. Glasgow, 1840, 15s. Plymouth, 1841, 13s. 6d. Manchester, 1842, 10s. 6d. Cork, 1843, 12s. York, 1844, 20s. Cambridge, 1845, 12s. Southampton, 1846, 15s. Oxford, 1847, 18s. Swansea, 1848, 9s. Birmingham, 1849, 10s. Edinburgh, 1850, 15s. Ipswich, 1851, 16s. 6d. 8vo.

BROGDEN'S (REV. JAS.) Illustrations of the Liturgy and Ritual of the United Church of England and Ireland. Being Sermons and Discourses Selected from the Works of eminent Divines of the 17th Century. 8 Vols. Post 8vo. 27s.

— Catholic Safeguards against the Errors, Corruptions, and Novelties of the Church of Rome. Being Sermons and Tracts selected from the Works of eminent Divines of the 17th Century. *Second Edition.* With Preface and Index. 8 Vols. 8vo. 36s.

. The Second and Third Volume may be had separately, 14s. each.

BROOKE'S (SIR JAMES) Journals of Events in Borneo, including the Occupation of Labuan, and a Visit to the Celebes. Together with the Expedition of H.M.S. Iris. By CAPT. RODNEY MUNDY, R.N. Plates. 2 Vols. 8vo. 32s.

BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNEN OF NASSAU. By an OLD MAN. *Sixth Edition.* 16mo.

BUNBURY'S (C. J. F.) *Journal of a Residence at the Cape of Good Hope; with Excursions into the Interior, and Notes on the Natural History and Native Tribes of the Country.* Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 9s.

BUNYAN (JOHN) and Oliver Cromwell. *Select Biographies.* By ROBERT SOUTHBY. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

BURGHERSH'S (LORD) *Memoir of the Operations of the Allied Armies under Prince Schwarzenberg and Marshal Blucher during the latter end of 1813-14.* 8vo. 21s.

————— *Early Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in Portugal and Spain.* 8vo. 8s. 6d.

BURN'S (LIEUT.-COL.) *Naval and Military Technical Dictionary of the French Language. French and English—English and French.* Crown 8vo. 15s.

BURNES' (SIR ALEXANDER) *Journey to and Residence in the City of Cabool.* *Second Edition.* Plates. 8vo. 18s.

BURNS' (ROBERT), *Life.* By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. *Fifth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

BURR'S (G. D.) *Instructions in Practical Surveying, Topographical Plan-drawing, and on sketching ground without Instruments.* *Second Edition.* Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

BUXTON'S (SIR FOWELL) *Memoirs.* With Selections from his Correspondence. By his Son. *Fourth Edition.* Portrait. 8vo, 16s.; or *Cheap Edition*, 16mo, 8s. 6d.

BYRON'S (LORD) *Life and Letters.* By THOMAS MOORE. Plates. 6 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 18s.

————— *Complete in One Volume.*
Portraits. Royal 8vo. 12s.

————— *Poetical Works.* Plates. 10 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 30s.

————— *Complete in One Volume.* Portrait.
Royal 8vo. 12s.

————— *Poetical Works.* 8 Vols. 24mo. 20s. sewed, or 24s. cloth. The Works are sold separately as follows:—

Childe Harold.
Dramas, 2 Vols.
Tales and Poems.

Miscellanies, 2 Vols.
Beppo and Don Juan,
2 Vols.

————— *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.* With Portrait of Ada, and 30 Vignettes. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

BUTTMAN'S LEXILOGUS; or, a Critical Examination of the Meaning and Etymology of numerous Greek Words and Passages, intended principally for Homer and Hesiod. Translated, and edited with Explanatory Notes and copious Indexes, by REV. J. R. FISHLAKE. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 14s.

————— *Catalogue of Irregular Greek Verbs; With all the Tenses extant—their Formation, Meaning, and Usage, accompanied by an Index.* Translated, with Notes, by REV. J. R. FISHLAKE. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 7s. 6d.

- CALVIN'S (JOHN) Life.** With Extracts from his Correspondence. By THOMAS H. DYER. Portrait. 8vo. 15s.
- CALLCOTT'S (LADY) Little Arthur's History of England.** *Fifteenth Edition.* Woodcuts. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
- CAMPBELL'S (LORD) Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England.** From the Earliest Times to the death of Lord Eldon in 1838. *Third Edition.* 7 Vols. 8vo. 102s.
- The Work may also be had as follows.*
- 1st Series.* From the Earliest Times to the Revolution of 1688. 3 Vols. 8vo. 42s.
- 2nd Series.* From the Revolution of 1688 to the Death of Lord Thurlow in 1806. 2 Vols. 8vo. 30s.
- 3rd Series.* From the Birth of Lord Loughborough, in 1733, to the Death of Lord Eldon, in 1838. 2 Vols. 8vo. 30s.
- **Lives of the Chief Justices of England.** From the Norman Conquest till the Death of Lord Mansfield. 2 Vols. 8vo. 30s.
- **(GEORGE.) Modern India.** A Sketch of the System of Civil Government. With some Account of the Natives and Native Institutions. 8vo. 16s.
- **(THOS.) Specimens of the British Poets.** With Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry. *Third Edition.* Revised by PETER CUNNINGHAM. Portrait and Vignette. Royal 8vo. 15s.
- **Short Lives of the British Poets.** With an Essay on English Poetry. Post 8vo. 6s.
- CARÈME'S FRENCH COOKERY.** Translated by W. HALL. *Second Edition.* Plates. 8vo. 15s.
- CARMICHAEL'S (A. N.) Greek Verbs.** Their Formations, Irregularities, and Defects. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.
- CARNARVON'S (LORD) Portugal, Galicia, and the Basque Provinces.** From Notes made during a Journey to those Countries. *Third Edition.* Post 8vo. 5s.
- CATHCART'S (MAJOR GENERAL) Commentaries on the War in Russia and Germany, 1812-18.** With 28 Diagrams and Plans. 8vo. 14s.
- CHARMED ROE (THE); or, The Story of the Little Brother and Sister.** With Illustrations. By OTTO SPECKTER. 16mo. 5s.
- CLARENDON GALLERY (THE); or, Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon,** illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery. With an Introduction, containing a Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures, and an Account of the Origin of the Collection, By Lady THERESA LEWIS. Portraits. 8 Vols. 8vo. 42s.
- CLARK (SIR JAMES) On the Sanative Influence of Climate, with an Account of the Best Places for Invalids in the South of Europe, &c.** *Fourth Edition.* Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- CLAUSEWITZ'S (GENERAL CARL VON) Campaign of 1812, in Russia.** Translated from the German. By Lord Ellesmere. Map. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

- OLIVE'S (THE GREAT LORD) Life. By REV. G. R. GLEIG, M.A.
Post 8vo. 5s.
- COLERIDGE (SAMUEL TAYLOR) Specimens of his Table-Talk
Fourth Edition. Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- (HENRY NELSON) Introductions to the Study of
the Greek Classic Poets. *Third Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
- COLONIAL LIBRARY. [See Home and Colonial Library.]
- COMBER'S (DEAN) Friendly and Seasonable Advice to the
Roman Catholics of England. Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by Rev.
Dr. HOOK. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.
- COMMERCIAL TARIFFS (THE) OF ALL COUNTRIES. Col-
lected by the Prussian Government. Translated carefully into English
Money. Edited by C. N. NEWDEGATE, M.P. 8vo.
- CONDÉ'S (LOUIS PRINCE) Life, surnamed the Great. By LORD
MAHON. Post 8vo. 5s.
- COOKERY (MODERN DOMESTIC). Founded on Principles of Economy
and Practical Knowledge, and adapted for Private Families. *A New
Edition.* BY A LADY. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- CRABBE'S (REV. GEORGE) Life and Letters. By his SON. Portrait
Fcap. 8vo. 3s.
- Life and Poetical Works. Plates. 8 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 24s.
- Complete in One Volume
Portrait and Vignette. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- CUMMING'S (R. GORDON) Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Fa-
Interior of South Africa. With Anecdotes of the Chase in hunting the
Wild Beasts of the Deserts and Forests. *Third Edition.* With Woodcut
2 Vols. Post 8vo. 24s.
- CURZON'S (HON. ROBERT) Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant
Fourth Edition. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 15s.
- CUNNINGHAM'S (ALLAN) Life of Sir David Wilkie. With his
Journals, Tours, and Critical Remarks on Works of Art, and a Selection
from his Correspondence. Portrait. 3 Vols. 8vo. 42s.
- Poems and Songs. Now first collected
and arranged, with an Introduction and Biographical Notice of the
Author, by PETER CUNNINGHAM. 24mo. 2s. 6d.
- (CAPT. J. D.) History of the Sikhs. From
the Origin of the Nation to the Battle of the Sutlej. *Second Edition*
Maps. 8vo. 15s.
- (PETER) London—Past and Present. A Hand-
book to the Antiquities, Curiosities, Churches, Works of Art, Public
Buildings, and Places connected with interesting and historical asso-
ciations. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 16s.
- Modern London. A complete Guide for
Visitors to the Metropolis. Map. 16mo. 5s.
- Environs of London. Including a circle of 2
miles round St. Paul's. With Hints for Excursions by Rail,—Road,—
and River. Post 8vo. *In the Press.*
- Westminster Abbey. Its Art, Architecture
and Associations. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

- CROKER'S** (RIGHT HON. J. W.) *Progressive Geography for Children.*
Fourth Edition. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- *Stories for Children Selected from the History of England.* *Fourteenth Edition.* Woodcuts. 18mo. 5s.
- *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Including the Tour to the Hebrides, with Notes by Sir W. SCOTT. *A New Edition*, with much additional Matter. One Volume. Portraits. Royal 8vo. 15s.
- *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his accession to the death of Queen Caroline.* By JOHN LORD HERVEY. Edited with Notes. Portrait. 2 Vols. 8vo. 36s.
- CROMWELL** (OLIVER) and John Bunyan. *Select Biographies.*
By ROBERT SOUTHHEY. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- DARWIN'S** (CHARLES) *Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during a Voyage round the World.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- DATES AND DISTANCES**; Showing what may be done in a Tour of Sixteen Months upon the Continent of Europe. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.
- DAVY'S** (SIR HUMPHRY) *Consolations in Travel; or, Last Days of a Philosopher.* *Fifth Edition.* Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- *Salmonia; or, Days of Fly Fishing.* With some Account of the Habits of Fishes belonging to the genus Salmo. *Fourth Edition.* Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- DENNIS'** (GEORGE) *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria; or, the extant Local Remains of Etruscan Art.* Plates. 2 Vols. 8vo. 42s.
- DEVEREUX'S** (HON. CAPT., R.N.) *Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex, in the Reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., 1540—1646.* Chiefly from unpublished documents. Portraits. 2 Vols. 8vo. 30s.
- DE VERE'S** (AUBREY) *English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds.* Four Letters from Ireland, addressed to an English M.P. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- DODGSON'S** (REV. C.) *Controversy of Faith; or, Advice to Candidates for Holy Orders.* Containing an Analysis and Exposition of the Argument by which the Catholic Interpretation of the Baptismal Services is to be vindicated. 12mo. 3s.
- DOG-BREAKING**; the Most Expeditious, Certain, and Easy Method, whether great excellence or only mediocrity be required. By LIEUT.-COL. HUTCHINSON. *Second Edition.* Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- DOMESTIC MODERN COOKERY.** Founded on Principles of Economy and Practical Knowledge, and adapted for Private Families. *A New Edition.* BY A LADY. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- DOUGLAS'S** (GENERAL SIR HOWARD) *Treatise on Improved Gunnery: with Descriptions of the New Guns introduced since the War.* *Third Edition, revised.* Plates. 8vo. 21s.
- *Treatise on the Principle and Construction of Military Bridges, and the Passage of Rivers in Military Operations.* *Third Edition*, with much new matter. Plates. 8vo.
- DRAKE'S** (SIR FRANÇOIS) *Life, Voyages, and Exploits, by Sea and Land.* By JOHN BARROW. *Third Edition.* Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

- DRINKWATER'S (JOHN)** History of the Siege of Gibraltar. 1779-1783. With a Description and Account of that Garrison from the Earliest Periods. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- DRUMMOND'S (HENRY)** Abstract Principles of Revealed Religion. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- DUDLEY'S (EARL OF)** Letters to the late Bishop of Llandaff. *Second Edition.* Portrait. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- DURHAM'S (ADMIRAL SIR PHILIP)** Naval Life and Services. By CAPT. ALEXANDER MURRAY. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
- DYER'S (THOMAS H.)** Life and Letters of John Calvin. Compiled from authentic Sources. Portrait. 8vo. 15s.
- EASTLAKE (SIR CHARLES)** The Schools of Painting in Italy. From the earliest Times. From the German of KUGLER. Edited, with Notes. *Second Edition.* Illustrated with 100 Engravings from the Old Masters. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 24s.
- Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts. 8vo. 12s.
- EDWARDS' (W. H.)** Voyage up the River Amazon, Including a Visit to Para. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- EGERTON'S (HON. CAPT. FRANCIS)** Journal of a Winter's Tour in India; with a Visit to Nepaul. Woodcuts. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18s.
- ELDON'S (LORD CHANCELLOR)** Public and Private Life, with Selections from his Correspondence and Diaries. By HORACE TWISS. *Third Edition.* Portrait. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21s.
- ELLESMERE'S (LORD)** Two Sieges of Vienna by the Turks. Translated from the German. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Second Campaign of Radetzky in Piedmont. The Defence of Temeswar and the Camp of the Ban. From the German. Post 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- Life and Character of the Duke of Wellington; a Discourse. *Second Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6d.
- Campaign of 1812 in Russia, from the German of General Carl Von Clausewitz. Map. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- ELPHINSTONE'S (HON. MOUNTSTUART)** History of India—the Hindoo and Mahomedan Periods. *Third Edition.* Map. 8vo. 18s.
- ENGLAND (HISTORY OF)** From the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles, 1713—83. By LORD MAHON. Post 8vo. 6s. each. (*A Volume every Two Months.*)
- From the First Invasion by the Romans, down to the 14th year of Queen Victoria's Reign. By MRS. MARKHAM. *New Edition.* Woodcuts. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- As it is: Social, Political, and Industrial, in the Middle of the 19th Century. By W. JOHNSTON. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18s.
- AND FRANCE under the House of Lancaster. With an Introductory View of the Early Reformation. 8vo. 15s.
- ERSKINE'S (CAPT., R.N.)** Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific. Plates. 8vo.
- ESKIMAUX (THE)** and English Vocabulary, for the use of Travellers in the Arctic Regions. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

ESSAYS FROM "THE TIMES." Being a Selection from the LITERARY PAPERS which have appeared in that JOURNAL. Reprinted by permission. *New Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 4s.

ESSEX (THE DEVEREUX EARLS OF) Their Lives and Letters. 1540—1646. Founded upon Documents chiefly unpublished. By the HON. CAPT. DEVEREUX, R.N. Portraits. 2 Vols. 8vo. 30s.

EXETER'S (BISHOP OF) Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the Gorham Case. *20th Edition.* 8vo. 3s. 6d.

— Pastoral Letter to his Clergy on the Present State of the Church (1851). *Eighth Edition.* 8vo. 4s.

— Diocesan Synod (The Acts of), held in the Cathedral Church of Exeter. By the BISHOP OF EXETER, on June 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1851. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 2s. 6d.

— Letter to the Dean of Exeter on Confession and Absolution. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

— Letters to the late Charles Butler, on the Theological parts of his Book of the Roman Catholic Church; with Remarks on certain Works of Dr. Milner and Dr. Lingard, and on some parts of the Evidence of Dr. Doyle. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 16s.

— Sermons. Preached during the Visitation of the Bishop of Exeter in 1845. Published by Request. 12mo. 6s.

FAIRY RING (THE), A Collection of TALES and STORIES for Young Persons. From the German. By J. E. TAYLOR. Illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE. *Second Edition.* Fcap. 8vo.

FALKNER'S (FRED.) Muck Manual for the Use of Farmers. A Treatise on the Nature and Value of Manures. *Second Edition,* with a Glossary of Terms and an Index. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

FAMILY RECEIPT-BOOK. A Collection of a Thousand Valuable and Useful Receipts. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

FARINI'S (LUIGI CARLO) History of the Roman State, 1815—50. Translated from the Italian. By Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. Vol. 3. 8vo. 12s.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S (G. W.) Tour through the Slave States of North America, from the river Potomac, to Texas and the Frontiers of Mexico. Plates. 2 Vols. 8vo. 26s.

FELLOWS' (SIR CHARLES) Travels and Researches in Asia Minor, more particularly in the Province of Lycia. *New Edition.* Plates. Post 8vo. 9s.

FERGUSON'S (ROBERT, M.D.) Essays on the Diseases of Women. Part I. Puerperal Fever. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

FERGUSON'S (JAMES) Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored: an Essay on Ancient Assyrian and Persian Architecture. With 45 Woodcuts. 8vo. 16s.

— Peril of Portsmouth; or French Fleets and English Forts. *Second Edition.* With a Plan. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

— Illustrated Handbook of Architecture. Being a Concise and Popular Account of the Different Styles prevailing in all Ages and Countries in the World. With a Description of the most remarkable Buildings. With Illustrations. 8vo. *In the Press.*

- FEUERBACH'S** Remarkable German Crimes and Trials. Translated from the German by Lady DUFF GORDON. 8vo. 12s.
- FISHER'S** (REV. GEORGE) Elements of Geometry, for the Use of Schools. *Third Edition.* 18mo. 3s. (*Published by order of the Admiralty.*)
- First Principles of Algebra, for the Use of Schools. *Third Edition.* 18mo. 3s.
- FISHLAKE'S** (REV. J. R.) Translation of Buttman's Lexilogus; A Critical Examination of the Meaning and Etymology of numerous Greek Words and Passages, intended principally for Homer and Hesiod. With Explanatory Notes and Copious Indexes. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 14s.
- Translation of Buttman's Catalogue of Irregular Greek Verbs; with all the Tenses extant—their Formation, Meaning, and Usage. With Explanatory Notes, and accompanied by an Index. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- FLOWER GARDEN** (THE). An Essay reprinted from the "Quarterly Review." Fcap. 8vo. 1s.
- FORD'S** (RICHARD) Handbook for Spain, Andalusia, Ronda, Valencia, Catalonia, Granada, Galicia, Arragon, Navarre, &c. Post 8vo. 16s.
- Gatherings from Spain. Post 8vo. 6s.
- FORSYTH'S** (WILLIAM) Hortensius, or the Advocate: an Historical Essay on the Office and Duties of an Advocate. Post 8vo. 12s.
- FORTUNE'S** (ROBERT) Tea Countries of India and China; with some Account of the British Tea Plantations in the North-west Provinces. *New Edition.* Woodcuts. 2 Vols. Post 8vo.
- FRANCE** (HISTORY OF). From the Conquest by the Gauls to the Death of Louis Philippe. By MRS. MARKHAM. *New Edition.* Woodcuts. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- FRENCH** (THE) in Algiers; The Soldier of the Foreign Legion—and the Prisoners of Abd-el-Kadir. Translated by Lady DUFF GORDON. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- GEOGRAPHICAL** (THE) Journal. Published (occasionally) by the Royal Geographical Society of London. 8vo.
- GERMANY** (HISTORY OF). From the Invasion by Marius, to the Battle of Leipsic. By MRS. MARKHAM. *New and revised Edition.* Woodcuts. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- GIBBON'S** (EDWARD) Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Edited with Notes. By the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S and M. GUIZOT. *Second Edition.* Maps. 6 Vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.
- Life and Correspondence. Edited, with Notes, by the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S. Portrait. 8vo. 9s.
- GIFFARD'S** (EDWARD) Short Visit to the Ionian Islands, Athens, and the Morea. Plates. Post 8vo. 12s.
- Deeds of Naval Daring; or, Anecdotes of the British Navy. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- GILLY'S** (REV. DR.) Romaunt Version of the Gospel of St. John, originally in use among the old Waldenses. Edited from the MSS., with Notes. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

- GLADSTONE'S** (RIGHT HON. W. E.) Prayers arranged from the Liturgy for Family Use. *Second Edition.* 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- Translation of Farini's History of the Roman State, Vol. 3. 8vo. 12s.
- GLEIG'S** (REV. G. R.) Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Story of the Battle of Waterloo. Compiled from Public and Authentic Sources. Post 8vo. 5s.
- Narrative of Sir Robert Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan, with an Account of the Seizure and Defence of Jellalabad. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Life of Robert Lord Clive. Post 8vo. 5s.
- Life and Letters of General Sir Thomas Munro. Post 8vo. 5s.
- GODLEY'S** (JOHN ROBERT) Letters from America. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 16s.
- GOOCH** (ROBERT, M.D.), On the most Important Diseases peculiar to Women. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 12s.
- GORDON'S** (SIR ALEX. DUFF) Sketches of German Life, and Scenes from the War of Liberation. Translated from the German of Varnhagen Von Ense. Post 8vo. 5s.
- (LADY DUFF), Amber-Witch: the most interesting Trial for Witchcraft ever known. Translated from the German of MEINHOLD. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- French in Algiers. 1. The Soldier of the Foreign Legion. 2. The Prisoners of Abd-el-Kadir. Translated from the French. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Remarkable German Crimes and Trials. Translated from the German of Feuerbach. 8vo. 12s.
- GOSPEL STORIES FOR CHILDREN.** An Attempt to render the Chief Events of the Life of Our Saviour intelligible and profitable. *Second Edition.* 18mo. 3s. 6d.
- GRANT'S** (ASAHEL), Nestorians, or the Lost Tribes; containing Evidence of their Identity, their Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies; with Sketches of Travel in Ancient Assyria, Armenia, and Mesopotamia; and Illustrations of Scripture Prophecy. *Third Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- GRENVILLE AND STOWE PAPERS** (THE); being the Private Correspondence of Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, and his Brother, George Grenville,—their Friends and Contemporaries;—Including MR. GRENVILLE'S DIARY OF POLITICAL EVENTS, and UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF JUNIUS. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM JAMES SMITH. 4 Vols. 8vo.
- GREEK GRAMMAR FOR SCHOOLS.** Abridged from MATTHIÆ. By the BISHOP OF LONDON. *Seventh Edition*, revised by Rev. J. EDWARDS. 12mo. 3s.
- ACCIDENCE FOR SCHOOLS. Abridged from MATTHIÆ. By the BISHOP OF LONDON. *Fourth Edition*, revised by Rev. J. EDWARDS. 12mo. 2s.

- GROTE'S (GEORGE) History of Greece.** From the Earliest Period to the Accession of Philip of Macedon (B.C. 403—359). Maps. Vols. I. to X. 8vo. 18s. each. *The Work may be had as follows:—*
 VOLS. I.—II.—*Legendary Greece. Grecian History to the Reign of Peisistratus at Athens.*
 VOLS. III.—IV.—*History of Early Athens, and the Legislation of Solon. Grecian Colonies. View of the Contemporary Nations surrounding Greece. Grecian History down to the first Persian Invasion, and the Battle of Marathon.*
 VOLS. V.—VI.—*Persian War and Invasion of Greece by Xerxes. Period between the Persian and the Peloponnesian Wars. Peloponnesian War down to the Expedition of the Athenians against Syracuse.*
 VOLS. VII.—VIII.—*The Peace of Nikias down to the Battle of Knidus (B.C. 421 to 394). Socrates and the Sophists.*
 VOLS. IX.—X.—*From the Restoration of the Democracy at Athens down to the Accession of Philip of Macedon (B.C. 403—359).*
- GUIZOT'S (M.), Causes of the Success of the English Revolution of 1640-1688.** 8vo. 6s.; or *Cheap Edition*, 12mo, 1s.
- *Democracy in France. Sixth Edition.* 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- GURWOOD'S (COL.) Despatches of the Duke of Wellington during his various Campaigns.** Compiled from Official and Authentic Documents. *New, enlarged, and complete Edition.* 8 Vols. 8vo. 21s. each.
- *Selections from the Wellington Despatches and General Orders. New Edition.* 8vo. 18s.
- GUSTAVUS VASA (History of), King of Sweden.** With Extracts from his Correspondence. Portrait. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- HALFORD'S (SIR HENRY) Popular Essays and Orations.** *Third Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- *Nugæ Metricæ.* Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- HALLAM'S (HENRY) Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry the Seventh to the Death of George the Second.** *Sixth Edition.* 2 Vols. 8vo. 24s.
- *History of Europe during the Middle Ages. Tenth Edition.* Including the Supplemental Notes. 3 Vols. 8vo. 30s.
- *Introduction to the Literary History of Europe, during the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries. Third Edition.* 3 Vols. 8vo. 36s.
- *Literary Essays and Characters.* Selected for popular reading from the last work. Fcap. 8vo. 2s.
- HAMILTON'S (WALTER) Facts to Assist the Memory in various Sciences.** *Second Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- *Hindostan, Geographically, Statistically, and Historically.* Map. 2 Vols. 4to. 94s. 6d.
- (W. J.) *Researches in Asia Minor, Pontus, and Armenia; with some Account of the Antiquities and Geology of those Countries.* Plates. 2 Vols. 8vo. 38s.
- HAMPDEN'S (BISHOP OF HEREFORD) Essay on the Philosophical Evidence of Christianity, or the Credibility obtained to a Scripture Revelation, from its Coincidence with the Facts of Nature.** 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- HARCOURT'S (EDWARD VERNON) Sketch of Madeira; with Map and Plates.** Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

HAND-BOOK OF TRAVEL-TALK; or, Conversations in English, German, French, and Italian. Intended for Englishmen travelling abroad, or Foreigners visiting Great Britain. 18mo. 5s.

———— **BELGIUM AND THE RHINE.** Maps. Post 8vo. 5s.

———— **NORTH GERMANY AND HOLLAND**—including Belgium and the Rhine. Map. Post 8vo. 12s.

———— **SOUTH GERMANY**—Bavaria, Austria, Salzburg, the Austrian and Bavarian Alps, the Tyrol, and the Danube, from Ulm to the Black Sea. Map. Post 8vo. 12s.

———— **SWITZERLAND**—the Alps of Savoy, and Piedmont. Maps. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

———— **FRANCE**—Normandy, Brittany, the French Alps, the Rivers Loire, Seine, Rhone, and Garonne, Dauphiné, Provence, and the Pyrenees. Maps. Post 8vo. 12s.

———— **SPAIN**—Andalusia, Ronda, Granada, Valencia, Catalonia, Galicia, Arragon, and Navarre. Maps. Post 8vo. 16s.

———— **PAINTING**—the German, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish and French Schools. From the German of KUGLER. Edited, with Notes, by SIR EDMUND HEAD. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 12s. each.

———— **MADEIRA AND PORTUGAL.** Woodcuts. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 12s.

———— **NORTH ITALY**—Florence, Sardinia, Genoa, the Riviera, Venice, Lombardy, and Tuscany. Map. Post 8vo. 12s.

———— **CENTRAL ITALY**—Rome, the Papal States, and Cities of Etruria. Maps. Post 8vo. 16s.

———— **SOUTHERN ITALY**—Sicily, and Naples. Map. Post 8vo. *Nearly ready.*

———— **PAINTING**—the Italian Schools. From the German of KUGLER. Edited, by Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE. With Woodcuts from the Old Masters. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 24s.

———— **MALTA**—the Ionian Islands, Turkey, Asia Minor, and Constantinople. Maps. Post 8vo. 15s.

———— **EGYPT**—Thebes, the Nile, Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, Mount Sinai, &c. Map. Post 8vo. 15s.

———— **SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND.** Maps. Post 8vo. (*Preparing.*)

———— **DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN.** Maps. Post 8vo. 12s.

———— **RUSSIA AND FINLAND.** Maps. Post 8vo. 12s.

———— **ENGLAND AND WALES.** Maps. Post 8vo.

———— **DEVON AND CORNWALL.** Maps. Post 8vo. 6s.

———— **FOR LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT.** Being an Alphabetical Account of all the Antiquities, Curiosities, Churches, Works of Art, Places, and Streets connected with Interesting and Historical Associations. Post 8vo. 16s.

-
- HAND-BOOK FOR MODERN LONDON.** A Guide to all objects of interest in the Metropolis. Map. 16mo. 5s.
- **ENVIRONS OF LONDON.** Including a Circle of 30 Miles round St. Paul's. Maps. Post 8vo. (*Nearly ready.*)
- **BRITISH MUSEUM; ITS ANTIQUITIES AND SCULPTURE.** 300 Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- **PICTURE GALLERIES IN AND NEAR LONDON.** With Critical Notices. Post 8vo. 10s.
- **WESTMINSTER ABBEY—its Art, Architecture, and Associations.** Woodcuts. 16mo. 1s.
- **CHRONOLOGY,** Alphabetically arranged. 8vo. (*Nearly Ready.*)
- **(OFFICIAL).** Giving an Historical Account of the Duties attached to the various Civil and Ecclesiastical Departments of the Government. Post 8vo. 6s.
- **FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.** From English Authors. Fcap. 8vo.
- **ARCHITECTURE.** Being a Concise and Popular Account of the Different Styles prevailing in all Ages and Countries in the World. With a Description of the most remarkable Buildings. By JAMES FERGUSON. Illustrations. 8vo. *In the Press.*
- **CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.** With Plates. Post 8vo. *In the Press.*
- **MEDIÆVAL ART.** Translated from the French of M. Jules Labarthe, and Edited by Mrs. PALLISER. With Illustrations. 8vo. *In the Press.*
- HART'S (MAJOR) ARMY LIST.** 8vo. (*Published Quarterly and Annually.*)
- HASE'S ANCIENT GREEKS;** their Public and Private Life, Manners, and Customs. Translated from the German. By Mrs. AUSTIN. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
- HAWKSTONE;** a Tale of England in the Year 184—. *Third Edition.* 2 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 12s.
- HAY'S (J. H. DRUMMOND)** Western Barbary, its wild Tribes and savage Animals. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- HEAD'S (SIR FRANCIS)** Rough Notes of some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas and over the Andes. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- **Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau.** By an OLD MAN. *Sixth Edition.* 16mo. 5s.
- **Emigrant.** *Sixth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- **Stokers and Pokers, or the London and North-Western Railway.** Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- **Defenceless State of Great Britain.** A series of Descriptive Sketches, containing—1. Military Warfare. 2. Naval Warfare. 3. The Invasion of England. 4. The Capture of London by a French Army. 5. The Treatment of Women in War. 6. How to Defend Great Britain. Post 8vo. 12s.
- **Paris in 1851—a Faggot of French Sticks.** *Second Edition.* 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 24s.
- **Fortnight in Ireland.** *Second Edition.* Map. 8vo. 12s.

- HEAD'S (SIR GEORGE)** Forest Scenes and Incidents in Canada. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 10s.
- **Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, including the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man.** *Third Edition.* 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 12s.
- **(SIR EDMUND)** Handbook of Painting—the German, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish and French Schools. Partly from the German of KUGLER. Edited, with Notes. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 12s. each.
- HEBER'S (BISHOP)** Parish Sermons; on the Lessons, the Gospel, or the Epistle, for every Sunday in the Year, and for Week-day Festivals. *Sixth Edition.* 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18s.
- **Sermons Preached in England.** *Second Edition.* 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- **Hymns written and adapted for the weekly Church Service of the Year.** *Twelfth Edition.* 16mo. 2s.
- **Poetical Works.** *Fifth Edition.* Portrait. Fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- **Journey through the Upper Provinces of India.** From Calcutta to Bombay, with a Journey to Madras and the Southern Provinces. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 10s.
- HEIRESS (THE)** in Her Minority; or, The Progress of Character. By the Author of "BERTHA'S JOURNAL." 2 Vols. 12mo. 18s.
- HERODOTUS.** A New English Version. Translated from the Text of GAISFORD, and Edited with Notes, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most recent sources of information, embodying the chief Results, Historical and Ethnographical, which have been arrived at in the progress of Cuneiform and Hieroglyphical Discovery. By Rev. GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. Assisted by COLONEL RAWLINSON and SIR J. G. WILKINSON. 4 Vols. 8vo. *In Preparation.*
- HERSCHEL'S (SIR J. W. F.)** Manual of Scientific Enquiry, for the Use of Officers and Travellers in general. By various Writers. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. (*Published by Authority of the Lords of the Admiralty.*)
- HERVEY'S (LORD)** Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. Edited, with Notes, by Right Hon. J. W. CROKER. Portrait. 2 Vols. 8vo. 36s.
- HICKMAN'S (WM.)** Treatise on the Law and Practice of Naval Courts Martial. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- HILL (GENERAL LORD)** Life of. By REV. EDWIN SIDNEY. *Second Edition.* Portrait. 8vo. 12s.
- **(FREDERIO)** On Crime: its Amount, Causes, and Remedies. 8vo.
- HISTORY OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE UNDER THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER.** With an Introductory View of the Early Reformation. 8vo. 15s.
- **THE LATE WAR:** With Sketches of Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon. By J. G. LOCKHART. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
- HOLLAND'S (REV. W. B.)** Psalms and Hymns, selected and adapted to the various Solemnities of the Church. 24mo. 1s. 6d.
- HOLMES' (MRS. DALKEITH)** Ride on Horseback through France and Switzerland to Florence. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18s.

HOME AND COLONIAL LIBRARY. Complete in 76 Parts.

Post 8vo. 2s. 6d. each, sewed, or bound in 37 Volumes, 6s. each, cloth.
(Vols. 12 and 36 are 8s. 6d. each.) The Series contains the following works.

- THE BIBLE IN SPAIN. By GEORGE BORROW.
 JOURNALS IN INDIA. By BISHOP HEBER.
 TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND. By CAPTAINS IRBY and MANGLES.
 THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR. By JOHN DRINKWATER.
 MOROCCO AND THE MOORS. By J. DRUMMOND HAY.
 LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC. By a LADY.
 THE AMBER WITCH. By LADY DUFF GORDON.
 OLIVER CROMWELL & JOHN BUNYAN. By ROBERT SOUTHBY.
 NEW SOUTH WALES. By MRS. MEREDITH.
 LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. By JOHN BARROW.
 FATHER RIPA'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF CHINA.
 A RESIDENCE IN THE WEST INDIES. By M. G. LEWIS.
 SKETCHES OF PERSIA. By SIR JOHN MALCOLM.
 THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS. By LADY DUFF GORDON.
 BRACEBRIDGE HALL. By WASHINGTON IRVING.
 VOYAGE OF A NATURALIST. By CHARLES DARWIN.
 HISTORY OF THE FALL OF THE JESUITS.
 LIFE OF LOUIS PRINCE CONDE. By LORD MAHON.
 GIPSIES OF SPAIN. By GEORGE BORROW.
 THE MARQUESAS AND SOUTH SEAS. By HERMANN MELVILLE.
 LIVONIAN TALES. By a Lady.
 MISSIONARY LIFE IN CANADA. By REV. J. ABBOTT.
 SALE'S BRIGADE IN AFGHANISTAN. By REV. G. R. GLEIG.
 LETTERS FROM MADRAS. By a LADY.
 HIGHLAND SPORTS. By CHARLES ST. JOHN.
 JOURNEYS ACROSS THE PAMPAS. By SIR F. B. HEAD.
 GATHERINGS FROM SPAIN. By RICHARD FORD.
 SIEGES OF VIENNA BY THE TURKS. By LORD ELLESMERE.
 SKETCHES OF GERMAN LIFE. By SIR A. GORDON.
 STORY OF BATTLE OF WATERLOO. By REV. G. R. GLEIG.
 A VOYAGE UP THE RIVER AMAZON. By W. H. EDWARDS.
 THE WAYSIDE CROSS. By CAPT. MILMAN.
 MANNERS & CUSTOMS OF INDIA. By REV. C. ACLAND.
 CAMPAIGNS AT WASHINGTON. By REV. G. R. GLEIG.
 ADVENTURES IN MEXICO. By G. F. RUXTON.
 PORTUGAL AND GALLICIA. By LORD CARNARVON.
 LIFE OF LORD CLIVE. By REV. G. R. GLEIG.
 TALES OF A TRAVELLER. By WASHINGTON IRVING.
 SHORT LIVES OF THE POETS. By THOMAS CAMPBELL.
 HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By LORD MAHON.
 LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. By SIR F. B. HEAD.
 ADVENTURES IN THE LYBIAN DESERT. By BAYLE ST. JOHN.
 A RESIDENCE AT SIERRA LEONE. By a LADY.
 LIFE OF GENERAL MUNRO. By REV. G. R. GLEIG.
 MEMOIRS OF SIR FOWELL BUXTON.
 OLIVER GOLDSMITH. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

HONEY BEE (THE). An Essay Reprinted from the "Quarterly Review." Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

HOOK'S (REV. DR.) on the Education of the People. *Tenth Edition.* 8vo. 2s. 6d.

—— Church Dictionary. *Sixth Edition.* 8vo. 16s.

—— Advice to the Roman Catholics. By DEAN COMBER. *A New Edition.* With Notes. Fcap. 8vo. 8s.

—— Three Reformatations; Lutheran—Roman—and Anglican. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 3s.

—— Nonentity of Romish Saints, and Inanity of Roman Ordinances. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 2s. 6d.

—— (THEODORE) Life. From the "Quarterly Review." Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

HORACE (ILLUSTRATED). The Text only. Edited by the Dean of St. Paul's. *New Edition.* With 300 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 21s.

—— Life of. By the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S. *A New Edition.* With coloured Borders. Woodcuts, &c. 8vo.

HOUSTOUN'S (MRS.) Yacht Voyage to Texas and the Gulf of Mexico. Plates. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21s.

HUMBOLDT'S (ALEX.) Cosmos; or, a Physical Description of the World. Translated by COL. and MRS. SABINE. *Seventh Edition.* 3 Vols. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

—— Aspects of Nature in different Lands and in different Climates. Translated by COL. and MRS. SABINE. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 5s.

HUTCHINSON (COLONEL) on Dog-Breaking; the most expeditious, certain, and easy Method, whether great Excellence or only Mediocrity be required. *Second Edition.* Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

INKERSLEY'S (THOS.) Gothic Architecture in France; Being an Inquiry into the Chronological Succession of the Romanesque and Pointed Styles; with Notices of some of the principal Buildings, and an Index. 8vo. 12s.

IRBY AND MANGLES' (CAPTAINS) Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Syria, and the Holy Land, including a Journey round the Dead Sea, and through the Country east of the Jordan. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

JAMES' (REV. THOMAS) Fables of Æsop. A New Version, for Old and Young. With 100 Original Designs, by JOHN TENNIEL. Post 8vo, 2s. 6d. *Also a few Copies on Fine Paper, 8vo, 16s.*

JAMESON'S (MRS.) Handbook to the Picture Galleries in and near London. With Historical, Biographical, and Critical Notices. Post 8vo. *Second Edition.* 10s.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE. Described from the Accounts of Recent Dutch Travellers. *New Edition.* Post 8vo. 6s.

JERVIS'S (LIEUT.) Manual of Military Operations, for the Use of Officers. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

- JESSE'S (EDWARD)** Visits to Spots of Interest in the Vicinity of Windsor and Eton. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 12s.
- Scenes and Occupations of Country Life. *A New Edition.* Woodcuts. Post 8vo.
- Gleanings in Natural History, adapted for Schools. With Anecdotes of the Sagacity and Instinct of Animals. *Sixth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- JOCELYN'S (LORD)** Six Months with the Chinese Expedition; or, Leaves from a Soldier's Note-Book. *Seventh Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
- JOHNSON'S (DR. SAMUEL)** Life: By James Boswell. Including the Tour to the Hebrides, with Notes by SIR W. SCOTT. Edited by the Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER. *A New Edition*, with much additional matter. 1 Vol. Portraits. Royal 8vo. 15s.
- JOHNSTON'S (WM.)** England as it is: Social, Political, and Industrial, in the Middle of the 19th Century. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18s.
- JONES'S (REV. RICHARD)** Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, and on the Sources of Taxation. Part I.—RENT. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST.** *Fourth Edition.* Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- JUKES' (J. B.)** Excursions in and about Newfoundland during the Years 1839-40. Map. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21s.
- KING EDWARD VIth's Latin Grammar; or an Introduction to the Latin Tongue, for the Use of Schools.** *Eighth Edition.* 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- Latin Accidence; or Elements of the Latin Tongue, for the Use of Junior Classes. 12mo. 2s.
- KINNEAR'S (JOHN G.)** Cairo, Petra, and Damascus, described from Notes made during a Tour in those Countries: with Remarks on the Government of Mehemet Ali, and on the present prospects of Syria. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- KUGLER'S (DR. FRANZ)** Handbook to The Italian Schools of Painting. Translated from the German. By a Lady. Edited, with Notes, by SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE. *Second Edition.* Illustrated with 100 Woodcuts from the Old Masters. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 24s.
- Handbook to the German, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, and French Schools of Painting. Translated from the German. By a Lady. Edited, with Notes, by SIR EDMUND HEAD, Bart. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 12s. each.
- LABORDE'S (LEON DE)** Journey through Arabia Petrea, to Mount Sinai, and the Excavated City of Petra,—the Edom of the Prophecies. *Second Edition.* With Plates. 8vo. 18s.
- LAMBERT'S (MISS)** Church Needlework. With Practical Remarks on its Preparation and Arrangement. Plates. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- My Knitting Book. Woodcuts. *Two Parts.* 16mo. 3s.
- My Crochet Sampler. Woodcuts. *Two Parts.* 16mo. 4s.
- Hints on Decorative Needlework. 16mo. 1s. 6d.
- LATIN GRAMMAR (KING EDWARD THE VIth's.)** For the Use of Schools. *Eighth Edition.* 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- ACCIDENCE (KING EDWARD VI.); or, Elements of the Latin Tongue, for the Use of Junior Classes. 12mo. 2s.

LAYARD'S (AUSTEN H.) Nineveh and its Remains. Being a Narrative of Researches and Discoveries amidst the Ruins of Assyria. With an Account of the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan; the Yezedia, or Devil-worshippers; and an Enquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. *Fifth Edition.* Plates and Woodcuts. 2 Vols. 8vo. 36s.

————— **Nineveh and Babylon**; being the Results of the Second Expedition to Assyria. With 400 Plates and Woodcuts. One Volume. 8vo.

————— **Monuments of Nineveh.** Illustrated by One Hundred Engravings. Imperial Folio, 10l. 10s.

————— **Second Series**, consisting of Illustrations of Vases, Sculptures, and Bronzes recently Discovered, descriptive of the Wars and Exploits of Sennacherib. 70 Plates. Imperial Folio.

————— **Popular Account of Nineveh.** Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 5s.

LEAKE'S (COL. W. MARTIN) Topography of Athens, with Remarks on its Antiquities; to which is added, the Demi of Attica. *Second Edition.* Maps and Plates. 2 Vols. 8vo. 30s.

————— **Travels in Northern Greece.** Maps. 4 Vols. 8vo. 60s.

————— **Greece at the End of Twenty-three Years Protection.** 8vo. 6d.

————— **Peloponnesiaca: A Supplement to Travels in the Morea.** 8vo. 16s.

————— **Thoughts on the Degradation of Science in England.** 8vo. 3s. 6d.

LETTERS FROM THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC. By a LADY. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

————— **MADRAS**; or, First Impressions of Life and Manners in India. By a LADY. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

————— **SIERRA LEONE**, written to Friends at Home. By a LADY. Edited by Mrs. NORTON. Post 8vo. 5s.

LEWIS' (G. CORNEWALL) Essay on the Government of Dependencies. 8vo. 12s.

————— **Glossary of Provincial Words used in Herefordshire and some of the adjoining Counties.** 12mo. 4s. 6d.

————— **Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages**: containing an Examination of M. Raynouard's Theory on the Relation of the Italian, Spanish, Provençal, and French to the Latin. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 12s.

————— **(LADY THERESA)** Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery. With an Introduction, containing a Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures, and an Account of the Origin of the Collection. Portraits. 3 Vols. 8vo. 42s.

————— **(M. G.) Journal of a Residence among the Negroes in the West Indies.** Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

LEXINGTON (THE) PAPERS; or, Some Account of the Courts of London and Vienna at the end of the 17th Century. Extracted from the Official and Private Correspondence of ROBERT SUTTON (LORD LEXINGTON) while Minister at Vienna, 1694-1698. Edited by HON. H. MANNERS SUTTON. 8vo. 14s.

LINDSAY'S (LORD) Sketches of the History of Christian Art.
3 Vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

——— **Lives of the Lindsays; or, a Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres.** To which are added, Extracts from the Official Correspondence of Alexander, sixth Earl of Balcarres, during the Maroon War; together with Personal Narratives, by his Brothers, the Hon. Robert, Colin, James, John, and Hugh Lindsay; and by his Sister, Lady Anne Barnard. 3 Vols. 8vo. 42s.

——— **Progression by Antagonism. A Theory, involving Considerations touching the Present Position, Duties, and Destiny of Great Britain.** 8vo. 6s.

——— (Rev. HENRY) **Practical Lectures on the Historical Books of the Old Testament.** 2 Vols. 16mo. 10s.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By LADY CALLCOTT. *Fifteenth Edition.* 18mo. 2s. 6d.

LIVONIAN TALES.—The Disponent.—The Wolves.—The Jewess. By the Author of "Letters from the Baltic." Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

LOCH'S (CAPT. G. C.) Events of the Closing Campaign in China. Map. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

LOCKHART'S (J. G.) Ancient Spanish Ballads; Historical and Romantic, Translated, with Notes. *New Edition, with Illuminated Titles, Borders, &c.* 4to.

——— **Life of Robert Burns.** *Fifth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

——— **History of the Late War: with Sketches of Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon.** 18mo. 2s. 6d.

LONG'S (GEORGE) Essays on the Conduct of Life, and Moral Nature of Man. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 6s. each.

LOUDON'S (MRS.) Ladies' Gardener; or, Instructions in Gardening. With Directions for Every Month in the Year, and a Calendar of Operations. *Eighth Edition.* Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

——— **Modern Botany for Ladies; or, a Popular Introduction to the Natural System of Plants.** *Second Edition.* Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

LOWE'S (SIR HUDSON) Letters and Journals, revealing the true History of Napoleon during his Captivity at St. Helena. Portrait. 3 Vols. 8vo.

LUSHINGTON'S (MRS.) Narrative of a Journey from Calcutta to Europe, by way of Egypt. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

LYELL'S (SIR CHARLES) Principles of Geology; or, the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants considered as illustrative of Geology. *Eighth Edition.* Woodcuts. 8vo. 18s.

——— **Manual of Elementary Geology; or, the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants illustrated by its Geological Monuments.** *Fourth Edition.* Woodcuts. 8vo. 12s.

——— **Travels in North America, 1841-2; with Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia.** Plates. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21s.

——— **Second Visit to the United States of North America, 1845-6.** *Second Edition.* 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18s.

- MAHON'S** (LORD) History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles, 1713-83. *Third Edition* revised. Post 8vo. 6s. each. (*A Volume to be published every two months.*)
- "Forty-Five;" or, a Narrative of the Rebellion in Scotland. Post 8vo. 3s.
- History of the War of the Succession in Spain. *Second Edition*. Map. 8vo. 15s.
- Spain under Charles the Second; or, Extracts from the Correspondence of the Hon. ALEXANDER STANHOPE, British Minister at Madrid from 1690 to 1700. *Second Edition*. Post 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- Life of Louis Prince of Condé, surnamed the Great. Post 8vo. 5s.
- Life of Belisarius. *Second Edition*. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Historical Essays. Reprinted from the Quarterly Review. Post 8vo. 5s.
- Joan of Arc. An Historical Essay. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.
- M'CULLOCH** (J. R.); Collected Edition of RICARDO'S Political Works. With Notes and Memoir. *Second Edition*. 8vo. 16s.
- MACFARLANE'S** (CHARLES) Travels in Turkey during the Years 1847-8. 2 Vols. 8vo. 28s.
- MALCOLM'S** (SIR JOHN) Sketches of Persia. *Third Edition*. Post 8vo. 5s.
- MANTELL'S** (GIDEON A.) Thoughts on Animalcules; or, the Invisible World, as revealed by the Microscope. *Second Edition*. Plates. 16mo. 6s.
- MANUAL OF SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRY**, Prepared for the Use of Officers and Travellers in general. By various Writers. Edited by SIR J. HERSCHEL, Bart. *Second Edition*. Maps. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. (*Published by order of the Lords of the Admiralty.*)
- MARKHAM'S** (MRS.) History of England. From the First Invasion by the Romans, down to the fourteenth year of Queen Victoria's Reign. *New Edition*. Woodcuts. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- History of France. From the Conquest by the Gauls, to the Death of Louis Philippe. *New Edition*. Woodcuts. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- History of Germany. From the Invasion by Marius, to the Battle of Leipsic. Woodcuts. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- History of Greece. By DR. WILLIAM SMITH. Woodcuts. 12mo.
- History of Rome. 12mo. *In Preparation.*
- Sermons for Children. *Second Edition*. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.
- MARKLAND'S** (J. H.) Remarks on English Churches, and Sepulchral Memorials. *Fourth Edition*. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- Reverence due to Holy Places. *Third Edition*. Fcap. 8vo. 2s.
- MARRYAT'S** (JOSEPH) History of Pottery and Porcelain, in the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries. With a Description of the Manufacture, a Glossary, and a List of Monograms. With Coloured Plates and Woodcuts. 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- *. * A few copies on India Proofs, mounted on Large Paper. 4to. 51. 5s.
- ANCIENT POTTERY; Egyptian, Asiatic, Greek, Roman, Etruscan, and Celtic. By SAMUEL BIRCH. Woodcuts. 8vo. *Nearly ready.*

- MATTHIÆ'S (AUGUSTUS)** Greek Grammar for Schools. Abridged from the Larger Grammar. By the BISHOP OF LONDON. *Seventh Edition.* revised by Rev. J. EDWARDS. 12mo. 3s.
- Greek Accidence for Schools. Abridged by the BISHOP OF LONDON. *Fourth Edition,* revised by Rev. J. EDWARDS. 12mo. 2s.
- Index of Quotations from Greek Authors contained in Matthiæ's Greek Grammar. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- MAWE'S (H. L.)** Journal of a Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, crossing the Andes in the Northern Provinces of Peru, and descending the great River Marañon. 8vo. 12s.
- MAXIMS AND HINTS** for an Angler, and the Miseries of Fishing. To which is added, Maxims and Hints for a Chess-Player. By RICHARD PENN. *Second Edition.* Woodcuts. 12mo. 5s.
- MAYO'S (DR.)** Elements of the Pathology of the Human Mind. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
- MELVILLE'S (HERMANN)** Typee and Omoo; or, Adventures amongst the Marquesas and South Seas. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 10s.
- MENDELSSOHN'S (FELIX BARTHOLDY)** Life. By JULES BÉNÉDICT. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- MERRIFIELD (MRS.)** Original Treatises on the Arts of Painting in Oil, Miniature, Mosaic, and on Glass; of Gilding, Dyeing, and the Preparation of Colours and Artificial Gems, described in several unpublished Manuscripts, dating from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Centuries. Preceded by a General Introduction, with Translations, Preface, and Notes. 2 Vols. 8vo. 30s. (*Published by Authority.*)
- MEREDITH'S (MRS. CHARLES)** Notes and Sketches of New South Wales, during a Residence from 1839 to 1844. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- My Home in Tasmania, during a Residence of Nine Years. With Illustrations. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18s.
- MILFORD'S (JOHN)** Norway and her Laplanders in 1841; with a Few Hints to the Salmon Fisher. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- MITCHELL'S (THOMAS)** Plays of Aristophanes. With English Notes. 8vo.—1. CLOUDS, 10s.—2. WASPS, 10s.—3. FROGS, 15s.
- MODERN DOMESTIC COOKERY.** Founded on Principles of Economy and Practical Knowledge, and adapted for Private Families. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- MILMAN'S (DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S)** History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Extinction of Paganism in the Roman Empire 3 Vols. 8vo. 36s.
- Edition of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Edited with Notes, by M. GUIZOT. *Second Edition.* Maps. 6 Vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.
- Life and Correspondence of Edward Gibbon. Portrait. 8vo. 9s.
- Works of Horace. Illustrated with Statues, Coins, Views, &c., chiefly from the Antique. *New Edition.* With 300 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 21s.
- Life of Horace. Illustrated with Coloured Borders, Vignettes, &c. 8vo.
- Poetical Works. *Second Edition.* Plates. 3 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 18s.
- Fall of Jerusalem. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.
- Bampton Lecture, 1827: The Character and Conduct of the Apostles considered as an Evidence of Christianity. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

MILMAN'S (CAPT. E. A.) Wayside Cross ; or, the Raid of Gomez.
A Tale of the Carlist War. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

MOORE'S (THOMAS) Life and Letters of Lord Byron. Plates.
6 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 18s.

Complete

in One Volume. Portrait and Vignette. Royal 8vo. 12s.

MUCK MANUAL (The) for the Use of Farmers. A Practical Treatise
on the Chemical Properties, Management, and Application of Manures.
By FREDERICK FALKNER. *Second Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

MUIRHEAD (J. P.) James Watt, an Historical Eloge. By M.
ARAGO. Translated, with Notes. 8vo, 8s. 6d.

Correspondence of James Watt on his Discovery of
the Theory of the Composition of Water, with a Letter from his Son.
Portrait. 8vo, 10s 6d.

MULLER'S DORIANS ; The History and Antiquities of the Doric
Race. Translated by the Right Hon. HENRY TUFNELL and GEORGE
CORNEWALL LEWIS, Esq. *Second Edition.* Maps. 2 Vols. 8vo. 26s.

MUNDY'S (CAPT. RODNEY) Events in Borneo, including the Occu-
pation of Labuan and Visit to the Celebes. Plates. 2 Vols. 8vo. 32s.

MUNRO'S (GENERAL SIR THOMAS) Life and Letters. By the REV.
G. R. GLEIG. Post 8vo. 5s.

MURCHISON'S (SIR RODERICK) Russia in Europe and the Ural
Mountains ; Geologically Illustrated. With Coloured Maps, Plates,
Sections, &c. 2 Vols. Royal 4to. 8l. 8s.

Primeval Geology ; or, the Earlier Forms of Life,
as disclosed in the Older Rocks. With Plates and Woodcuts. 8vo.
In the Press.

MURRAY'S (CAPT. A.) Naval Life and Services of Admiral Sir
Philip Durham. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

MURRAY'S RAILWAY READING. Published occasionally ;
varying in size and price, and suited for all classes of Readers.

Already published :

LIFE OF WELLINGTON. By LORD ELLESMERE. 6d.

NIMROD ON THE CHACE AND THE ROAD. 1s. each.

ESSAYS FROM "THE TIMES." 4s.

MUSIC AND DRESS. 1s.

LAYARD'S POPULAR ACCOUNT OF NINEVEH. 5s.

MILMAN'S FALL OF JERUSALEM. 1s.

MAHON'S HISTORY OF THE "FORTY-FIVE." 3s.

LIFE OF THEODORE HOOK. 1s.

DEEDS OF NAVAL DARING. 2s. 6d.

BEEES AND FLOWERS. 1s. each.

JAMES' FABLES OF ÆSOP. 100 Woodcuts. 2s. 6d.

NIMROD ON THE TURF. 1s. 6d.

OLIPHANT'S NEPAUL. 2s. 6d.

ART OF DINING. 1s. 6d.

HALLAM'S LITERARY ESSAYS. 2s.

JOAN OF ARC. By LORD MAHON. 1s.

THE EMIGRANT. By SIR F. B. HEAD. 2s. 6d.

MUSIC AND DRESS. Two Essays reprinted from the "Quarterly
Review." Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

NAUTICAL ALMANACK (The). (*Published by Order of the
Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.*) Royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.

NAVY LIST (The Royal). (*Published Quarterly, by Authority.*)
12mo. 2s. 6d.

- NEALE'S (E. V.) *Feasts and Fasts: an Essay on the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Laws relating to Sundays and other Holidays, &c.* Fcap. 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- NEVILLE'S (HON. R. C.) *Saxon Ossequies; illustrated by Ornaments and Weapons discovered in a Cemetery near Little Wilbraham, Cambridgeshire. With short Descriptions. Illustrated by 40 Plates.* 4to. 84s.
- NEWBOLD'S (LIEUT.) *Straits of Malacca Penang, Malacca, and Singapore.* 2 Vols. 8vo. 26s.
- NIMROD *On the Chace—The Turf—and The Road.* Reprinted from the "Quarterly Review." Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- NORTON (HON. CAROLINE); *Letters from Sierra Leone.* By a LADY, written to Friends at Home. Edited by Mrs. NORTON. Post 8vo. 5s.
- O'BYRNE'S (W. R.) *Naval Biographical Dictionary, comprising the Life and Services of every Living Officer in H. M. Navy, from the Rank of Admiral to that of Lieutenant. Compiled from Authentic and Family Documents.* Royal 8vo. 42s.
- O'CONNOR'S (R.) *Field Sports of France; or, Hunting, Shooting, and Fishing on the Continent.* Woodcuts. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- OLIPHANT'S (LAURENCE) *Journey to Katmandu, with Visit to the Camp of the Nepaulese Ambassador.* Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- OXENHAM'S (REV. W.) *English Notes for Latin Elegiacs; designed for early Proficients in the Art of Latin Versification, with Prefatory Rules of Composition in Elegiac Metre.* Second Edition. 12mo. 4s.
- OXFORD'S (BISHOP OF) *Charge to his Clergy at his Second Visitation in Nov., 1851.* Second Edition. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- PAGET'S (JOHN) *Hungary and Transylvania. With Remarks on their Condition, Social, Political, and Economical.* Second Edition. Woodcuts. 2 Vols. 8vo. 24s.
- PALLISER'S (JOHN) *Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies.* Woodcuts. Post 8vo. Nearly Ready.
- PARISH'S (SIR WOODBINE) *Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata. Their First Discovery and Conquest, Present State, Trade, Debt, &c.* Second Edition. Map and Woodcuts. 8vo. 15s.
- PARIS'S (T. C.) *Letters from the Pyrenees during Three Months' Pedestrian Wanderings amidst the Wildest Scenes of the French and Spanish Pyrenees.* Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- PARKYNS' (MANSFIELD) *Personal Narrative of Adventures in Abyssinia.* Woodcuts. 2 Vols. 8vo.
- PEILE'S (REV. DR.) *Agamemnon of Æschylus. A New Edition of the Text, with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Philological, for the Use of Students.* Second Edition. 8vo. 9s.
- *Choephore of Æschylus. A New Edition of the Text, with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Philological, for the Use of Students.* Second Edition. 8vo. 9s.
- PELLEW'S (DEAN OF NORWICH) *Life of Lord Sidmouth, with his Correspondence. Portraits.* 3 Vols. 8vo. 42s.
- PENN'S (RICHARD) *Maxims and Hints for an Angler, and the Miseries of Fishing. To which is added, Maxims and Hints for a Chess-player.* Second Edition. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.
- (GRANVILLE) *Bioscope; or, Dial of Life Explained. To which is added, a Translation of St. Paulinus' Epistle to Celantia, on the Rule of Christian Life; and an Elementary View of General Chronology.* Second Edition. With Dial Plate. 12mo. 12s.

- PENROSE'S** (REV. JOHN) Lives of Vice-Admiral Sir C. V. Penrose, and Captain James Trevenen. Portraits. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Sermons for Households, or Fifty-four Sermons Written for Sunday Reading in Families. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- (F. C.) Principles of Athenian Architecture, and the Optical Refinements exhibited in the Construction of the Ancient Buildings at Athens, from a Survey. With 40 Plates. Folio. 5l. 5s. (*Published under the direction of the Dilettanti Society*)
- PENNINGTON** (G. J.) On the Pronunciation of the Greek Language. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
- PHILLIPS' (JOHN)** Memoirs of William Smith, LL.D., (the Geologist). Portrait. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Geology of Yorkshire. The Yorkshire Coast, and the Mountain-Limestone District. Plates, 4to. Part I., 31s. 6d.—Part II., 52s. 6d.
- The Rivers, Mountains, and Sea Coast of Yorkshire; with Essays on the Climate, Scenery, and Ancient Inhabitants of the County. Plates. 8vo. 15s.
- PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT MADE SCIENCE IN EARNEST;** or, the First Principles of Natural Philosophy inculcated by aid of the Toys and Sports of Youth. *Seventh Edition.* Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- PHILPOTTS (BISHOP)** Letters to the late Charles Butler, on the Theological parts of his Book of the Roman Catholic Church; with Remarks on certain Works of Dr. Milner and Dr. Lingard, and on some parts of the Evidence of Dr. Doyle. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 16s.
- Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Pastoral Letter, addressed to his Clergy, on the Present State of the Church. 8vo. 4s.
- Acts of the Diocesan Synod, held in the Cathedral Church of Exeter. On June 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1851. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Letter to the Dean of Exeter, on Confession and Absolution. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- PHIPPS' (HON. EDMUND)** Memoir, Correspondence, Literary and Unpublished Diaries of Robert Plumer Ward. Portrait. 2 Vols. 8vo. 28s.
- POOLE'S (R. S.)** Horæ Egyptiæ; or the Chronology of Ancient Egypt, discovered from Astronomical and Hieroglyphic Records upon its Monuments. Plates. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- (REV. G. A.) Handbook for the Cathedrals of England. Containing Descriptions of each. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. *In the Press.*
- PORTER'S (G. R.)** Progress of the Nation, in its various Social and Economical Relations, from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 24s.
- (MRS. G. R.) Rational Arithmetic for Schools and for Private Instruction. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- POWELL'S (REV. W. P.)** Latin Grammar simplified. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- PRAYER-BOOK (THE)**, Illuminated with 1000 Illustrations of Borders, Initials, Vignettes, &c. Medium 8vo. Cloth, 21s.; Calf, 31s. 6d.; Morocco, 42s.
- PUSEY (PHILIP)** On Improvement in Farming; or What ought Landlords and Farmers to do? 8vo. 1s.
- PUSS IN BOOTS.** Suited to the Tastes of Little and Grown Children. By OTTO SPECKTER. *Second Edition.* Plates. 16mo. 5s.

QUARTERLY REVIEW (THE). 8vo. 6s.

RANKE'S (LEOPOLD) Political and Ecclesiastical History of the Popes of Rome, during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Translated from the German by MRS. AUSTIN. *Third Edition*. 2 Vols. 8vo. 24s.

History of Prussia; or, Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg. Translated from the German by SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, BART. 3 Vols. 8vo. 36s.

RAWLINSON'S (REV. GEORGE) Herodotus. A New English Version. Translated from the Text of GAISFORD, and Edited with Notes, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most recent sources of information, embodying the chief Results, Historical and Ethnographical, which have been arrived at in the progress of Cuneiform and Hieroglyphical Discovery. Assisted by COLONEL RAWLINSON, and SIR J. G. WILKINSON. 4 Vols. 8vo. *In the Press*.

REJECTED ADDRESSES (THE). By JAMES and HORACE SMITH. With Biographies of the Authors, and additional Notes. *Twenty-second Edition*. Portraits. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

RICARDO'S (DAVID) Political Works. With a Notice of his Life and Writings. By J. R. M'CULLOCH. *New Edition*. 8vo. 16s.

RIDE on Horseback to Florence through France and Switzerland. Described in a Series of Letters. By A LADY. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18s.

RIPA'S (FATHER) Memoirs during Thirteen Years' Residence at the Court of Peking, in the Service of the Emperor of China. Translated from the Italian. By FORTUNATO PRANDI. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

ROBERTSON'S (LORD) Leaves from a Journal, and other Fragments in Verse. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

(REV. J. C.) History of the Christian Church, for the Use of Students in Theology, and General Readers. Part I.—To THE REFORMATION. 2 Vols. 8vo. *In the Press*.

ROMILLY'S (SIR SAMUEL) Memoirs and Political Diary. By his Sons. *Third Edition*. Portrait. 2 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 12s.

ROSS'S (SIR JAMES) Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions during the years 1839-43. Plates. 2 Vols. 8vo. 36s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE (THE). TRANSACTIONS. Plates. Vols. I. to III. 8vo. 12s. each.

RUNDELL'S (MRS.) Modern Domestic Cookery, founded on Principles of Economy and Practice, and adapted for Private Families. Entirely Revised and corrected to the Present Time, by A LADY. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

RUXTON'S (GEORGE F.) Travels in Mexico; with Adventures among the Wild Tribes and Animals of the Prairies and Rocky Mountains. Post 8vo. 5s.

SALE'S (LADY) Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan. *Eighth Edition*. Post 8vo. 12s.

(SIR ROBERT) Brigade in Afghanistan. With an Account of the Seizure and Defence of Jellalabad. By REV. G. R. GLEIG. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

SAXON (THE) in Ireland. Being Notes of the Rambles of an Englishman in the West of Ireland, in search of a Settlement. *Second Edition*. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

SENTENCES FROM THE PROVERBS. In English, French, Italian, and German. For the Daily Use of Young Persons. By A LADY. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

- SCROPE'S (WILLIAM)** Days of Deer-Stalking in the Forest of Atholl; with some Account of the Nature and Habits of the Red Deer. *Third Edition.* Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 20s.
- Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed; with a short Account of the Natural History and Habits of the Salmon, and Instructions to Sportsmen, &c. Plates. Royal 8vo. 42s.
- (G. P.) Memoir of Lord Sydenham, and his Administration in Canada. *Second Edition.* Portrait. 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- SERMONS.** Preached during the Visitation of the Bishop of Exeter in 1845. Published by Request. 12mo. 6s.
- SEWELL'S (REV. W.)** Evidences of Christianity; or, Dialogues between a Brahmin and a Christian. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- SHAW'S (THOS. B.)** Outlines of English Literature, for the Use of Young Students. Post 8vo. 12s.
- SIDMOUTH'S (LORD)** Life and Correspondence. By the Hon. and Rev. GEORGE PELLEW, DEAN OF NORWICH. Portraits. 3 Vols. 8vo. 42s.
- SIDNEY'S (REV. EDWIN)** Life of Lord Hill. *Second Edition.* Portrait. 8vo. 12s.
- SIERRA LEONE;** Described in a Series of Letters to Friends at Home. By A LADY. Edited by MRS. NORTON. Post 8vo. 6s.
- SMITH'S (WM., LL.D.)** Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. *Second Edition.* With 500 Woodcuts. 8vo. 42s.
- Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. With 500 Woodcuts. 3 Vols. 8vo. 5l. 15s. 6d.
- Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography. Publishing in Parts. Woodcuts. 8vo. 4s. each.
- Classical Dictionary of Biography, Mythology, and Geography for the Higher Forms. Compiled from the above works. *New and Cheaper Edition.* 8vo. 15s.
- Smaller Classical Dictionary, for Young Scholars, abridged from the larger Work. *New and Cheaper Edition.* With 200 Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Smaller Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, abridged from the larger Work. *New and Cheaper Edition.* With 200 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- New Latin-English Dictionary, founded on the best and most recent authorities. 8vo. *In Preparation.*
- (WM. JAS.). The Grenville and Stowe Papers, formerly preserved at Stowe, including MR. GRENVILLE'S DIARY OF POLITICAL EVENTS, and UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF JUNIUS. Edited with Notes. 4 Vols. 8vo.
- (WM., the Geologist) Memoirs. By JOHN PHILLIPS. Portrait. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- (JAMES & HORACE) Rejected Addresses. *Twenty-second Edition.* Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.
- SOMERVILLE'S (MARY)** Physical Geography. *Third Edition.* Portrait. 2 Vols. Fcap. 8vo. 12s.
- Connexion of the Physical Sciences. *Eighth Edition.* Plates. Fcap. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- SOUTHEY'S (ROBERT)** Book of the Church; with Notes containing References to the Authorities, and an Index. *Sixth Edition.* 8vo. 12s.
- Lives of John Bunyan & Oliver Cromwell. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

- SPECKTER'S** (OTTO) Puss in Boots; suited to the Tastes of Little and Crown Children. *Second Edition.* Plates. 16mo. 5s.
- Charmed Roe; the Story of the Little Brother and Sister. Plates. 16mo. 5s.
- STANLEY'S** (EDWARD, D.D., Bp. of Norwich) ADDRESSES AND CHARGES. With a Memoir of his Life. By HIS SON. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- ST. JOHN'S** (CHARLES) Field Notes of a Sportsman and Naturalist in Sutherland. Woodcuts. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18s.
- Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands. Post 8vo. 5s.
- (BAYLE) Adventures in the Libyan Desert and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- STAUNTON'S** (SIR GEORGE) Miscellaneous Notices relating to China, and our Commercial Intercourse with that Country. Including a few Translations from the Chinese Language, and some Observations on our Intercourse with that Country. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- STEPHENS' (J. L.)** Incidents of a First and Second Visit to Central America and Yucatan. *New Edition.* Post 8vo. *In Preparation.*
- STEVENS' (WM., M.D.)** Observations on the Healthy and Diseased Properties of the Blood. 8vo. 15s.
- STISTED'S** (MRS. HENRY) Letters from the Bye-Ways of Italy. Plates. 8vo. 18s.
- STOTHARD'S** (THOS., R. A.) Life. With Personal Reminiscences. By MRS. BRAY. With Portrait, and 60 Woodcuts. 4to. 21s.
- STRIFE FOR THE MASTERY.** Two Allegories. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- SUTTON** (HON. H. MANNERS). Some Account of the Courts of London and Vienna, at the end of the Seventeenth Century, extracted from the Official and Private Correspondence of Robert Sutton (late Lord Lexington) while British Minister at Vienna, 1694-98. 8vo. 14s.
- SUVERN'S ARISTOPHANES.** The Birds and the Clouds. Translated by W. R. HAMILTON, F.R.S. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 9s.
- SYDENHAM'S** (LORD) Memoirs. With his Administration in Canada. By G. POULET SCROPE, M.P. *Second Edition.* Portrait. 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- TAIT'S** (DEAN OF CARLISLE) Suggestions offered to the Theological Student under present Difficulties. Five Discourses preached before the University of Oxford. Post 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- TALBOT'S** (H. FOX) English Etymologies. 8vo. 12s.
- TAYLOR'S** (HENRY) Notes from Life and Books. *Third Edition.* 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 15s.
- (J. E.) Fairy Ring. A Collection of Stories for Young Persons. From the German. With Illustrations by RICHARD DOYLE. *Second Edition.* Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 5s.
- TENNENT'S** (SIR JAMES EMERSON) Christianity in Ceylon. Its Introduction and Progress under the Portuguese, Dutch, British, and American Missions. With an Historical Sketch of the Brahmanical and Buddhist Superstitions. Woodcuts. 8vo. 14s.

- THEOPHILUS' (THE MONK)** Essay upon Various Arts; forming an Encyclopædia of Christian Art of the 11th Century. Translated with Notes, by ROBERT HENDRIE. 8vo. 21s.
- THORNTON'S (WM. T.)** Plea for Peasant Proprietors; with the Outlines of a Plan for their Establishment in Ireland. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- THREE-LEAVED MANUAL OF FAMILY PRAYER;** arranged so as to save the trouble of turning the Pages backwards and forwards Royal 8vo. 2s.
- TICKNOR'S (GEORGE)** History of Spanish Literature. With Criticisms on particular Works, and Biographical Notices of Prominent Writers. 3 Vols. 8vo. 42s.
- TREMENHEERE'S (SEYMOUR)** Political Experience of the Ancients, in its bearing on Modern Times. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Notes on Public Subjects, made during a Tour in the United States and Canada. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- TURNBULL'S (P. E.)** Narrative of Travels in Austria, with Remarks on its Social and Political Condition. 2 Vols. 8vo. 24s.
- TWISS' (HORACE)** Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, with Selections from his Correspondence. Portrait. *Third Edition.* 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21s.
- VAUGHAN'S (REV. DR.)** Sermons on Various Occasions. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
- Sermons preached in Harrow School. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Nine New Sermons. 12mo. 5s.
- VAUX'S (W. S. W.)** Handbook to the Antiquities in the British Museum; being a Description of the Remains of Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Etruscan Art preserved there. With 300 Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- VENABLES' (REV. R. L.)** Domestic Manners of the Russians. Described from a Year's Residence in that Country. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- VOYAGE to the Mauritius and back, touching at the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena.** By Author of "PADDIANA." Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- WAAGEN'S (DR.)** Treasures of Art in Great Britain. Being an Account of the Chief Collections of Paintings, Sculpture, Manuscripts, Miniatures, &c., &c., in this Country. Obtained from Personal Inspection during Visits to England. 2 Vols. 8vo. *In Preparation.*
- WAKEFIELD'S (E. J.)** Adventures in New Zealand, 1839—1844. With some Account of the Beginning of the British Colonisation of the Island. Map. 2 Vols. 8vo. 28s.
- WALKS AND TALKS.** A Story-book for Young Children. By AUNT IDA. With Woodcuts. 16mo. 5s.
- WARD'S (ROBERT PLUMER)** Memoir, Correspondence, Literary and Unpublished Diaries and Remains. By the HON. EDMUND PHIPPS. Portrait. 2 Vols. 8vo. 28s.
- WATT (JAMES);** an Historical Eloge. By M. ARAGO. Translated, with Notes. By J. P. MUIRHEAD. 8vo, 8s. 6d.; or 4to, 21s.
- Correspondence on his Discovery of the Theory of the Composition of Water. Edited, with Notes, by J. P. MUIRHEAD. Portrait. 8vo, 10s. 6d.; or 4to, 24s.
- WELLESLEY'S (REV. DR.)** Anthologia Polyglotta; a Selection of Versions in various Languages chiefly from the Greek Anthology 8vo, 15s.; or 4to, 42s.

WELLINGTON'S (THE DUKE OF) Despatches during his various Campaigns. Compiled from Official and other Authentic Documents. By COL. GURWOOD, C.B. *New, Enlarged Edition.* 8 Vols. 8vo. 21s. each.

Selections from the above Work; arranged as a Convenient Manual for Reference. *A New Edition.* 8vo. 18s.

Speeches in Parliament. 8vo.

Life and Character. A Discourse. By LORD ELLERMERE. *Second Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6d.

WILBERFORCE'S (BISHOP OF OXFORD) Charge to his Clergy in Nov. 1851. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 3s. 6d.

(ARCHDEACON) on Church Courts and Church Discipline. 8vo. 7s.

Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ in its relation to Mankind. *Fourth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Doctrine of Holy Baptism, with Remarks upon the REV. W. GOODE'S Effects of Infant Baptism. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Sermons on the New Birth of Man's Nature. 8vo. 8s.

History of Erastianism. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 3s.

WILKIE'S (SIR DAVID) Life, Journals, Tours, and Critical Remarks on Works of Art, with a Selection from his Correspondence. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. Portrait. 3 Vols. 8vo. 42s.

WILKINSON'S (SIR J. G.) Private Life, Manners, and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians. With 600 Illustrations. *Third Edition.* 5 Vols. 8vo. 41. 4s.

Dalmatia and Montenegro; with a Journey to Mostar in Herzegovina, and Remarks on the Slavonic Nations. Plates and Woodcuts. 2 Vols. 8vo. 42s.

Handbook for Egypt.—Thebes, the Nile, Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, Mount Sinai, &c. Map. Post 8vo. 15s.

(MATTHEW, D.D.) School Sermons, preached in the Chapel of Marlborough College. 8vo. 9s.

(G. B.) Working Man's Handbook to South Australia; with Advice to the Farmer, and Detailed Information for the several Classes of Labourers and Artisans. Map. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

WOOD'S (LIEUT.) Voyage up the Indus to the Source of the River Oxus, by Kabul and Badakhshan. Map. 8vo. 14s.

WORDSWORTH'S (REV. DR.) Athens and Attica. *New Edition.* Plates. Post 8vo. *In the Press.*

Fac-Similes of Ancient Writings on the Walls of Pompeii. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 2s. 6d.

King Edward VIth's Latin Grammar, for the Use of Schools. *Seventh Edition, revised.* 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Accidence, printed separately for the Use of Junior Classes. 12mo. 2s.

WORSAAE'S (J. J. A.) Account of the Danes and Northmen in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Woodcuts. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

YOUNG'S (DR. THOS.) Miscellaneous Works, now first collected and edited, with a Memoir of his Life. By GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D., Dean of Ely. 4 Vols. 8vo. *In the Press.*







